

Collier's

TEN CENTS

SEPTEMBER 1, 1945

DETROIT'S DREAMS

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THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY LOOKS FORWARD

By WALTER DAVENPORT

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Sept. 1-1945

by Hugh Laird

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Coming closer...

YOUR PROUD POSSESSION OF A PARKER "51"

You know, of course, that Parker 51's are scarce. There are reasons. ♦ The "51" is not hastily mass-produced. It is a precision instrument, created by men trained in a 56-year-old tradition of craftsmanship. And today, with Parker working first to produce vital equipment for war, we build but a fraction of the 51's we could sell. ♦ Happily, more of these "most wanted" pens are coming. We hope the day is not far off when you may own a "51". ♦ Then you'll touch that protected point to the paper—and find it starts instantly! Agile as your own forefinger, the Parker "51" keeps pace with your thoughts. No effort—no tiring. So smooth is the tip of costly

Osmiridium, it seems to float above the paper. ♦ And look! Like magic, each word dries as you write! For this pen—and only this pen—has the design and construction which permit satisfactory use of the world's fastest drying ink, Parker "51" Ink. Naturally, any ordinary ink may also be used. ♦ Such a pen is worth waiting for. Place a reservation order with your Parker dealer now. ♦ Colors: Black, Blue Cedar, Dove Gray, Cordovan Brown. \$12.50; \$15.00. Pencils, \$5.00; \$7.50. Sets, \$17.50 to \$80.00. Parker Vacumatic pens, \$8.75. Pencils, \$4.00.

The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin

MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS NOW

"Writes dry with wet ink!"

PARKER

"51"

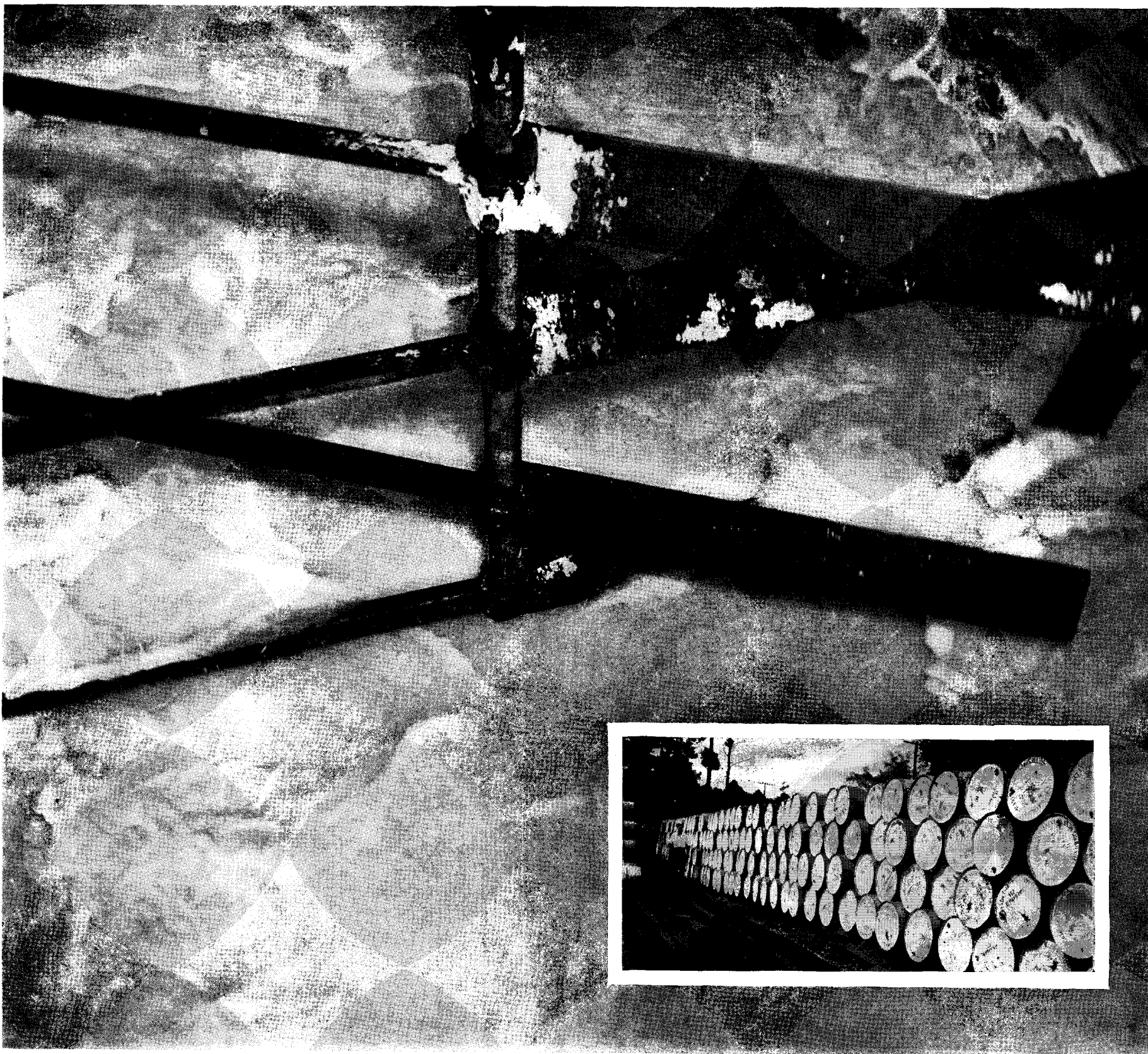


Photo Courtesy of Hercules Powder Co., Inc.

Soap from pine trees helps make better tires

Another example of "building for today, testing for tomorrow"

IN THE large vat above, and in the barrels awaiting shipment, is more soap than most people will use in a lifetime. But nobody is going to bathe with it. It will be used in making synthetic rubber for tires—a new kind of synthetic rubber developed by B. F. Goodrich.

Some sort of soap is used in making all types of synthetic rubber. Until recently it was soap derived from animal fats. The new soap shown here is made

from rosin that comes from pine stumps. This different soap makes a definite improvement in rubber.

Tires made from the new rubber give more wear than tires made from ordinary synthetic. They run cooler . . . and this is important, because heat destroys rubber. It's doubly important in big truck tires that often get as hot as boiling water.

The new rubber was developed several

months ago, and made in plants operated for the government by B. F. Goodrich. It was used in military tires, and was kept a military secret. Then it was released for use in heavy truck tires. Now it is going into passenger car tires made by B. F. Goodrich.

This is only one of dozens of improvements that B. F. Goodrich has made since offering the first tires containing synthetic rubber ever sold to motorists in America—in June 1940. All these improvements are indications of the kind

of extra value, extra safety and extra wear you get whenever you buy a B. F. Goodrich tire. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*



Picture OF THE MONTH

Ginger ROGERS • Lana TURNER
Walter PIDGEON • Van JOHNSON

in
"WEEK-END at the WALDORF"

with Edward Arnold • Phyllis Thaxter
Keenan Wynn • Robert Benchley
Leon Ames • Lina Romay
Constance Collier • Samuel S. Hinds
and XAVIER CUGAT and his Orchestra
A Robert Z. Leonard Production

Screen Play by.....SAM and BELLA SPEWACK
Adaptation by.....GUY BOLTON
Suggested by a Story by.....VICKI BAUM
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Directed by.....ROBERT Z. LEONARD
Produced by.....ARTHUR HORNBLow, JR.



The Picture of this month, and perhaps this year, is now setting a town ablaze at New York's Radio City Music Hall. It deserves and will get recognition everywhere as the most entertaining of recent pictures quite up to the high standard we have come to expect from M-G-M.

"Week-end at the Waldorf" is extremely fast-moving and clever, intensely touching in its love story, fraught with intrigue. In the most extravagant indoor playground of any city anywhere, many exciting characters become involved with one another in a way reminiscent of "Grand Hotel".

There is Irene Malvern (Ginger Rogers), who plays the Hollywood star bored with her fame—but not bored with Chip Collyer (Walter Pidgeon), who invades her suite on a pretext. Bunny Smith (Lana Turner and never better), the hotel stenog, brings aid to a friend in need—Captain James Hollis (Van Johnson). And who wouldn't?

But these are not all on the week-end. There are Edward Arnold, Phyllis Thaxter, Keenan Wynn, Robert Benchley, Leon Ames, Lina Romay, Samuel S. Hinds and Xavier Cugat (who gives a great performance as an actor as well as a conductor).

Robert Z. Leonard, who directed many of our favorite hits, has surpassed himself, and Arthur Hornblow, Jr., the producer, has arranged a production that gleams and glows. The screen play by Sam and Bella Spewack was adapted by Guy Bolton and the entire happy affair was suggested by a play by Vicki Baum.

Collier's
FOR SEPTEMBER 1, 1945

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FRANK D. MORRIS	Pacific Fleet	JAMES C. DERIEUX	Washington				

this week

any week

FICTION

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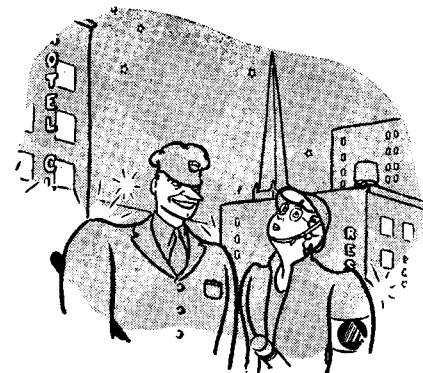
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AN ELDERLY but obviously respectable lady that we've heard of has never quite got over those jolly nights when we had airplane-warning blackouts. No planes of course, just blackouts. She was a warden. tin hat and all. She still puts on her regalia now and then and steps out to her old post and peers at the well-lighted sky. A cop, new on that beat, found her thus the other evening. He stopped admiringly and said: "Well, well, lady. All nice and set for the next war?"



A GENTLEMAN who, we regret to say, had been drinking telephoned the editor of this magazine, Mr. Henry La Cossitt, from Seattle, Washington. It was nine o'clock in the morning in this office, six in Seattle. The gentleman was very angry, threatening our entire staff with unwanted kicks and punches in sundry parts of its anatomies. And all because we did not give Australia the credit that he thought Australia deserved in a piece we recently published about New Guinea. For five minutes he described what he was going to do to us, Mr. La Cossitt getting no further than a couple of "But-my-dear-sirs" and "I'm-sorry-I-can't-understand-yous." Then suddenly the Seattle gentleman ran down, sighed deeply and said: "Well, thanks for calling," and hung up.

AND we've just been reading the Tokyo Shimbun, one of our favorite newspapers. It informs us that the food situation in Japan is discouraging. But, it goes on, "we are the descendants of the samurai who do not feel hungry even when hungry." Also "all kinds of weeds can be cooked with rice or soybean soup when available."

IN DUE time, having licked the Japs, the United States will inherit the job of feeding them. We were talking to a congressman about this, and he said that his constituents were even thinking of getting fed themselves. He told us that he had mailed twenty-five hundred letters to his people asking them to give him their opinions on such matters as postwar treatment

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BRIDGE ERECTORS
CARGO TRUCKS
CRANES
CRAWLER TRACTORS
DITCHERS
DRAGLINES
"DUCKS"
DUMP TRUCKS
EARTH BORERS
EARTH MOVERS
EMERGENCY CRASH TRUCKS
ENGINE GENERATOR SETS
ENGINES, INDUSTRIAL
FLAME THROWERS
FIELD LIGHTING UNITS

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HALF-TRACKS
HEAVY DUTY MOTOR TRUCKS AND TRAILERS
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REFUELING TRUCKS
SHOVELS, POWER
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STREET SWEEPERS
SNOW FIGHTERS
STOCK RACK TRUCKS
TRACTORS
TRACTORS, GAS AND ELECTRIC
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Allied Airplane Engines
Using AC Ceramic
Aircraft Spark Plugs

PRATT AND WHITNEY
ENGINES
WRIGHT ENGINES
RANGER ENGINES
AIR-COOLED ENGINES
ALLISON ENGINES
CURTISS-WRIGHT
ENGINES
JET ENGINES
ROLLS-ROYCE MERLIN
ENGINES



**WHY YOU MAY HAVE
FOUND AC SPARK PLUGS
HARD TO GET**

If you have needed new AC Spark Plugs and, at times, found them not available, you may have wondered why. The list above is your answer.

Millions of AC Spark Plugs have been supplied, both for original factory equipment and for replacement, for every one of the 45 kinds of vehicles and engines on this list. And those vehicles and engines are in use not only by the United States, but by most of its fighting Allies as well.

Likewise, millions of AC Ceramic Aircraft Spark Plugs have been supplied, for both equipment and replacement pur-

poses, for the aircraft engines listed above.

The ceramic insulators developed by AC for its aircraft spark plugs helped to make higher output aircraft engines possible. This improvement in engines lifted the ceilings of the planes far higher than pre-war spark plugs permitted — and, in fact, higher than is possible with any other type of ceramic plug.

Out of the development of this ceramic insulator for *aircraft* spark plugs, AC has improved the insulators of its *car, bus, and truck* spark plugs to such a marked degree that greatly improved performance and much longer life are now available.

The day is not far distant, we all hope, when production of spark plugs for war can stop. Then, there will be plenty of AC Spark Plugs for everyone who wants the utmost in spark plug reliability.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

**SPARK
PLUGS**

SPEED FINAL VICTORY — BUY WAR BONDS

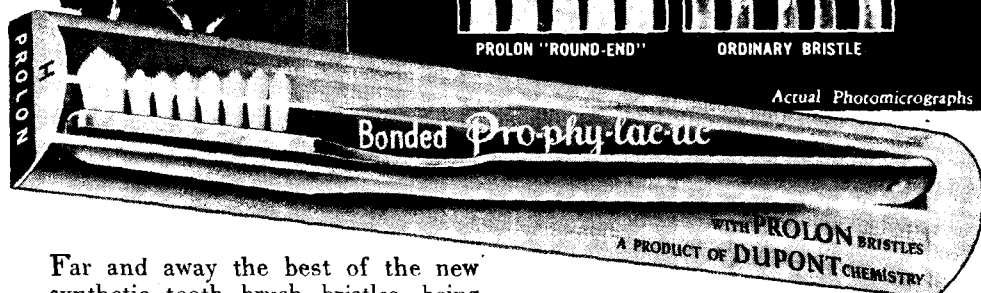
WE WILL DO OUR BEST, BUT
MADAME WILL REALIZE ZAT
HER BRISTLES ARE NOT SO
GOOD AS PROLON!



For years only hog bristle made
fine tooth brushes. Then Science
made round-end **PROLON**



Actual Photomicrographs



Far and away the best of the new
synthetic tooth brush bristles, being
marketed under various trade names,
are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is our trade name for the very
finest grade of this duPont synthetic
bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive
tooth brush claims, ask yourself this:
*How can the same duPont bristle, in
another brush under another name, last
longer or clean better than under the
name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic
Tooth Brush? You know the answer
... it can't!*

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big plus is that Prolon
is the only synthetic bristle that is
rounded at the ends.

It's a fact! Under a special patented

process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic,
we smooth and round the end of each
and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. See for
yourself how much gentler these round
ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the
Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush
gives you these three important "ex-
tras": 1. The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic
end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-
get-at back teeth. 2. Scientific grouping
of bristles to permit thorough cleansing
of brush after using. 3. A written guar-
antee for six full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money
... get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic
Tooth Brush.

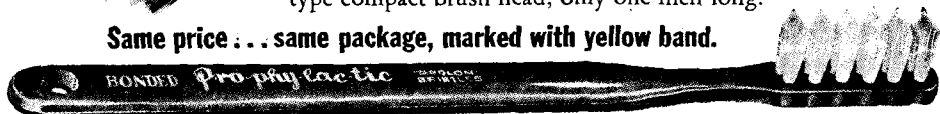
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.



Attention! Users of
Smaller Brushes

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic 2-ROW PROFESSIONAL has
Round-End Prolon plus extra agility of professional-
type compact brush head, only one inch long.

Same price ... same package, marked with yellow band.



BARNEY TOBEY

Keep up with the world by Freling Foster

The moon holds such an intimate place in
the lives of the Japanese that they celebrate
its birthday annually in early March. Inci-
dentally, instead of the "man in the moon,"
these people see a hare bedecked with jewels
pounding rice dough into flat cakes.—By
Jean Keever, Mountain Lakes, N. J.

For more than 200 years, the Motilón In-
dians of northwest Venezuela have so hated
the white man that they have murdered vir-
tually every one of the many who have en-
tered or even approached their territory,
including government agents sent to establish
friendly relations. Yet few of them have
ever been killed or captured in reprisal be-
cause they stalk their victims at dusk and
shoot their giant arrows from underbrush
with deadly accuracy as far as 150 yards.
Not long ago, they murdered so many of the
workers in a new oil field near their land
that the project had to be abandoned; and
today oilmen employed in the vicinity rarely
venture outdoors without wearing a heavy
suit of armor.

In 1940, the German Secret Service, in
need of a spy in a certain British port, se-
lected a young English-speaking Nazi and
sent him to its school where he was in-
structed in the technique of espionage. His
last course, given privately by one Herr Linz,
consisted of tips on behavior, one being to
open a post-office savings account and ac-
cidentally drop the bankbook before friends,
as its ownership would help build his pres-
tige. Posing as a Belgian refugee, he was
soon in the English port, settled and ready
to radio convoy information to waiting
U-boats. But while preparing to transmit
his first message, he was arrested and, being
puzzled, asked how he had given himself
away. As his execution was certain, officials
saw no harm in telling him that he and many
others had been detected when they dropped
their bankbooks, a signal arranged between
the British Secret Service and its agent, the
clever instructor in espionage, Herr Linz.

The eggs of many animals, which are fer-
tilized externally, can be made to develop
into living creatures without the sperm of
the male. For example, eggs of the sea
urchin are developed by treating them with
certain acids, those of the starfish by heating
or shaking them, and those of the frog by
pricking them with a needle dipped in blood.

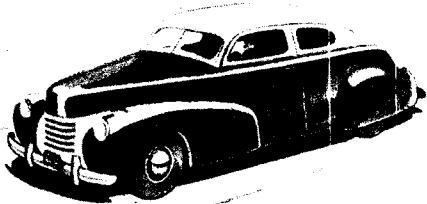
The Amazon ant (*Polyergus*) of America
and Europe constitutes one of the four gen-
era of these insects in which certain members
develop into soldiers whose job is to attack
weaker species and kidnap and make slaves
of their young. For this work, their jaws are
equipped with sharp hooks which project so
far that the soldiers have to be spoon-fed by
the nurses, the workers and other super-
numeraries.

Of our 1,072 cities of more than 10,000
population, only 305 have a civil service
system that protects all municipal employees,
and only 290 have one that protects certain
classes, while the other 477 cities have no
such system at all, despite its many and well-
known advantages.

A recent survey reveals that, at 30 years of
age, the chances of eventual marriage for a
spinster are 48 in 100 and those for a bach-
elor are 67 in 100; while the chances of re-
marriage, at this age, for a widow are 60
and for a widower 92 in 100, and for a di-
vorcée 94 and a divorced man 96 in 100.

In 1908, an interview with the German
Kaiser was published in a London newspaper
and nearly embroiled his country in war with
England, France, Russia and Japan. No
sooner had the Reichstag muzzled him than
it was learned that a similar article was to
appear in the Century Magazine in New
York. Although the article had been printed
and widely advertised, the editors agreed to
suppress it, and secretly destroyed the plates
and boxed and sent all copies to a ware-
house. Shortly after, a German warship took
the boxes and threw them overboard at sea;
but failing to sink, they had to be picked up
and burned. So the contents of the article
and why and how it disappeared remained a
mystery until 1933, when some documents
were found by the writer's widow. Ironically,
they disclosed that the furor had been un-
necessary, as all harmful words had been
omitted by the writer or deleted by the Ger-
man censor, whose assurance of having cen-
sored it had been disregarded because he had
failed to edit the interview that was published
in London.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for
this column. Contributions must be accompanied by
their source of information. Address Keep Up with
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FOR LOW COST PER MILE

Choose a name you can trust in Rubber

• How many miles of driving do you get out of a tire for every dollar you put into it?

Cost-per-mile is the only real measure of tire value.

That is the way truck owners buy tires—according to carefully kept mileage records.

And truck owners have bought a

greater share of Seiberling's tire production than that of any other tire manufacturer!

On tires for passenger cars—or for mammoth six-ton trucks—the name "Seiberling" means extra tire-building skill and care that assure longer wear per tire dollar. It is

A Name You Can TRUST in Rubber.

SEIBERLING

Experts in Rubber

Guard Your Tires!

The Battle Fronts are still consuming tires at an incredible rate. And those tires must be replaced! That means fewer tires for civilians—for you. Guard your present tires, make them last—and let your Independent Seiberling Dealer help you.

SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio, U.S.A. • Toronto, Ontario, Canada



SEIBERLING
TIRES

DRY, UNRULY SUMMER HAIR STYMIES MEN WITH GIRLS



But KREML grooms stubborn hair neat as a pin—so lustrous—yet never looking oily or greasy...

Water Hazard

First day off in weeks found him on links. But what a wild, unruly mess it makes his hair for tonight's date. Combing his hair with water doesn't keep it in place. But Kreml grooms hair handsomely.



Grease Trap

Too late he realized he should never plaster his hair down with grease. How girls tittered behind his back. (P.S. Kreml keeps ornery summer hair so neat—so lustrous—yet never looking oily or greasy.)



Dubbed his Shot

Untidy loose dandruff kept many a girl's head off his shoulders. Kreml is famous to promptly relieve itching of dry scalp and remove dandruff flakes.



Champion with Ladies

He found Kreml "just right" to groom his dry, unruly summer hair. Wherever he goes—girls admire his handsome Kreml-groomed hair—so keen and spruce—and so masculine looking. Use Kreml to help improve the appearance of your hair!

● No wonder so many of America's best dressed men swear by Kreml Hair Tonic. Kreml makes hair so much easier to comb—makes it behave and stay in place. Yet Kreml never leaves hair foolishly pasted or glued down—never looking oily or greasy. Ask for Kreml at your barber shop. Buy a bottle at your drug counter. Use it daily for a cleaner scalp—for better-groomed hair!



KREML HAIR TONIC

Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy.
Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp—Removes Dandruff Flakes



SEYMOUR RUDOLPH

Wing Talk

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY

Maj. Rudolf W. "Shorty" Schroeder receives the D.F.C. from Lt. Gen. Harold L. George, Commanding General of the Air Transport Command

AT HEADQUARTERS of the Air Transport Command, close by the Washington National Airport, Lieutenant General Harold L. George, commander of the world's largest airline operation, called for the day's report. It was good—particularly the part that showed his ATC airplanes were crossing the Atlantic at a rate of one every seven minutes. Happily he tossed the paper aside and announced to his aide: "We can go."

Across the Potomac in Washington, Major General Muir S. Fairchild, test pilot of the Barling Bomber, the world's largest airplane twenty years ago, cleaned up his desk in the secret and supremely important offices of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and said he was going.

On Capitol Hill, Representative Ralph E. Church, of Illinois, told his colleagues not to count on him for congressional business for he had an important mission out of town.

Out on Long Island, that famous fighter pilot of the last war, Reed M. Chambers, now president of United States Aviation Underwriters, shocked a houseful of week-end guests by telling them they'd have to take care of themselves from then on.

And up in Manchester, New Hampshire, at the headquarters of the North Atlantic Division of the ATC, which he commands, Brigadier General Larry Fritz, just in after a tiresome flight from Iceland, grabbed a few winks and ordered out his airplane.

Others, big and little in aviation, battled the transportation problem of the day to reach Chicago by nightfall. There in respectful silence, they stood as Lieutenant Colonel Harold D. Krafft, chief of the AAF Awards Division, intoned in a rich, powerful voice: "Citation! Major Rudolf W. Schroeder, Air Corps Reserve, United States Army, for distinguishing himself by heroism and extraordinary achievement while participating in aerial flights from September, 1918, to February, 1920..."

General George stepped up and pinned the Distinguished Flying Cross on the coat of the tall, lean, white-haired airman in the name of the President and the Commanding General of the Army Air Forces, both of whom at the time were on their way to keep a date in Berlin.

Later that evening, at a dinner in his honor, the name of "Shorty" Schroeder was permanently engraved in the Aviation Hall of Fame by tributes, from those present and those absent, that poured into the banquet room by telegraph from all parts of the country. Had it not been for Shorty's frail health, Toastmaster Thomas H. Beck, president of The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, would have permitted the tributes to run far into the night. For everybody in aviation loves Shorty.

Fifty-nine-year-old Shorty Schroeder, re-

cuperating at his Chicago suburban home from a serious illness that struck him down four years ago while serving as vice-president of United Air Lines, had to wait a quarter of a century for the award, and it was all his fault because he was that far ahead of his time.

Twenty-five years ago last February 27th, he, then the Army's chief test pilot, took off from McCook Field, Dayton, Ohio, flew to a world altitude record of 38,180 feet and was the first person to penetrate the stratosphere (Wing Talk for March 25, 1944). He came within seconds of losing his life and his valuable scientific findings, but he proved the practicability of the then doubtful turbosupercharger, and established the need for keeping the pilot breathing, from freezing to death and from being gassed into eternity by the engine's exhaust fumes.

All the world knows by now that the turbosupercharger is the key that unlocked the high skies over Berlin and Tokyo for American Flying Fortresses, Liberators and Superfortresses. And most of the heroic crews of those devastating bombers were unborn when six-foot-four Shorty Schroeder climbed into the open cockpit of a stick-and-wire LePere biplane with a 400-horsepower Liberty Engine on that cold February morning to confirm his conviction that the high altitudes held great promise for successful military and commercial operations in the years to come.

WHAT happened on that now historic day can best be told by Colonel V. E. Clark, Shorty's commanding officer, and a famous aeronautical engineer whose Clark Y wing section was the standard for plane designers for many years:

"As Major Schroeder expected a strong wind from the west at the high altitudes, he maintained a westward heading until he had broken the world's altitude record. Although he flew west, the airplane was blown backward until it was almost over Springfield, Ohio, about 24 miles northeast of Dayton. Then, in spite of Major Schroeder's best efforts to obtain livable oxygen from the primitive equipment, he became unconscious.

"When Major Schroeder regained consciousness he found that his eyes had been frozen shut, making it impossible for him to read his instruments or to see objects on the ground. His senses of feeling and hearing told him the air speed was very high, and so he eased back gently on the control stick.

"After a bit, he was able to pry one eye open a little—enough to see that his altimeter reading was 3,000 feet, though he thought it should have been 23,000 feet. He flew around for a little while, trying to regain his faculties, and was finally able to see that he was quite

(Continued on page 71)

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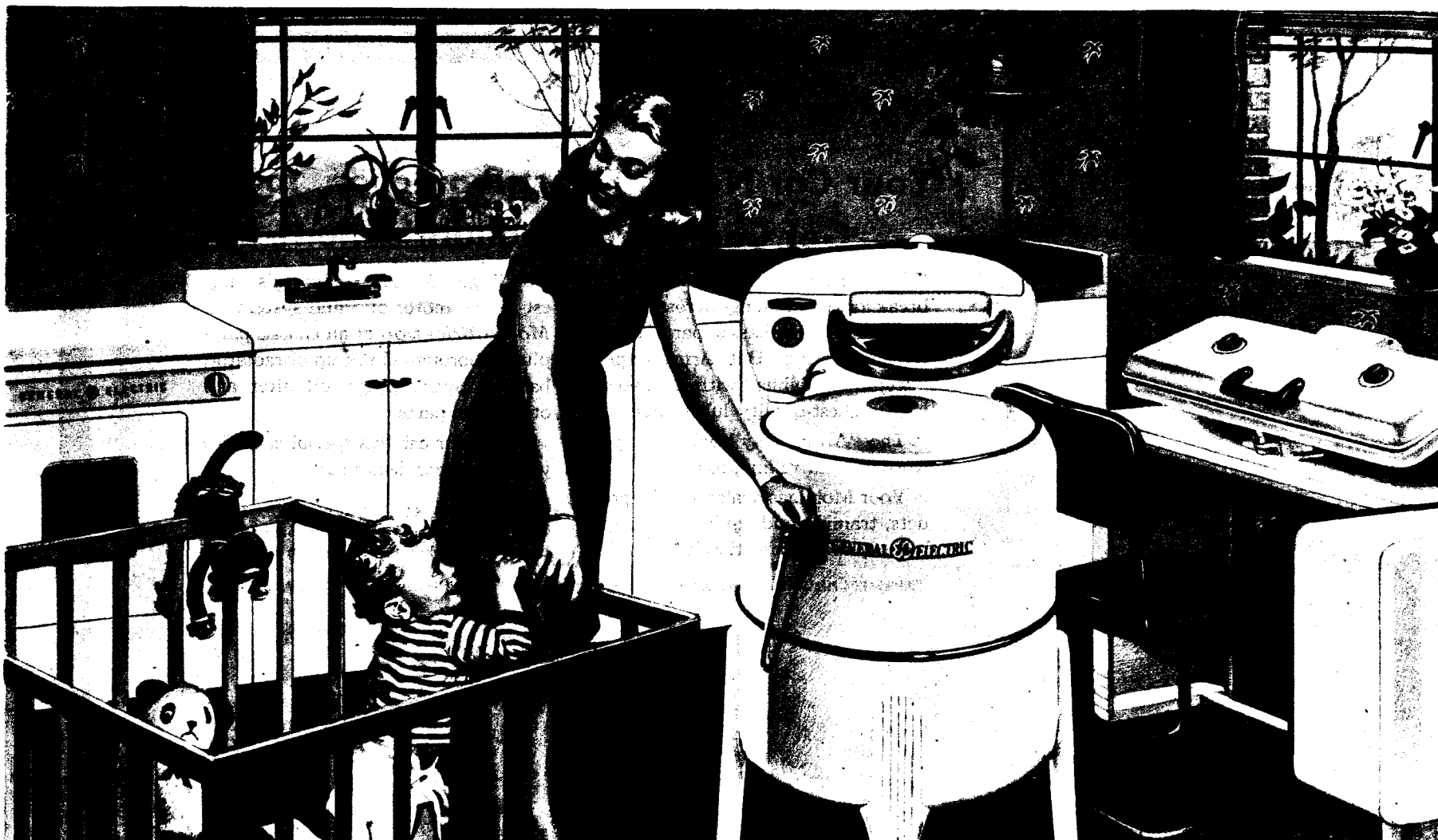
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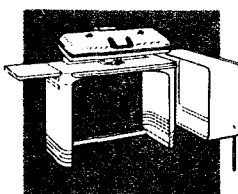
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You can have a new General Electric *All-Electric* Laundry soon. And in the shining center of it, there'll be a streamlined G-E Washer to smooth out Washday troubles.

Read all about the marvelous features this new G-E Washer offers—and remember, only General Electric has them all!

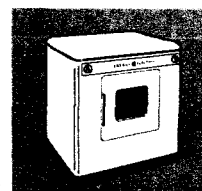
- "Activator Action!" Gentle as a lamb, but mighty, mighty thorough. Quickly coaxes out dirt and grime. Leaves clothes fresh-looking and spandy-clean—and leaves *you* feeling fresh, too!
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FOR FINAL VICTORY—BUY AND HOLD MORE WAR BONDS



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At Brandenburg Gate, a group of bemedaled Red Army officers and a Russian sailor beam obligingly into a lowly G.I.'s camera for a picture they'll probably never see. Tradition-bound German civilians are jarred by this kind of easy informality

Russia's women soldiers, who long ago have earned the right to be taken seriously, can handle either a tank or a traffic jam with precision and authority

GERMANY WAITS TO BE SAVED

By Joe Alex Morris

The Germans think that America is going to take care of them, even protect them from the Russians and the British. If we aren't very prudent and practical, that may be just what will happen

RADIOED FROM BERLIN

RAIN came in cold, angry bursts across the German plain, borne by a wind that lashed the wetly glistening farmlands and swept on across the broken face of Berlin. There was misery in the rain and wind, and there was little but misery in the countryside where American convoy jeeps and trucks moved toward the rambling city that once had been the haughty capital of Nazidom. At frequent intervals the ribbon-like *autobahn* was punctured by the wreckage

of bridges where by-passes wound through the muddy lanes and across fields.

Everywhere the Red Army sloshed stolidly through mud afoot, on horses, bicycles, ramshackle carts and big American trucks. Here in endless columns at the gates of Berlin—heedless of driving rain and straining patiently to free mud-locked transport—was the great wave of manpower that had rolled westward from the ruins of Stalingrad. Here, too, were the Germans, threading their way afoot, pushing carts piled high with household goods, sometimes pedaling bicycles. Here in a thin despondent line was the rubble of Hitler's *Herrenvolk*.

At a bomb-broken bridge, one American jeep slowed behind a tall cart loaded with the remains of a German family's belongings. A man and two women pulled in harness in front of the heavy cart, while three girls and a boy pushed behind, heads bowed against the rain and feet sliding heavily in the mud of the steep slope leading up from the temporary bridge. The cart joggled forward only a foot at a time. The blond kid driving the jeep shrugged wearily.

"Hell, Captain, they'll never make it!" he said. "Maybe we better give them a tow."

The captain shook his head. "Swing around them," he snapped. "Somebody has been telling them what to do and how to do it for the last twelve years. They've got to learn we aren't going to bail them out of this mess or any other mess. Let them learn they're on their own now and let them learn it the hard way."

The jeep leaped goatlike up the embankment, and the German family inched ahead past a huge Red Army sign emblazoned with Stalin's statement that the United Nations do not intend to destroy the German people—inched ahead on the dreary road to Berlin, which offered an even more dismal ending to the journey. For Berlin is one of the most deadening sights in the world for the German who sees the ruins against the remembered background of the sham grandeur of 1940. It is more dismal for anyone who tries to look forward even as far as November.

For the moment, Berlin is merely a huge mass of about three million people trying to keep from being hungry and cold and dirty



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN GROTH

despite the wreckage of normal food, fuel and water facilities. They are succeeding to a limited degree but they are still waiting for someone to tell them what to do—for someone to bail them out. They are too busy trying to exist to worry about November except occasionally, but they are sure November will be very bad and that it will be worse in December. Some of them are sullen. Most of them are overly polite or foolishly friendly. Many seem surprised and hurt because Allied troops generally speak to them only when necessary and refuse to shake hands.

If an American jeep pauses in the wilderness of tumbled buildings in the center of Berlin, a half dozen Germans quickly cluster around in an effort to be helpful. Two of them may argue over which is the best route but two others are likely to offer to sell a camera for two thousand cigarettes, another is likely to explain that he has relatives in Chicago, and a sixth is almost certain to try to bum a smoke.

They are, for the most part, docile, beaten people. They sheepishly pick up cigarette butts dropped by soldiers. They take orders from whoever occupies the place of power. They look upon the Allied conquerors with mingled awe and hope and fear—a fear that lingers on even after they have become accustomed to British accents and to American slang and to bemused Russian soldiers posing before Brandenburg Tor for an amateur camera fiend from Texas. There have been few instances of violence other than the normal crimes to be expected in any city, including the killing or robbing of a few soldiers who were drunk.

But no generalization will accurately apply. Many are incredibly naïve about the war and give the impression of a man who says, "Well, we made a mistake. We thought we could win the war but we failed. Now it's all over, and let's just forget it and go about our business."

Struggle for Dignity

Others strive to hold on to some remnant of dignity as if, to themselves, they sought to justify the war as something more than a mere gangster outbreak. But even then you feel that their dignity would crumble with the offer of a cake of soap or a bar of chocolate.

These emotions and fears and miseries stick out primarily on the surface of Berlin. They form a pool of hopelessness and danger for us if we weaken in our stern task in Europe, or if we blunder or fail. And in view of Berlin's unique position as an island of joint occupation, the danger is for the United Nations as a whole.

Our primary task here is one of human reconversion. It is a delicate and potentially explosive task, not only because of the varying viewpoints among the United Nations but also because of the speed with which German strength might revive, if it were permitted.

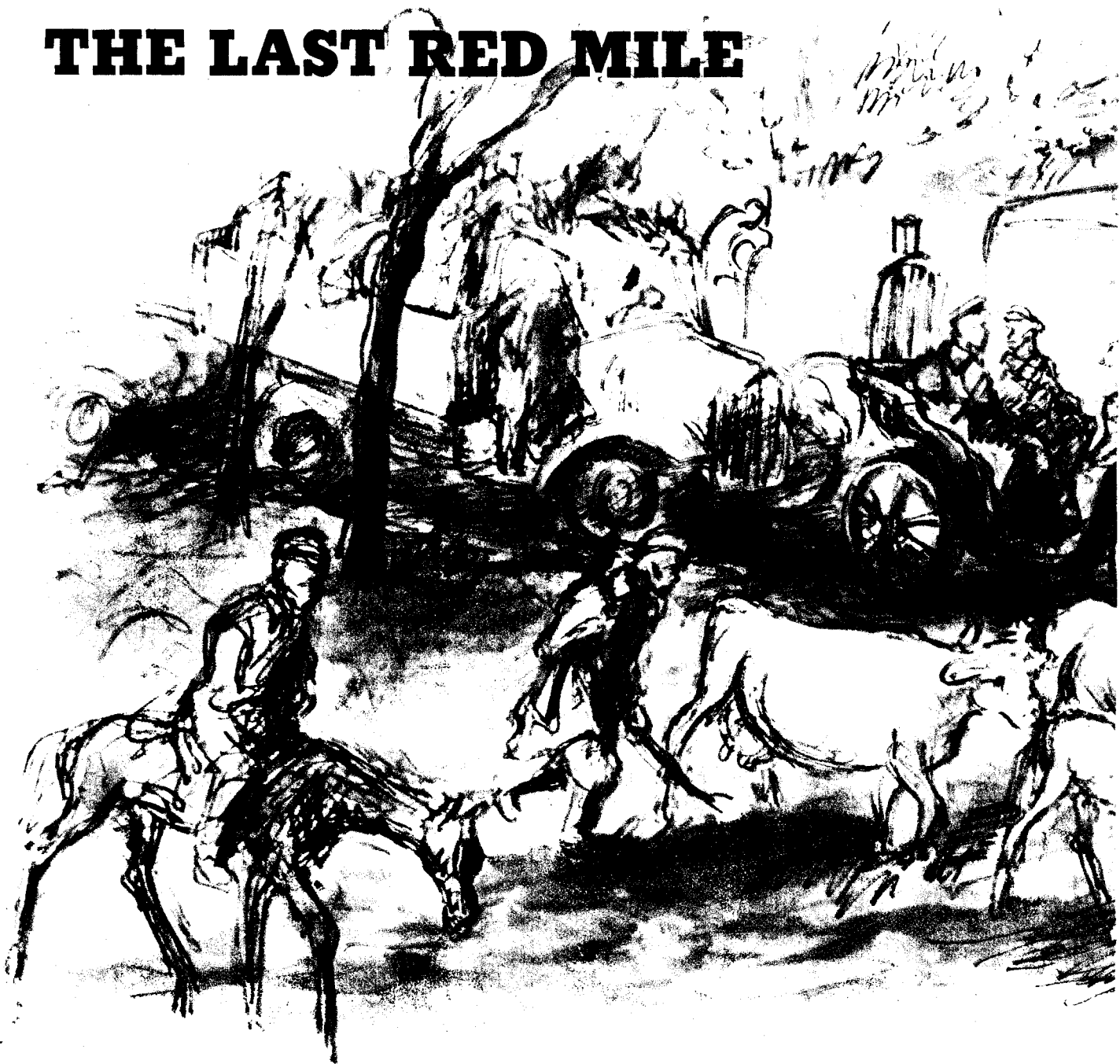
Despite the German atmosphere of hopelessness, which is largely the result of mass shock in the bombed cities, there are two tendencies worth noting for future reference. First, there is already some kind of pulse beat in the ruins of Berlin. Around Potsdamerplatz, along Leipzigstrasse and even in the east end workers' district—where block after block of dust-gray ruins are even more depressing than the shattered pomp of Hitler's Chancellery—streets are crowded by throngs of pedestrians as if the city were still alive. Women form long bucket brigades which twist from the sidewalk up over the two-story-high piles of rubble, and the debris is passed up in buckets to add to the already mountainous piles that were once busy stores and shops.

Under orders of the Russians they work to repair the streets, restart the public utilities, barbershops, public baths, bakeries and butcher shops. They go about this business with considerable energy although in a normal sense there is practically no business or commerce in the city, and cigarettes, at the equivalent of ten dollars per pack, are the most valuable currency.

There are newspapers—supervised by the

(Continued on page 75)

THE LAST RED MILE



This is how Artist Groth saw the Red Army as it ground out the last lap of the long, long journey from Stalin-grad to Berlin—an incredible hodgepodge of armor, cavalry, infantry and supply, shoving grimly ahead in tanks, trucks, farm wagons, droschkies and on foot, looking like a disorganized army but actually a wave of power

Below, a pillbox manned by Wehrmacht die-hards opens up on a Russian unit advancing through a Berlin suburb. Red tommy gunners move in in close order behind a tank commanded by a woman officer. Infantrymen frequently showed their contempt for the Nazis by plowing straight ahead against fire from well-defended positions





John Groth

Below, souvenir hunters on Unter den Linden dig the last of the highly-prized street signs from one of the thousands of shell craters that scar the once-majestic boulevard. There are no more linden trees on this most famous of German streets, where the battle for the heart of the city reached its peak of fury and slaughter and destruction

Groth and his companions passed through Luckenwalde forest only a few hours behind the onrushing Reds. They found the forest carpeted with German and Russian dead, and Groth stopped to sketch three Russians who had remained behind to bury one of their comrades in a forest glade. Where they got the wooden cross remains a mystery

John Groth, who made the drawings on these pages, was one of the first Americans to reach Berlin. Groth, with three U.S. Signal Corps men and Seymour Freidin, co-author of *The Last Days of Berlin* (following page), left the American position in a jeep to follow the advancing Reds into the heart of the city. For this escapade, Groth was suspended for 30 days



THE LAST DAYS OF BERLIN

By JACK FLEISCHER and SEYMOUR FREIDIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

Some parts of this story come from Nazi reports. For instance, several Nazis who claimed to be eyewitnesses declare that Hitler and Eva Braun are dead. Opposing this idea have been frequent rumors that this ill-famed pair has turned up in Spain or Argentina or Japan. It is still too early to know which of these is true. Therefore, these articles should be judged in the light of these circumstances and with an awareness of the known ways in which Nazi minds work. Accordingly, we have indicated in the margins the sources for the different parts of the story. These sources include two official stenographers, who kept records of all conferences between Hitler and his staff: Gerhard Herrgesell, a former lawyer and judge, and Fräulein Christa Schroeder, one of Hitler's four personal women secretaries who had worked for him since 1930. Also Erich Kempka, Hitler's personal chauffeur since 1932; Gretel Fegelein, wife of an SS big shot and sister and confidante of Hitler's mistress, Eva Braun; Frau Marie Schiffler, wife of the superintendent of Hitler's Munich apartment, who had known Der Fuehrer since 1929; SS Officer Mansfeld, a member of Hitler's bodyguard, and Doctor Feodor Bruck, a friend of Kaete Hausermann, assistant to Hitler's dentist, Doctor Hugo Blaschoke.—*The Editor.*

All that remained of Hitler's empire on April 30, 1945, were eight aides and a few handfuls of fanatic fighters. Here eyewitnesses tell how the eight did their Fuehrer a last service amidst the flaming shambles of the crumbling Nazi capital

RADIOED FROM BERLIN

Conclusion

THE dawn of Monday, April 23d, brought clear skies to the doomed city of Berlin, and the sun shone hotly by noon. In the suburb of Pichelsdorf which is on Havel Lake in the western section of Berlin, some of the toughest fighting of the encirclement was in progress. Pichelsdorf sprawls between two important airdromes, Gatow and Staaken and across the Heerstrasse, which is a famous old military road leading directly into the center of Berlin.

Thus Pichelsdorf became the western gateway to the city, with the German defenders making a stand amid small workers' homes, community shops and garden colonies—clusters of small cottages along narrow lanes where many workers and lower white-collar-class Berliners had little houses for week-end trips. Actually these garden colonies had become a haven for bombed-out Berliners who had been living in them for a couple of years. In every garden there were bomb shelters built by Russian slave labor.

On April 23d, Russian artillery was firing over Bocksfelde garden colony, and the Red Army spearhead was within rifle shot when five hundred German soldiers—mostly Hitler Youth and home SS troops, with a few regular soldiers and Volkssturm—arrived to make a last stand. They reinforced themselves by summoning wounded soldiers from the hospital.

The residents of Bocksfelde colony spent the night and most of the day in their shelters as the soldiers took up positions in houses, behind small barricades and in foxholes. The Germans had no tanks or artillery but had a number of grenade throwers. The soldiers were mostly armed with rifles but some had only pistols and all were short of ammunition. The Russians had tanks and artillery, machine guns, grenade throwers and dive bombers.

When Hugo Steindamm, one of the householders, and his wife looked out of their shelter door that morning, they could see beyond the currant bushes the poorly clad Ger-

man troops as they crept up the narrow lanes and sought cover behind trees and houses. Occasionally there was the whine of a Russian bullet through the hedges, or an enemy grenade smashed one of the flimsy cottages. Steindamm knew that the fight was hopeless and so did his neighbors. Quietly they talked over the possibility of urging the troops to surrender.

Then through the smoke drifting over a near-by lane they saw a grotesque figure swinging slowly beneath a tree. They edged closer. The man had been hanged to a limb and on his chest was pinned a sign: "He was too cowardly to fight."

All over Berlin that day, stunned men and women saw similar signs on corpses strung to lampposts and trees, and in Bocksfelde, Steindamm and his friends quickly forgot all talk of surrender. Steindamm returned through his bullet-pierced gate to his tiny garden shelter—a small cave like a Middle Western cyclone cellar, but lined with heavy timbers and planks. Frau Steindamm, a thin woman with glasses, waited in the cramped shelter where books and other possessions had been piled to the ceiling, leaving only room for two seats.

"It's no use," her husband said, as he bent his tall frame to enter. "They have been ordered to fight to the death, and one look at those Hitler Youth and SS men lets you know they will."

All day and all night the residents remained in their shelters except for a few cautious trips to get water or food from their homes. On the second and third days, the smell of dead horses was becoming strong. Many Germans lay wounded or dead beneath the hedges. But despite increasing losses, the Germans gave ground slowly, and the people of Bocksfelde stuck to their shelters.

On the fifth day, April 27th, the Russians
(Continued on page 37)

As the pillar of fire shot high into the air, the eight mourners drew up and solemnly raised their arms in a last Nazi salute to their dead Fuehrer





Henry had not intended to slug Mr. Glass, but his fist shot out furiously toward the sneering mouth

It Shouldn't Happen To A Dog

By Edwin Lanham

II

The Story:

While REPORTER HENRY BARTON drank one too many rye gags in a Queens bar with an aggrieved cop known as JOE PARELLI, he saw a retired Doberman pinscher war dog called RODNEY hold up the bartender, NICK, when its beautiful blond mistress demanded bones for the beast—then everything went haywire. HENRY forgot he was out to dig up a story on ABE ARNOLD, missing witness in an income-tax-evasion case against the racketeer, MIKE KOSKI; forgot his search for OLIVE STONE, ABE's redheaded girl. As an alcoholic joke, he enlarged the holdup story to criminal proportions, phoned it to his paper—and landed in a mess that threatened to send him to jail. For when the rye gags had worn off, the faked-up news was in print, and HENRY was caught between two aggressive blondes. On the one hand, BESS WILLIAMS, assigned by MITCHELL, the city editor, to find the girl and her dog; on the other hand, JULIA ANDREWS, the dog's mistress, who turned out to be a lady cop and who would certainly reveal the truth to MITCHELL as soon as she saw the headlines. Later, HENRY sneaked the dog to a house in Queens where he'd rented OLIVE STONE's old room. But things went from bad to worse: once there, HENRY learned that OLIVE had mysteriously come and gone, and, entering his room, found one of MIKE KOSKI's thugs—with RODNEY.

AS HENRY softly closed the door the little man in the chair said nervously, "Call off the pooch. Every time I wiggle a finger he gets set to jump." He was sitting perfectly still, staring back at the Doberman, and plainly afraid to move.

"What are you doing here?" Henry said.

"Who are you?"

"Will you tell that dog to relax?"

Henry grinned. "Rodney doesn't like strangers. He's a war dog, and he's been killing little men about your size. Suppose you tell me what this is all about."

"So his name is Rodney," the little man said thoughtfully. "I get it."

"What's your name?" Henry asked.

"Skip it, Mac."

"I think Rodney would like to know your name. Wouldn't you, Rodney?" Henry said.

The Doberman growled.

"Funny thing about that dog," Henry said. "He's a brass hat for form. He wants to know your name, Mister."

The little man looked at Rodney's shining eyes, then shrugged his shoulders. "Gus Pincus."

"So you came up here after Olive Stone, Gus," Henry said. "And Olive got away. Is that it?"

"That pooch nailed me," Gus Pincus said. "I was right behind her when she opened the door and the pooch went for me. He didn't even look at her. She took a powder."

Henry moved over to the bed and sat down. He crossed his legs and pulled out a cigarette, took his time in lighting it. "Looks as though Rodney doesn't object to ladies," he said reflectively. "What's your interest in Olive Stone, Gus?"

Gus Pincus studied Henry's face a moment, then said, "How about calling off that pooch?"

Henry flicked the match into the fireplace and said, "Don't play dumb."

"Don't you play dumb, Mac," Pincus said. "Mike Koski wants to see her, and he wants to see you, too."

THEY were cheerless words. Henry puffed this cigarette.

"Call off the pooch," Gus Pincus said. "Let's get going. Mike's waiting for you."

"What does Mike Koski want with me?"

"He wants to know what your angle is, Mac."

"I've got no angle," Henry said. "I'm just earning a living."

"Robbing bars with a dog?"

Henry was startled. "What are you talking about?"

"You called him Rodney," Gus Pincus said. "You said he was a war dog. I seen that story in the paper."

"I'm working on that story," Henry said.

"I'm a newspaper reporter."

"Mike Koski don't believe that story," Gus

Pincus said, and shook his head. "You know the kind of a guy Mike is. He don't like no shaved deck. He likes it on the up and up. He says to me, 'What kind of a story is that for the Record-Star to print?' You can't hold up no joint with a dog, Mike says. The paper had a nerve, he said, to print a story like that. Mike knows dogs. He used to raise 'em."

Henry remembered the clipping in the Michael Koski folder. "You mean *he's* the guy won a best of breed at the Westminster show?" Henry asked. "What was the name of that dog? Peg o' My Heart something or other?"

"Yeah, that was Mike's pooch," Gus Pincus said. "He's nutty about dogs. How about it? Call off that pooch. Let's go."

The cigarette burned Henry's fingers and he tossed it into the fireplace. He shook his head. "Sorry, I can't go."

"Mike don't like to be kept waiting, Mac. He told me to bring you in. You better come along."

"I'm on a spot," Henry said. "I've got this dog on my hands. The landlady won't let me keep him here and I've got to get him out right now. I'm taking him over to Manhattan."

Gus Pincus looked at Rodney. "Okay, bring him along. I got my car outside. You can get rid of him after you see Mike."

"Where is Mike Koski now?" Henry asked.

(Continued on page 49)

ILLUSTRATED BY DUN ROMAN

Maybe Tomorrow

By Sarah Litsey

ILLUSTRATED BY CAROLYN EDMUNSON



The poignant story of a married woman whose honesty forced her to decide between two loves, and taught her that sometimes one love can strengthen another

AT THAT point the coast line is very rough, and the train kept coming on the sea for a startled, glassy moment. Each time, Carla Davidson caught her breath a little, seeing the sharp break in the rock and the water there like a jagged piece of mirror. She never had been here before.

She glanced at her watch and began to draw on her gloves, drew the left glove slowly, a little cautiously, over her wedding ring. It was now three days since Nellie had come to her in the garden and said, "Mrs. Davidson, there's a long-distance call from Boston."

"Boston?" She was on her knees weeding around the rhubarb plants. "I don't know anyone in Boston." Then she sat back on her heels because she hadn't the strength to go on kneeling. Her voice had said, sounding small, "Is Mr. Davidson writing in the study?"

"No, ma'am. He went down to see to the chickens."

"Did Taffy and Kim go with him?"

"I don't know, ma'am. They're around."

Having said all their names, she felt more steady and got up.

"I'll take the call in the study," she said, and walked carefully toward the house as if Forbes Walker's coming back could be shattered, dispersed by the least chance move. . . .

Now the train swung inland through sparse low growth and twisted little trees with dead-white sand between, a place she never had been, detached from all she knew, strange and yet, now, not half so strange as home.

From Boston he had said, "I have to see you, but I can't come there. I can't sit down in the nest of your family right now."

And then, when she had said she understood that, he added, "There's a place—just a fishing village. . . . Would you mind?"

"No, I wouldn't mind it being just a village."

"There's an inn—the Stratford."

"The Stratford."

THEIR voices were cool and factual. Trying to make some picture of the Stratford, she glanced about the study where she spoke into the phone as if she were ordering groceries, but trembling a little, saw Henry's pipe left on the morning paper, the usual scattering of children's things.

"The station's about a mile inland. Shall I meet you?"

"No." She felt embedded in the study, in the eight years it had taken to make it as it was.

"You can take a taxi, then."

"Yes, I'll take a taxi."

"That's Thursday. Carla, I haven't long."

His saying that startled her, drove all the terrible hunger and waiting in upon this moment, scattered the calm from her voice.

"Forbes, will I know you?"

"Know me? I'd hope so." And he laughed.

"But two years."

"It wasn't as bad as all that."

"Oh, my darling. . . ."

"Carla, are you crying?"

"I don't know . . . yes."

"Will you come?"

"I think so."

"Until Thursday, then."

"Until Thursday." . . .

The train was slowing. She stood up and reached down her small bag from the rack, a woman with dark hair, sun-darkened skin, wearing a navy shantung suit. The bag looked worn. Henry had bought it for her on their honeymoon in London. But anything got worn some in eight years.

(Continued on page 68)

Carla and Forbes came suddenly upon a little girl. "What have you got there?" Forbes asked. "Crabs," said the child



On the steps of the Bridgeport Service Center are ex-Pvt. Salvatore Merila, late of the 7th Air Force, and ex-Pvt. Martin Turk, of the 4th Infantry division. After weeks of getting the run-around, Turk came to the center, got action so fast it knocked his hat off



Joseph Ulichny, discharged from the Navy, takes one of the many aptitude tests which the center offers in an effort to get the right man in the right job—even if he wasn't before the war

EVERY DAY THEY WIN THE PEACE

BY BILL DAVIDSON

The end of war is meaningless to a veteran unless he gets what he wants out of the civilian world. Bridgeport, Conn., has a center which sees that he does get this chance



Dr. Randall Hamrick was chosen to direct the center after he'd done a bang-up job at Hartford, Conn.

ONE of the group of soldiers that was outside Cherbourg that day in 1944 when the German screaming meemie came over was Private Martin Turk, of Bridgeport, Connecticut. The shell blew him twenty feet into the air. When they got him to a hospital, they found he had a smashed leg, a brain injury and a useless right ear.

Turk was patient enough during the long hospitalization. He understood about the Army and he didn't get exasperated during the long business of convalescence and discharge. It was the red tape of civilian life that began to get him. He wanted a liquor license, and the rigamarole he had to go through was enough to make him his own best customer if and when he got it. Finally he stomped one morning into the Bridgeport Community Advisory Service Center, which is located in a fine old house on Golden Hill Street. He strode up to the reception desk.

"I've just been getting a terrific run-around," he announced. "They say all liquor licenses are frozen." He glared. "What kind of run-around are you going to give me?" Then he stopped short.

The receptionist was very pretty. Moreover, she was smiling. "I'll see if Mr. Sarkin is in," she said sweetly.

Turk went upstairs. Meyer Sarkin, the center's occupational counselor, was sitting casually behind a plain desk. The room had no charts, or anything else except a few water colors on its walls. Again Turk started complaining about the run-around.

"Sit down. Take it easy, Martin," said Sarkin. He picked up the phone. He asked for Hartford. In ten minutes he had Turk at the top of the liquor-license list.

Turk left, stunned, but in a few days he was back. There were no liquor stores to be had in Bridgeport. That was a problem

not even Sarkin could solve. So Turk asked for a job. He could only have a certain type of job, since his injured leg didn't permit him to stand up for very long, and his injured head made it impossible for him to hear in crowded factories. This was a tough one. But not too tough, apparently. Through the U.S. Employment Service, Sarkin got Turk a job as outside salesman for a sanitary supply company, driving his own car.

But then another difficulty arose. The OPA could not allow Turk gasoline for more than 280 miles a month. The alternative they gave him was to walk, or ride busses, neither of which Turk could do because of his patchwork leg. Sarkin wrote a letter to the OPA. The gasoline ration was increased.

Miracle Man at Solving Problems

After that, Sarkin performed two further miracles. For Turk's business, he got him a telephone. Then he got him an apartment. All this completely staggered Turk. He couldn't understand why Sarkin should devote the better part of two weeks just to his problems.

Sarkin grins when he explains it. "The future well-being of the community depends on how successfully Turk and the thousands like him can fit themselves back into community life," he said. "Turk's an investment."

Though it has been in operation less than a year, the center needs no advertising in Bridgeport. Unfortunately it is little known in the country at large. It has many innovations for an agency devoted to handling other people's problems. Skilled, well-paid professional psychologists and sociologists work there, handling each man as he comes in. There are no volunteers, and no one local organization can dominate the show.

The project is paid for by all the people of Bridgeport out of the Community Chest. There are no forms or red tape, and everything is in that one friendly building: an occupational counselor, an educational counselor, nutritionists, insurance counselors, social-service workers, a doctor, a lawyer, an agricultural counselor, a financial counselor, a union adviser, the Veterans Administration office, the Connecticut Re-employment office, Selective Service headquarters, and the psychological testing laboratories.

Every conceivable type of problem is handled every day in the center, including many that state and federal agencies can do nothing about.

During the month of March alone, 983 veterans came to the center with problems. Many of these were routine and minor: men who knew what they wanted to do and merely wanted advice as to how to go about it.

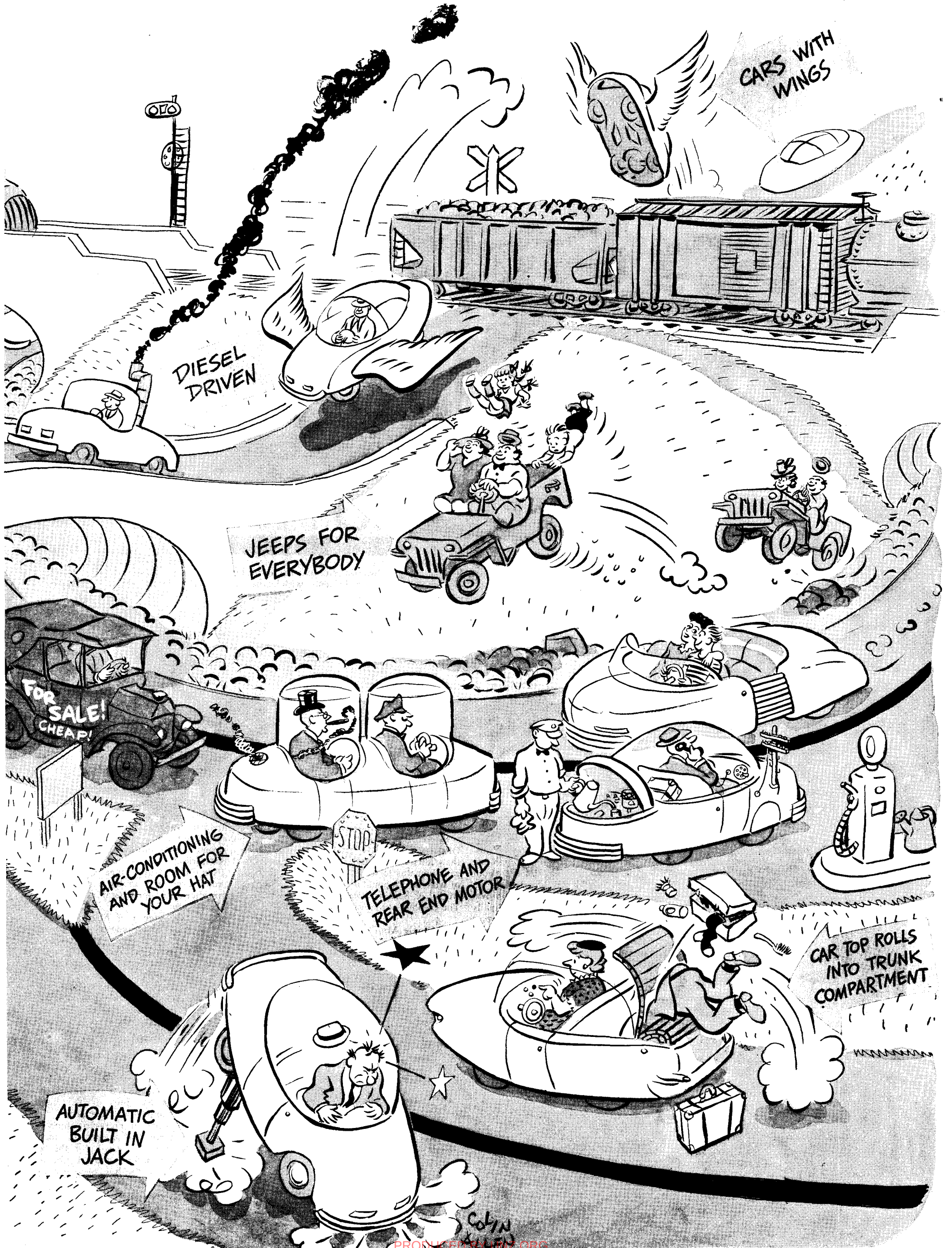
"But some of the problems," says able young Dr. Randall Hamrick, director of the center, "were tough nuts to crack."

A typical day at the center sees problems like the following presented, tackled and worked out.

First was a boy who came back from the Mediterranean theater with a discharge-without-honor and a prison sentence behind him. He had tried to get a job, but personnel managers took one look at his blue discharge papers and shook their heads. In the course of his story an interesting thing came to light. The boy had slugged an officer in Italy. That was the reason for the harsh sentence. But in talking about it, the counselor noticed how the boy blew his top, a trade-mark of the psychoneurotic.

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE AARONS



DETROIT'S REAR-ENGINE DREAM

BY WALTER DAVENPORT

ILLUSTRATED BY COLIN ALLEN

BEFORE the war in Europe and the Pacific changed many of our national habits, Detroit was a prophet's push-over. He had merely to notify the motorcar manufacturers that he desired to tell the public what next year's car would be, and unless he was pretty agile he was apt to be badly trampled. Engineers and designers, laden with beautiful and expensive photographs and lyrical booklets rich with everything from the coming car's incredible fan belt to its passionate love interest, sought him out and even ran him down.

Today it is more than somewhat different. For a variety of healthy reasons, the manufacturers do not ignore their blood pressures while beating one another to the prophet's notebook. Engineers and designers huddle behind closed doors in offices at the end of corridors patrolled by guards. Public relations officers, as far as future operations are concerned, make their Army and Navy prototypes seem like irresponsible blabbermouths. They receive the prophet in an aura of courteous mystery. Spies and counterspies spend dollars and hours lavishly in beguiling one another into betrayals and plying one another with rococo tales of engineering doo-dling and confectioner's dreams of designing. Unless he is very careful, the prophet, losing his way in the resulting smoke screens, is in dire peril of becoming rumor-happy and departing wearing the badge of Detroit's newest and most populous society—the CAIC. About the closest we can come to telling you in print what CAIC means is Cripes Am I Confused!

A Mixture of Unknown Elements

All this strictly unusual situation in Detroit is by no means phony. The mystery is not a come-on. It is the product of several known and unknown elements, the latter being summed up in the fewest words: Uncertainty of the date of the war's end, of the release of basic materials without which cars now being planned cannot be made, and the speed with which the government will allow reconversion. The postwar labor design contributes to the unknown component in a rather general way, but this seems to be something for the United Automobile Workers to worry about rather than the manufacturers. It will be up to the UAW (C.I.O.) to produce labor at a price, and to the manufacturers to produce cars at a price—an outrageous oversimplification of a coming headache that isn't going to be cured in a jiffy by any magical powder.

This piece, however, is aimed at telling you what your new car is likely to be. We are going to be a trifle shy of complete accuracy. Our story has nothing in particular to do with the 241,916 automobiles now being trundled off the assembly lines—the cars released by the government's swift opening and closing of the floodgates. These cars to be manufactured this year are 1942 models with mild exterior changes, a few experimental interior rearrangements and, under the hood, a couple of alterations born of war experience and metallurgical expediency.

Unless nobody in Detroit knows what he's talking about, these cars will be snapped up as fast as individuals can wangle purchase permits from the government, and that will be that.

What we're concerned with here are the new cars which, with guarded optimism, Detroit calls 1948 models. Of course, if Japan becomes suddenly possessed of ordinary intelligence and gives up before it's too late... but that's rather silly, isn't it? The new models now being engineered and designed behind stout oaken doors and within soundproof walls will be 1948s—at least. Never before in the history of the American auto-

mobile has the situation in the industry been quite like this—which gives us a nice opening to advance the above-mentioned known elements in the mystery now enveloping Detroit.

In the ten or twelve years immediately preceding Pearl Harbor, competition between the several manufacturers was a swiftly diminishing virtue. Cars had become pretty standardized. The purchasing public's tastes and habits had done the same. Cars took on new and sometimes unwarranted and unprofitable shapes. Propaganda and advertisements were garnished with attention-snatchers like Air Streams, Streamlining and Fluid Drive, the latter being among the few really scientific departures from the unexciting conventionality that had descended upon the industry. But with little exception, cars were cars, one make being just about as capable as another, price for price, and all of them good.

To fill out the picture, let's elaborate for a moment on why competition was dying of standardization. Even the lowest-priced cars were capable of speeds once the sole property of the high-hatters. Handsomeness of appearance was common to the \$1,000 and the \$10,000 jobs. Plastic arts, metal sculpture and textile design were pretty much the same from the king's chariot down to the jalopy. Every manufacturer knew well in advance what his neighbor was doing and proposed to do—so much so that they conferred frequently with one another just to be sure they weren't making any mistakes.

Automotive engineers marched comfortably abreast. None worked in either metals or alloys with which their brothers in neighboring laboratories were not completely familiar. As to efficiency, about the only difference in the engines they built consisted of the number of cylinders or whether they were set out in V's or in line. Competition had almost reached the gadget stage: putting on and in cars more and more pretty little unnecessary refinements calculated to snatch the eye of the womenfolk, who, Detroit says, have the final word in eighty per cent of car purchases.

Ali of which was a severe pain in the tender parts to old-fashioned automobile men who are still nostalgically quoting the late Mr. Sim (Bull o' the Woods) Blattsohn of Flint, Michigan: "What we leave off them damned things don't ever give us no trouble." To have done with the subject, the grandeur of salesrooms and automobile show space, and the burnished beauty and polished manners of salesmen came to be one of the most important competition points. And a Hollywood dealer based a season's selling campaign on the fact that he was glad to deliver a car in Cellophane tied ravishingly with broad ribbon of any desired color.

Came the war. As you have perhaps heard, Detroit quit making automobiles and turned to tanks, guns, planes and similar instruments. But Detroit, like the rest of us, knew that sooner or later the war would be won and that she'd return to her old trade. Her engineers, her metallurgists and her designers and all their laboratories spent their days making battle equipment but their nights dreaming automobiles. Not a solitary engine or bearing was built for war that they did not draw therefrom some idea for peace.

Jeeps, command cars, tanks, ducks and airplanes, fetched back combat-weary for study, were scrutinized and case-historied. These studies constantly improved the war machines, but likewise added to the multiplying fund of ideas for postwar passenger cars, trucks and the like. Aluminum and mag-

nesium were put to tests hitherto only discussed. Necessity-invented glass shapes and formulas bore hints of cars of the future. Textiles and synthetics—rubber in particular—became deeply significant rather than merely incidental. Early plastics, long experimented in as body material, were found to be pathetically vulnerable to extremes of heat and cold, so other plastic bases were developed to replace steel and wood and go them both two or three better. At least two manufacturers, caught short of cadmium, added a bit of silver to lead and copper and turned out bearings that had four times the life of the bearings they replaced. And they proved it in Sahara sand, Italian mud and on the coral reefs of Pacific islands. Crankshafts that were bothered about climate and terrain about as much as a fish is about a rainstorm were turned out with such success that the engineers developed the fidgets in their eagerness to put them into automobiles.

Of course, patriotism in the common cause dictated that such discoveries be shared, because it wouldn't do at all for one company to turn out a better jeep or tank than its neighbor. But there was nothing to prevent

one engineer from learning a lesson a little better than another. Nor was there anything to be done about the ability of a manufacturer to see a little further into the future and dream a trifle more magnificently than his neighbor.

Out of this vast and theoretically pooled laboratory of war emerged anew the spirit of competition. In all the automotive industry there wasn't and isn't an engineering laboratory that didn't become the repository of fact and theory from which that laboratory's particular company was going to produce something revolutionary for you and me to jam the highways with on postwar week ends.

We have no way of telling you how many of these theories and plans will actually hit the roads come peace, but in the very nature of things you are going to see a number of startling departures from the 1942 car. It is very comforting to be able to assure you that they won't all appear at once, which would be quite a little more than even the avid American public would be able to put up with. But if half the hints and confidential whispers bestowed upon us in Detroit materialize, there will be sensations enough to spread over into 1950, with a few temblors left over to keep us agog for several more seasons.

In view of all this champing at the bit and this eagerness to adapt to peace production the lessons learned from the war, Detroit's secrecy is understandable. Behind all this secrecy are designs which will eliminate all fenders. Look for them among the 1948 cars. We've seen some of the models. They suggest the offspring of the union of a flatiron and a beetle. They look much wider than the 1942 car, but we're assured that they aren't, and that diagonal parking will be no more disastrous than usual.

The new cars will give the driver greater lateral visibility by abolishing the solid posts at either end of the windshield. Instead of ending at the posts, the glass will curve around to the lintels of the forward doors. Thus safety to those within and without the car will be enhanced. Mind you, we're setting these changes down in a general and even haphazard way because even the manufacturers are not yet quite sure which cars will emerge immediately with these innovations. Some of them will, and if there is loud acclaim from the customers the others will

follow. And that, incidentally, will be true generally of almost all the departures—each manufacturer watching the other guy for trends. Two-way radio phones, for example. They're inevitable but not immediate.

At least two cars propose to come forth with their engines over the rear axles. One will set the engine parallel with the axle and the other at right angles. We promised not to mention names—which seems a trifle silly—but the manufacturers told us that they wanted to do the amazing themselves, in announcements warranted to jar huge buying orders out of the public. Engines so placed will eliminate a lot of driving shaft, and the engineers insist that it will not increase the tendency of car rear ends to skid on wet and icy paving. All that will be taken care of, they say, by rearrangements of weights of cars plus passengers. Your luggage, fuel and spare tires (remember them?) will go up front where the engine used to be.

We've seen the drawings of these cars. Maybe it's because we aren't used to them, but they do look at first to be a trifle long on follow-up. Of course there's nothing new in the idea. Almost all the manufacturers have fooled around with such push-em-up designs, and some early and public-forgotten cars had rear-end engines.

It won't be a 1948 creation, and we are warned not to hazard a year, but within a reasonable span of time a couple of companies are going to produce Diesel-powered cars—not trucks—passenger cars. The engineers working on these engines are so secretive that they scarcely dare go home at night lest they talk in their sleep. Almost as eremitical are the scientific fellows working on a new supercharger idea. Heretofore, it has been next to impossible to crown motorcar engines with superchargers. You'll have to work the reason out for yourself, because we didn't understand it even when it was explained to us in higher mathematics and terms of expansion and compression ratios and constant volume combustion. Sorry.

Suppose we stick to the so-called immediate future. The tendency in 1948 and subsequent cars will be away from the low, rakish roofs which sloped downward and backward—dipsy-doodle. Gentlemen complain that their hats were forever being knocked off, going and coming, and ladies that their hairdos were ruined. Rear windows will be wider and deeper and equipped with wipers. And while we're on the subject, you may as well prepare yourselves for car tops, from the sills of the windows up, made entirely of unbreakable and really flexible glass, the ceilings and a panel or two made opaque so that you won't have the feeling of riding around in an aquarium. Anyway, that's what the Detroit scientists are up to, and all we're doing is telling you.

Riding High, Wide and Handsome

Not only will you have rear-window wipers but you may get water sprayers which will wash mud off your car as fast as it accumulates. Most models will emerge with fewer external fripperies which added nothing to the car's performance but were intended merely to attract the eye. Several manufacturers are about to produce seats which will adjust upward and downward as well as backward and forward, and a couple of them will give you driver's seats slightly higher and a little forward. There will be more leg room in almost all cars, some of them giving you rear seats in which you can do a complete slump without breaking your neck.

Convertibles will appear in two-seaters as well as one-seaters. For the regulation car with the rear seat, there will be, sooner or later, solid metal tops which will telescope

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Violence threatened the sanctuary of the Abbey, but there was one hope — that the fugitive's contempt for faith might eventually lead him to choose the wrong weapon

ABBOT CHARLES was reading his office when he heard the motor. He stiffened, his head went back, then turned as his glance swept the sky. There were no planes; the blue expanse above the Abbey garden was empty; two cottony clouds hung over the jagged stump of the bell tower. Frowning, the priest listened. The hum faded until he could barely hear it; came back suddenly stronger. Abbot Charles let his breath out as he recognized the sound. It was a car, coming up the hill from the village, and it had just crossed the dip below the vineyard. The Abbot murmured a prayer of thanks. There was peace in France, now, but war had passed over the Abbey, and planes still made him nervous.

Closing his breviary on a forefinger Abbot Charles walked to the gaping hole in the cloister. The sun was full in his eyes, and he held one hand to his forehead as a shade. Through the smashed wall he could see the terraced slopes of the vineyard and the white line of the road.

An automobile purred into sight. It was a small car, low and flat, and a plume of dust followed it. Three men were in the car, and the sunlight gleamed whitely on two helmets.

"My Lord Abbot!"

The voice was excited, and urgent. Abbot Charles turned; Brother Basil was hurrying toward him from the dormitory.

"Yes, Brother Basil," said Abbot Charles. He spoke quietly, but the words were clear and cool in the stillness of the Abbey garden.

They brought Brother Basil to a stop. He stood gazing at his superior. He jerked his head toward the sound of the approaching car and waited.

The Abbot nodded. "Americans. Military Police."

Brother Basil licked his lips. The eyes in the broad, peasant face were wide and trusting.

He looked exactly like that, Abbot Charles thought, as a novice thirty years ago. Smiling, the Abbot said: "You are porter this month. You will bring our visitors to me."

Brother Basil bowed. He raised a big fist in front of him, waited till he was sure the Abbot saw it, jerked a thumb out of the fist. He said one word, "Him?"

Under the gray robe the Abbot's shoulders moved. The shrug made him, for one moment, not a monk but a Frenchman. "As God wills," he said. "He is our guest."

"He heard their engine, and now he wants to see you, my Lord Abbot."

"Yes," said Abbot Charles. "He is a man of little faith." With a wave of his hand he dismissed Brother Basil, then strode across the garden. The Abbot was a tall man, slender, and he moved easily, unhurried. Except for the cap over his tonsure he was hatless, and the burnished silver of his hair was the only sign of his age.

The inside of the Abbey was cool and

dark after the bright sunshine. Abbot Charles met no one as he passed along the shadowed corridor. He stopped at the infirmary door, knocked and entered.

The room was small, whitewashed, with a trio of hospital beds. Brother Leo, the doctor, sat on the middle one. His old legs dangled, and his eyes were shut. He seemed to be dozing, but his lips moved, and there was a rosary in his fingers.

"Brother Leo. Where's your patient?"

"Here." A man stepped from behind the door. He wore the gray robe of the order, with the cowl up. But there was nothing monastic about the heavy automatic he held.

ABBOT CHARLES raised his eyebrows. "Well, Colonel Schulber," he said, "your recovery is rapid indeed. Almost miraculous."

Schulber said, grinning: "I wanted to be dressed and ready to receive visitors."

Brother Leo's eyes opened. "He fooled me, my Lord Abbot. The wound healed nicely. The weakness was all pretended."

"The fault was not yours, Brother Leo," said the Abbot.

"I am not so sure." Brother Leo winked. "I took a bullet out of him."

"You had no choice." Schulber's voice was jeering. "The Order of Protectors refuses no man shelter. And in five centuries its rule of protection has never been broken."

Anger shook through Abbot Charles. How like them, he thought. They mock all law, yet invoke the same laws to save their skins.

"True, isn't it?" said Schulber.

"Quite true," Abbot Charles said, in a cold tone.

"Well, Colonel Schulber," Abbot Charles said, looking at the man in the doorway, "your recovery is rapid indeed. Almost miraculous"

A bell jangled deep in the Abbey. Once, twice, three times. It was the Abbot's signal. "Our visitors," Schulber said.

Abbot Charles said: "You will be safe in the wine cellar, where I showed you."

"No." Schulber shook his head. "I intend to be present when you talk to them. In range and out of sight."

The Abbot's smile was scornful. "As you wish. Come along."

Abbot Charles walked rapidly, looking straight ahead. He knew Schulber was a pace in the rear, but he was thinking of the coming interview. Nothing would give him more satisfaction than Schulber's capture, but he had served the Abbey for forty-three years, and a rule was a rule. The Abbot was worried, too. He judged that the Nazi would shoot if things went wrong.

I'll be the first, the priest told himself. He didn't think he was afraid to die. But there was the Abbey. So much to do. So few monks left to do it. . . .

They met no one. The only sound in the corridor was the click of their heels on the stone floor.

The Abbot had two rooms across the hall from the chapel. One, his bedroom, was a narrow cell, exactly like those of his monks. The other was larger, carpeted. It held a desk and bookcases, leather chairs. Two portraits stared at each other from opposite

(Continued on page 63)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ELAINE'S husband, Pvt. Helmut Eisenberg, was in Europe, helping Patton win the war, and she didn't want to send a pin-up photo to him. Her regular job was to sculpture hands for Fifth Avenue jewelry windows, and haughty-eyed plaster dummies for the nightgown trade. Instead of the pin-up, she wanted to send a three-dimensional statue of herself. So she posed before a big mirror and made a figurine of plaster and hydrocol. Then she sprayed it with flesh tints and yellowed the hair and pinked the cheeks and sent it to Helmut.

The first written words from Helmut were: "Gosh, hon!" followed by another which started off: "My lieutenant would like to know if he could buy . . ." followed by another which said: "Please send one doll each to the following. They'll pay whatever it costs . . ." followed by: "Hon, why don't you just start turning out dolls for the G.I.s? Honest, I never saw such excitement over anything. I couldn't tell you the comments even if I was whispering in your ear . . ."

Thus did Elaine Eisenberg, late of Bonn, Germany, fall into a business which now employs twenty persons—full time—in a walk-up factory at 595 Sixth Avenue, in New York. The dolls can now be bought in many stores in many cities. So far, 150,000 of them have retailed at \$1.98 apiece, but Elaine feels that this is just the beginning. She's just learning how to mass-produce these plaster wenches.

She posed for the first five types of dolls and gave each an individual name and a provocative pose. Then the lady who tints the doll fingernails and puts black net panties and bras on them went away and had a baby. When she came back, Elaine sculptured the baby in two poses, called one Angel and the other Sonny, and began to mass-produce them on pink and blue satin pillows. People who don't want to send fruit baskets and flowers to new mothers now send "Angel" or "Sonny."

That made seven dolls. Then, recently, Elaine read that a girl named Dale Belmont whose figure is incredible was singing in New York. Elaine went to see her and soon had doll number eight.

A Girl Who Sang in Church

Dale's real name is Ruth Collins and she used to sing in a church choir in Massachusetts. She says her stage name is a combination of Flash Gordon's girl friend and a hotel. She would rather be known for her voice than her figure, and her manager calls her "The Blue Velvet Voice."

Elaine showed Dale the factory, how the original doll is sculptured, and how rubber is poured around it. When the mold hardens, the doll is removed and a composition is poured into the mold. It solidifies in about fifteen minutes, though none of the dolls come out perfect. They have tiny edges of plaster which are filed off before going under the spray gun for flesh tints. Before each doll is packed, an inspector examines it for imperfections and makes a small hole behind the shoulder. This accommodates the small nail which is mailed with the doll. Young girls daub nail polish on tiny doll fingers, and others tint lips and eyes. One girl does nothing but place red cloth rosettes in doll hair and paste on tight bathing suits.

Piteous cries began to come in from Hawaiian stores, so Elaine garbed one of her original dolls in a red Cellophane grass skirt and shipped a few thousand out there. This worked out fine because soon New York girls began to get dolls from boy friends in Honolulu and each doll was plainly marked "Souvenir of Hawaii."

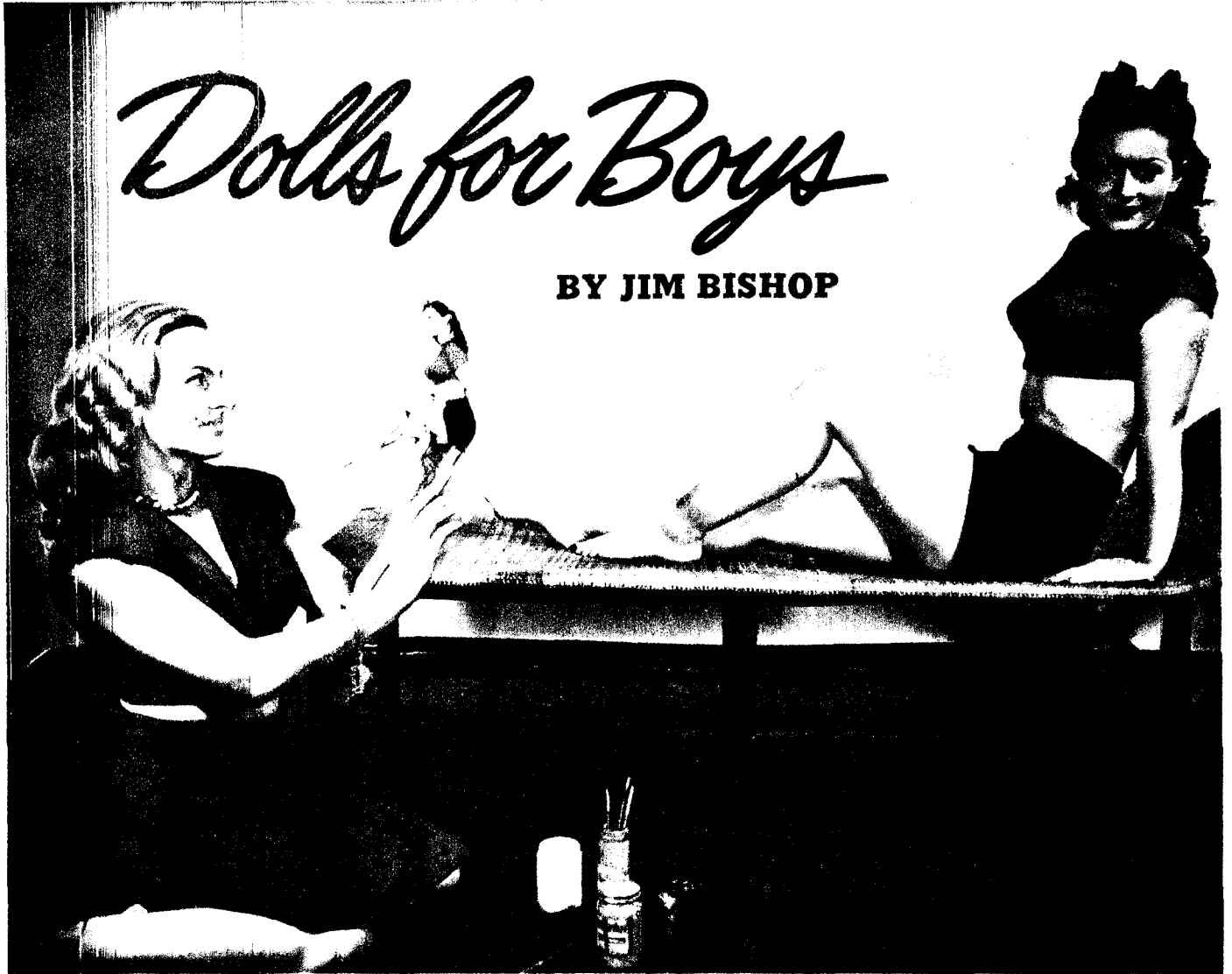
Success came to Dale Belmont too. She began to get guest spots on radio shows, although millions of listeners were robbed of the right to see the girl. She was adopted by a tissue-knit sweater company and, under orders, began to wear sweaters to bed. She was booked for a South American tour.

No one knows where this is going to end for Elaine or Miss Belmont. As of 3:15 P.M. a few weeks ago, exactly one million photos of Miss Belmont had been sent to servicemen. As for Elaine, she wasn't a bit surprised to get a bid to make dolls of Van Johnson of the movies, for the bobby-sox trade. ★★★

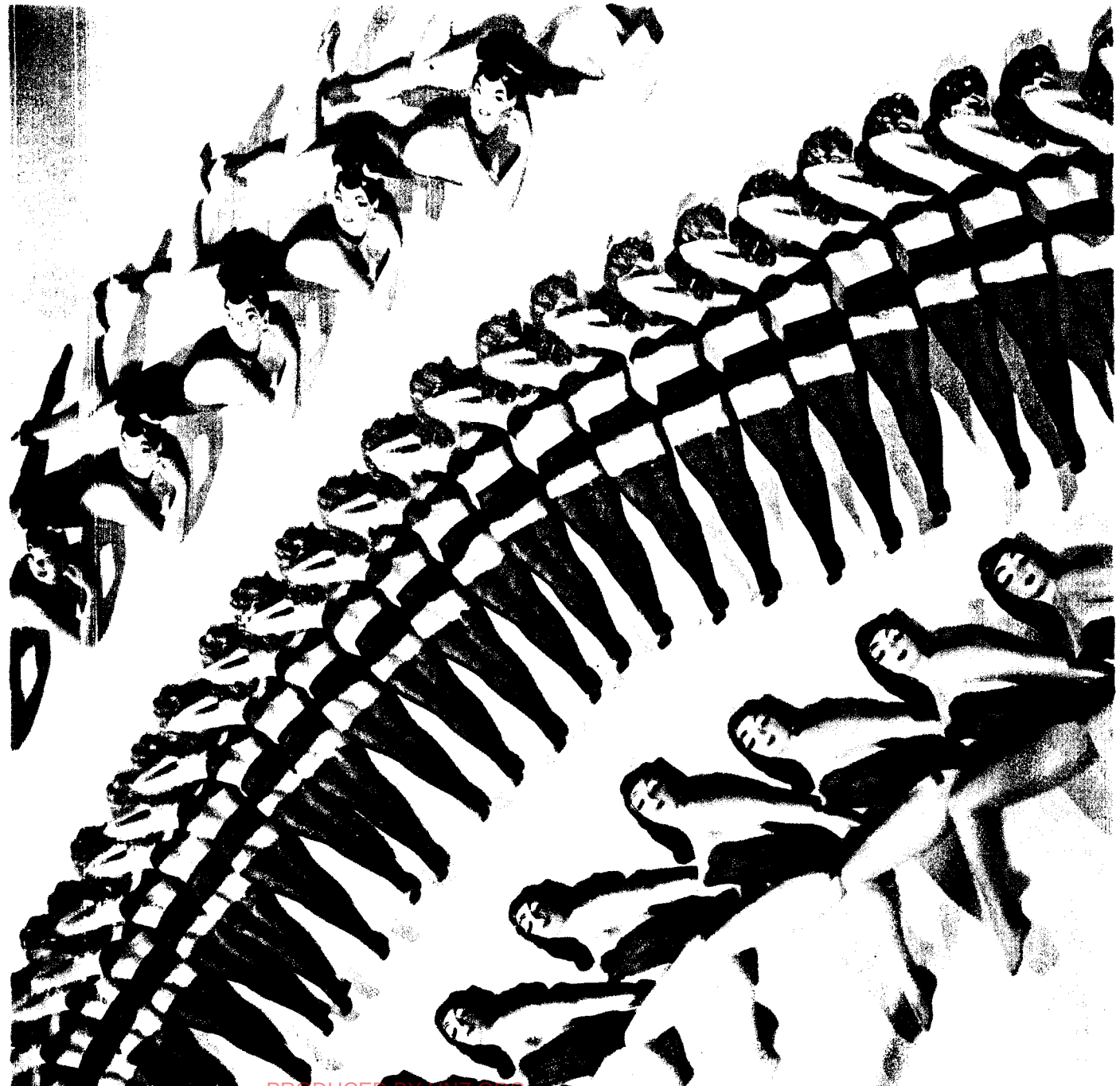
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HUSTON-PIX

Dolls for Boys

BY JIM BISHOP



Dale Belmont wasn't really modeling when she sat for this picture, because the sculptor, Elaine, is holding the finished doll. Below are other types of dolls produced at Elaine's factory. She posed for those herself. She says she takes few liberties with the human figure, except to exaggerate it in certain ways to attract the boys.



Squatter's Rights

a short short story complete on this page

BY KYLE CRICHTON



Jake was the talk of the country. He took no windup; he simply raised his arms as slightly as a man could and still show signs of life, and then the ball came wobbling up to the plate

AT THE end of the 1940 season, Art Slagel called Jake Osborn in to the front office of the Blackhawks and gave him his release. Jake had come up to the Blackhawks as a fast-ball pitcher. In the last two years, when he was being used in relief, he perfected an overhand curve that broke a foot. That had kept him going for a while but the last season was a nightmare even for Jake. Everybody in the league had teed off on him, and when Art Slagel called him in, he knew he was through.

"I hate to do this to you, Jake," said Slagel sincerely, "but you know how it is in baseball. You have it and then you don't have it."

"Oh, sure," said Jake, without rancor.

"You're a ten-year man," said Slagel. "You can probably make a deal for yourself."

"No," said Jake, shaking his head firmly. "I think I'll just go on back home and set."

So he went back to Mississippi and sat on the porch. While he'd been with the Blackhawks, Jake Osborn was the lobby-sitting champion of the world. At seven-thirty every morning, he bought a paper at the newsstand, picked out a special chair and sat there until it was time to go out to the park. If it rained or for any reason there was no game, he sat firmly in the chair until bedtime, taking time out only for meals. He had only one extravagance: cigars. He bought them one at a time and that gave him a chance to gas with the cigar-counter girls. This was not repartee of a high order but the girls had become accustomed to it.

When he had his dinner and came back to the lobby, Jake would go up to the counter for his first cigar of the evening.

"You goin' out with me tonight, sister?" he invariably asked, knowing that nobody possibly would ever go out with him.

If it was Detroit, the girl would say, "No, I gotta date with Henry Ford or C. F. Kettering," and they would both laugh, and then Jake would point to the cigar case and say: "Gimme one of them." Except for this bit of repartee, nobody had ever seen Jake with a woman.

JAKE OSBORN sat on his porch in Mississippi for almost five years. Then one morning late in May in 1945, he got up off his rocker, went into the house and dredged out about a dozen of his old baseballs. He put the balls in a tin bucket and went out

toward the barn, yelling, "Fred, oh, Fred," and a boy appeared from behind the barn.

"Here," Jake said, standing with his back to the barn. "You take this knife here and make a little mark where my knee is."

Fred made the mark and then he stood on a wheelbarrow and made another mark at Jake's shoulders. Jake then dumped all the balls out of the bucket and threw the bucket to Fred.

"When I'm done a-throwin' all these here balls up there, you pick 'em up and bring 'em back here, Freddie," said Jake.

Then he began throwing leisurely at the marks on the barn.

ABOUT six weeks later, Art Slagel called Bingo Harper, the Blackhawks' scout, into his office and threw a letter across the desk to him. "Read that," he said.

"Well, it's interesting enough," Bingo admitted, "but I can't make out who signed it."

"Jake Osborn," said Art. "It's pretty wobbly, but it's Jake. I looked up one of his old contracts."

"Yes. But who did his nice typing job?" asked Bingo, with bewilderment.

"I don't know," said Art, "except that it wasn't Jake. You better go on down there and take a look at Jake."

Bingo moaned. "All spring I'm lurin' kids out of grammar school with lollipops and now I'm diggin' up old dead bodies."

THE news was striking enough when Bingo got back. "I don't know what he's got but it's the damndest thing I ever saw," he reported breathlessly. Then he told about Jake throwing at the side of the barn. "It's a mystery ball or something," he said. "He holds it loose on the tips of his fingers and throws it up at that barn. He must 'a' thrown a hundred and every last one of them hit that lower line."

"What's he got on it?" asked Art Slagel. "What's he got on it!" yelled Bingo. "He ain't got nothin' on it. It comes up there like it was on crutches. If you hit it with all your might, it wouldn't go seven feet."

"Well, what do you think? Should we hire him?"

"Sure, we should hire him. If we don't, somebody else will. There's only one thing, though. He says he won't pitch more than two innings at a time."

"Maybe we could put a porch swing out there for him," said Art Slagel bitterly. "Wire him to come on up here." . . .

Jake's return was sensation enough, but by the middle of August, he was the talk of the country. It seemed entirely possible that nobody was ever going to hit anything he threw up there. Although Jake was a relief pitcher, he spent no time in the bull pen. He simply got up off the bench, went out to the mound, took the ball and stood there. He took no windup; he simply raised his arms as slightly as man could and still show signs of life, and then the ball came wobbling up to the plate.

Jake saved twelve games altogether for the Blackhawks and was generally credited with getting them into the World Series. In that concentrated burst of limelight, he received credit for winning the third game of the Series although he pitched to only two batters. The score was tied, and the Falcons had men on second and third in the ninth and one out. Jake fanned the next two, and the Blackhawks pushed a run across in their half.

He also won the seventh and deciding game. It was the ninth again, and for the first time Jake had trouble. The Falcons were three runs behind but they had the bases filled with one out. The next hitter topped a ball, and it rolled down the third-base line. Les Barlow, who had been playing deep, charged in, slipped on the grass and sat down. One run was in, the bases were still filled, and Jake seemed so little worried that he appeared to be stifling a yawn.

He got the next hitter on three pitched balls. Now there were two out and the bases were still filled. The next hitter stood at the plate desperately. He crouched tensely and waited. Jake got two strikes on him immediately. Then he threw two high ones. The next one was low and the count stood three and two. Art Slagel had come to the front of the dugout and peered out with a tragic look.

Suddenly he opened his mouth as if he were about to scream but no sound came out. On the mound Jake had abruptly lifted up his left foot and was pitching with his old overhand motion. The ball seemed to be about eight feet in the air when suddenly it began to drop. It cut across the batter's letters and smacked into the catcher's glove.

"You're out!" howled the umpire.

And that was the end of the World Series and the end of the Falcons. It was also the end of Jake.

NEXT morning Art Slagel called Jake into the office and slapped down a check on the desk before him.

"We promised you five grand and we're giving you five more. There'll be about sixty-five more out of your end of the Series. Now what'll you be wanting next year?"

"Nothin'. I ain't a-comin' back," said Jake.

"What do you mean?" yelled Art.

Jake was silent for a moment. "It ain't no fun no more," he said finally. "The trains is all crowded, the hotels is all crowded. Besides, the missus don't like it."

"Missus!" cried Art. "When did you get married?"

"Last spring," said Jake. "The missus writ that letter I sent you. It's Mamie . . . the lady who used to keep the cigar stand in Detroit."

ART SLAGEL knew he was defeated unless he talked fast. He suddenly became very quiet and considerate.

"Why, that's fine, Jake," he said in a confiding voice. "We can get a nice little apartment for you and Mamie up here, and she can go on the road trips with you. She ought to like that."

"No, sir," said Jake firmly. "She wouldn't."

"Why not?" said Art, yelling again.

"She jist don't like ballplayers," explained Jake, in what he felt was a full explanation. "All them fellers a-kiddin' at her and all that."

It was at this moment that Bingo Harper appeared and saved Art Slagel's sanity.

"Jake's married to Mamie, the lady used to run the cigar counter in the hotel at Detroit," said Art, waving a faint hand in Jake's direction.

"Oh, really," said Bingo. "Congratulations! She's a nice girl. I remember her very well."

Jake beamed. "Do you remember how she was allus a-braggin' about them dates she was havin' with Henry Ford?"

"Yes?" said Bingo, questioningly and utterly bewildered.

"Well, she was just a-teasin' me," said Jake, with the happy, confident laugh of a proud husband. "Shucks, she didn't never have them dates with Henry Ford nohow."



Dr. Dunbar supervises a penicillin test. The rabbits will run a fever if the drug contains anything it shouldn't—so will the manufacturer



Food testers tap the wooden cases to sample egg whites cried in China



Counterfeited import label on this cheese resulted in a fine of \$2,500

FOOD and DRUG COP

BY RITA HALLE KLEEMAN



Like everyone else, the inspector trusts his nose when it comes to fish



Frozen eggs have many food uses and are tested frequently and thoroughly



Butter may look, smell and taste fine, but food cops take no chances

Forever on the trail of carelessness, contamination or outright chiseling, hard-working government inspectors see that your food is wholesome and your drugs are pure. Honest manufacturers applaud their efforts

HOW would you like to find a staphylococcus in your cream puff? Or a mouse in your jam? Or die of a solvent in a medicine you took to cure whatever ailed you? Or innocently become a narcotic addict? Or find your health shattered by contaminated meat?

Any of these and a hundred other even more unpleasant things *did* happen to people not so many years ago. Back in 1904, they were happening with such shocking frequency that Collier's set out to discover what was going on.

The best investigators of the time were assigned to the job, and, in a memorable series of articles beginning in 1904, and ending in 1906, Americans were told of the appalling conditions in their uncontrolled food and drug industries.

Largely as a result of this investigation,

Congress, in 1906, passed the Pure Food and Drugs Act and gave the nation a set of food-drugs control laws with the most formidable kind of teeth.

Those abuses were ended many years ago, of course, but the Food and Drug Administration is still on the job. Just a few months ago an inspector of the Food and Drug Administration went into a butter-making plant in the Middle West on what he called "a routine inspection—just checking up." The administration had never had any trouble there before, but it is a careful organization and passes a wary eye over even the most perfect-seeming establishment from time to time. So the inspector swung his flashlight between some cases in the shipping room and was startled to see a lot of little eyes watching him. He shot some chloroform into the opening, and when the fumes had died away, he pulled out the bodies of thirty-five mice.

"How come you have all these mice here?" he asked the new manager. "I never noticed any before. Don't you do anything to keep them out?"

"Well," was the reply, "they used to have cats here. But I don't like cats, so when I came I offered the boys ten cents apiece to get rid of them. And they did! It cost me almost three bucks."

The inspector went to work, and what he found is not pretty to talk about. His microscope revealed maggots and rat hairs in the

butter. The fluorescent lamp showed traces of rat urine on the cloth used to cover the tubs. The inspector pulled a large mouse by the tail out of a can of milk.

That night the plant was closed down, and shortly thereafter the owner paid a sufficiently heavy fine to remind him to be more careful in his choice of managers in the future.

Saving Lives as Well as Money

This is just one example of what this government bureau with a budget of less than three million dollars (admittedly peanuts these days) and a staff of only eight hundred and fifty for the entire country—administrators, chemists, laboratory technicians, inspectors and secretaries—is doing to save not only your pocketbook but your life. I have just been talking with Doctor Paul Dunbar, commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration, who was with Doctor Harvey Wiley way back in 1906 when his long-repeated cry, "There ought to be a law," finally got one.

"Before that," says Doctor Dunbar, "you couldn't throw a pebble without hitting a bottle of misbranded medicine or adulterated food. Most manufacturers didn't know or care anything about sanitation. They considered worms in cans of blueberries an act of God, Who further favored them by making the worms taste like the berries. If a farmer had a load of tomatoes he couldn't

possibly sell *au naturel*, he just took them to the nearest canner, who skillfully flavored and colored them and sold them as catsup. As for medicine, the manufacturers had it all their own way. Even under the 1906 law and up to six years ago, a drug could not be removed from the market just because it happened to be dangerous. Unless we could bring a charge of misbranding, we could do nothing."

The war, Doctor Dunbar tells me, has enormously increased the administration's responsibilities.

"We must now," he says, "in addition to our peacetime duties, help inspect food and drugs for the Army (we regularly test a thousand samples of medical consignments a month for them), act as consultants for the Navy, and experiment with and test new products for all the services. We must watch more closely than ever the unscrupulous manufacturer who finds the scarcity and high prices of goods a temptation to substitute inferior products."

Rats and mice have always been one of the administration's chief headaches—one of the less attractive exhibits in their chamber of horrors in Washington is that very mouse in a can of milk that I mentioned before—but cockroaches run them a close second. And thereby hangs the tale of what happened recently in a large bakery—a tale unusual in that established firms usually make every

(Continued on page 29)



She had planned it so perfectly—this lyrical dream of an evening when Sally would fall in love. But she forgot one thing: that you can't have your dream and be practical about it, too

The

IT MUST have been the change in weather that put the idea into her head. All afternoon, thick heat had gathered under the roof of the bungalow, filling the little rooms until the polished furniture felt as hot as a feverish forehead under the touch. Heat waves had rippled along the white, glaring windowsills. Out in the garden, the crimson ramblers had sagged in the heavy afternoon, and not a leaf on the poplars had stirred.

The piano stood in the coolest part of the house, in a windowless, shadowy alcove. But the heat had invaded even this dim corner, giving an oppressive reality to the bamboo shoots and the palm leaves that wandered up the wallpaper.

All day it had seemed to her that she was teaching her piano students in a jungle. It was the heat of the Congo that had wilted their blouses and pasted their hair to their cheeks. It was into the steaming atmosphere along the banks of the Amazon that they had poured their scales and sonatas. The talk of her own two children, lolling in the shuttered bedroom, had been transformed into the chatter of monkeys, and the screeching brakes and humming tires on the avenue had become the whirring and screaming of tropical birds.

Then all at once, while the last student was wearily scattering the notes of the Chopin

Ballade against the heat, all at once, when the voices in the bedroom had taken on that whining, urgent note that foretold a quarrel, a distant peal of thunder reduced them all to silence—sudden and mystifying, since the sun continued to shine and the sky had not lost any of its pitiless blue.

Somewhere in the far, unpeopled hills, the storm had broken. None of its violence had fallen upon the city, but its blessings came quickly, lavishly after that first thunderclap. She laid her hand upon the shoulder of the young woman who sat at the piano, and lifted her face to breathe an air light, swift, sweet with the smell of new-cut grass and roses.

The whole house was thrown into a delightful agitation. The evening newspaper blew open on the sofa, the roses in the blue bowl shed their creamy petals onto the coffee table, and the white curtains, streaming in pairs into the room, twisted with the lightness and grace of girls leaping in a ballet.

"Oh, Lord!" she said, flinging up her arms so that the wind might ripple up and down the whole length of her body. "Sally, don't play another note. Stand up and feel this.



Matchmaking

By Gladys Schmitt

It'll never last." And the two of them had gone to the window to be present at the miracle, to see the sunlight change from molten gold to cool yellow upon the lawn, to watch the wind pluck the strings onto which her husband had trained the cinnamon vines—great, cool fingers of some wind god playing unheard music on a leafy lyre.

It was then that she looked with new eyes at the young woman beside her. Until this moment, the girl had been, for her, nothing but a gifted pianist, a crystal, meaningless and clear, through which the music of Beethoven, Mozart and Chopin might pass.

Now, through the blowing curtain that billowed between them, she saw for the first time a living young woman—shy, awkward, and undiscovered, but startlingly beautiful nevertheless. The long body beneath the white sharkskin dress had the large perfection of classical statues. The apricot cheeks were sprinkled with golden freckles. The eyes were grayish blue under the brown, level brows. Flapping like a spaniel's ears on either side of the face, sleek and brown and silky, hung two bright lengths of hair.

Something—perhaps the wind and perhaps the sight of so much unexpected beauty—made it impossible for her to hold her tongue. "Sally," she said, "it's going to last after all. I bet it'll drop to sixty this evening. What a night to be in love!"

The grave face on the other side of the floating marquise did not answer, could manage nothing more than a strained smile. "Sally, do you have a lover?"

"I, Mrs. Schoen? No, I don't have a lover. I never had a lover in all my life. Not that I have anything against love."

EVERY leaf on the poplar was in motion. A silvery, multitudinous trembling pervaded the whole tree. The pigeons on the roof, gratified by the change in weather, made a series of deep, throaty sounds.

But, Lord, Sally, she thought, a person has to have a lover! And suddenly it seemed to her that fifteen years had been drawn from her own body, were streaming behind her on the wind, that her own flesh had been given back the sweet resilience of twenty, that she had never borne the two children in the bed-

"Sally," she said, "it's going to last after all. I bet it'll drop to sixty. What a night to be in love!"

room, that her uplifted mouth was waiting for its first kiss.

"Sally," she said, "if you don't have a lover, you're probably free as a bird. Stay to dinner tonight."

"All right," said Sally, "I'd love to stay."

The room behind them was a restless sea on which sheets of newspaper, lengths of curtain, and petals of white roses shifted about. The moment she felt an urge to put the room in order, she knew why she had asked Sally to stay. She had a lover for Sally.

Somewhere on the other side of the city he was taking the canvas from his easel, dipping his paint brushes in turpentine, and scraping his palette. He would eat his evening meal in some cheap little restaurant, would wander along the ramp to watch the sunset change the reflections in the river, would take a trolley and arrive at eight—he always came on Saturday night. Somehow,

between now and supper, she must give this bungalow an atmosphere suitable to a high and romantic occasion. She must get the children into good tempers, the toys into the playroom, the books into the bookcases, the roses into the vases—somehow she must transform this house into a hushed, windy, aerial temple of love.

"Sally," she said, "you'll stay here all evening, of course?"

"But won't I be a bother if I stay all evening?"

"A bother? I should say not. You'll be a delight."

The fresh streams of air that poured through the house seemed to be lifting her arms for her, carrying her feet across the carpet, sustaining her while she stood on the sofa to put new candles into the gilt brackets on the wall.

"Darling," she said, leaping to the floor again, "darling, just run into the back yard—there's a pair of scissors on the kitchen cabinet—and whack off armfuls of roses."

Sally stood in the middle of the room—a solemn Diana in white sharkskin—and looked at her with questioning eyes. "Are you going to have company, Mrs. Schoen?"

"Just one company—an old friend of ours," she replied.

"But if you're going to have company, honestly, I'd better go home, because. . . ." She did not finish the sentence, but the rest of it sounded nevertheless in the windy room: Because I'm terribly shy and awkward and I'll be wretched, and you'll be sorry.

"Nonsense," said the lady. "You'll like him. He's a sweet poor devil with a good heart. Go get the roses."

While Sally struggled with the crimson ramblers, she cleansed the house of all the accumulations of a lazy day of heat—petals, ashes, candy wrappers, the long butts of wasted cigarettes, the half-empty glasses of iced tea. She opened the bedroom door and dressed the children in sun suits and sent them to play until supper in the front yard. And all the while she worked, she saw, not the task under her hands, but the lyrical evening that was to come, the evening when Sally would fall in love.

She saw exactly how the house would look—chaste, orderly, radiant—the light filling the white silk shades of the lamps, the candles shining in the gilt brackets, the crimson ram-

blers filling the house with that fresh, candid scent in which the tang of currants is blended with the sweetness of roses.

Her husband, finished with his week's rehearsals, would bless the occasion with his new white suit and his distinguished beard. He would leave his violin case unopened for the week end, and give them the latest gossip about the symphony orchestra. The children, worn to meekness by the torpid day, would stand for a moment like dreamy Botticelli angels at the threshold of the living room and then go cheerfully, rosily to bed.

"Sally," she would say, nodding at the piano, "won't you play us a little Chopin?" Then the liquid notes would be sprinkled like drops of water from the cool, capable hands, and the candlelight would fall on the thick brown hair, and the apricot cheeks would shine.

And the young man, who loved white lamps and Chopin and garden flowers, who ate his dinner in miserable restaurants and slept in a narrow and lonely bed, would leave the sofa and wander to the alcove, would breathe the smell of warmth and sun that rose from the silky hair, would—long before the end of the Ballade—be deeply and everlastingly in love. . . .

"Mrs. Schoen," said Sally, "is this enough roses? I can get more. . . ."

"Oh, no, that'll be enough. Put them all around, in all the vases, and be sure to keep a big bunch for the bowl on the piano, they always look so pretty there. Now I suppose I'd better see about supper—" She stopped suddenly, like a bird held static in the midst of flight.

The thought of supper filled her with consternation, threatened to destroy the fair fabric of her dream. Last night her husband had stopped at the market and brought home some fine swordfish steaks to be broiled tonight.

"Oh, Lord," she said, "what'll I ever have for supper? We have swordfish steaks in the house, but I simply refuse to cook them. It'll make the whole place smell to high heaven. Anyway, it's too hot for fish, don't you think? A cold supper—shrimp salad and biscuits and iced tea and a cheese soufflé. Would that be all right?"

Sally plainly regretted the swordfish steaks. "That'll be lovely," she said, and smiled.

"Come out to the kitchen and talk to me while I make the biscuits, darling." Her heart was floating on the wind again. The threat of the odor of fish had been withdrawn from her temple. Her dream, drenched with lamplight, dotted with crimson ramblers, was again secure.

MRS. SCHOEN got out of the first oboist's automobile at the rear gate of the bungalow. Before driving off, the first oboist came round to help him take his belongings from the back of the car—a violin in its case, a new novel from the circulating library, a record album containing a Shostakovich quartet that he meant to play that evening and two crates of strawberries.

Partly because nobody could carry all that into the house at once and partly because he felt that some introduction would be necessary for two of these items, he left the Shostakovich and the strawberries on a bench in the back yard. Then he dawdled a little under the crimson ramblers, looking for any Japanese beetles that might have turned up in the neighborhood and thinking what a fine time he was going to have doing absolutely nothing tonight.

Of all the hours in the week, this hour between six and seven on a Saturday evening was the most blessed. Rehearsal was over, and all the best hours of Saturday hung before him like untouched fruit. Now, with the wind drying his sweaty shirt and taking the sting of long strain from his eyes, he felt a capacity for enjoyment such as he had seldom known since the days of his youth. The fact that he could take a bath in warm water with a certain cake of pine soap, that he could sit in the parlor all evening in a pair of pajamas that still smelled of the sun and wind they had dried in—all this filled him with such keen pleasure as he used to sense in his conservatory days at the thought that he was bound to be the greatest concert violinist in the world.

(Continued on page 43)

ILLUSTRATED BY AL MOORE

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DURABLE DETECTIVE

BY JIM MARSHALL

Sleuths come and go, but Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson go on forever

THE world's most durable detective, created in 1887 and introduced to America fifty-five years ago by Collier's, is Sherlock Holmes. Today, he probably has more fans than twenty other fictional sleuths put together. For his inventor, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and for dozens of publishers and movie producers, he has made millions, and still is making them.

He has become the center of a cult which insists that he and Doctor Watson were real people, and the literary members of which have produced a considerable literature on the subject. The Holmes cultists call themselves the Baker Street Irregulars, after a small mob of London Street Arabs employed by the great detective to ferret out secrets on the British underworld.

Among the Baker Street Irregulars are such people as Vincent Starrett, Elmer Davis, Louis Untermeyer, Christopher Morley, Rex Stout, Robert K. Leavitt, Fletcher Pratt. While they lived, Alexander Woollcott, Doctor Logan Clendenning, Stephen Vincent Benet and Heywood Broun were active members.

There are let's-keep-Holmes-alive clubs in San Francisco (The Scowlers); in Chicago (The Hound of the Baskervilles); and in Boston (The Speckled Band). There is also a ladies' auxiliary (The Molly Maguires).

All these clubs hold regular meetings, at which solemn essays are read concerning obscure phases of Holmes' career.

At a recent New York meeting, Denis Doyle, son of the author, was a visitor and was a bit surprised at the end of

the meeting to find his father hadn't been mentioned. It was explained to him that, according to tradition, Doyle had little to do with the stories: They really were written by Watson, and Doyle was a mere literary agent.

Doyle was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1859. His teen-age experiences as a helper for Doctor Joseph Bell, consulting surgeon for the local infirmary, led him a few years later to model Holmes on Bell. Bell's specialty was looking at a patient and telling what was wrong with him—a trait carried over into the fictional Holmes.

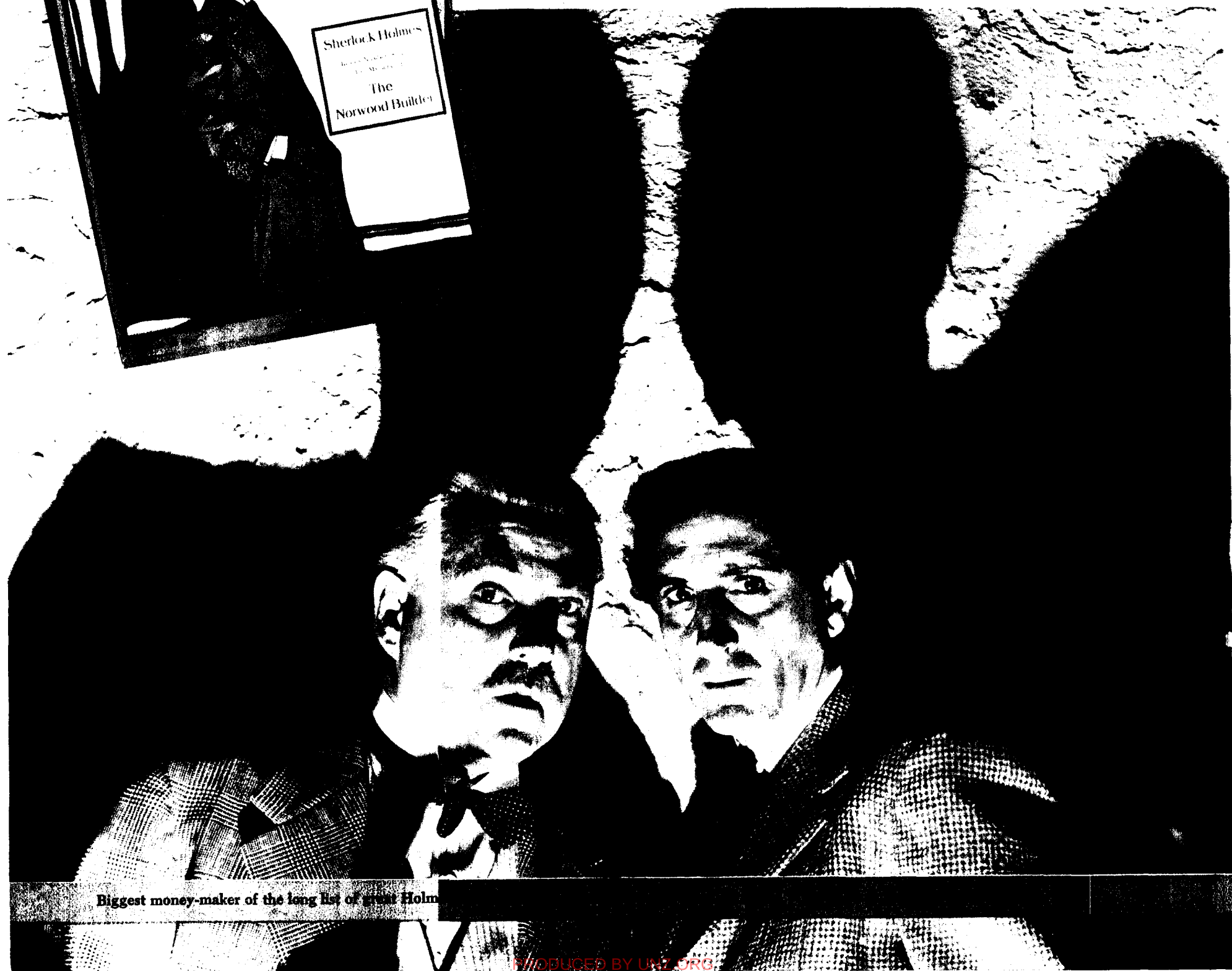
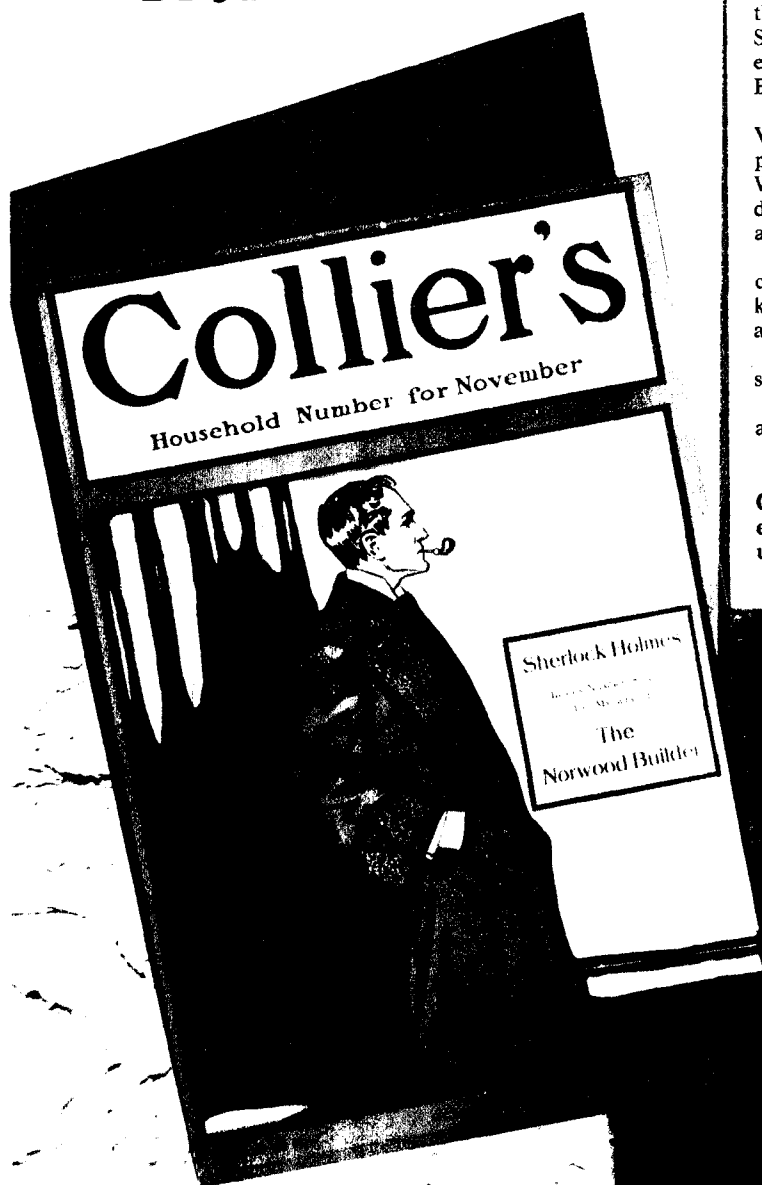
The first Holmes story was A Study in Scarlet, written in 1887 to keep the wolf from the door of Doctor Doyle, who was quietly starving to death with his bride in a suburb of Portsmouth, England. The name Holmes came from the elder Oliver Wendell Holmes, the American poet and author; where the Sherlock came from, no one seems to know. The story went the rounds for three months before it was bought—for \$125. It was printed in Beeton's Christmas Annual.

Nothing happened for two years, and Doyle had almost forgotten Holmes, when an American publisher suddenly asked for more stories. Doyle wrote The Sign of the Four, which Collier's printed in 1891. In the years to come, Collier's printed nineteen more. The final one was His Last Bow—The Wartime Service of Sherlock Holmes. It appeared in September, 1917.

The best-known detective of all time, Holmes set the fashion for thousands of other sleuth stories: the calm, brainy amateur who took over after the stolid, workaday policeman had failed, and solved the mystery in a few lucid sentences. He was the prototype of the lean, shrewd operative, and Watson preceded scores of honest, but unimaginative colleagues used by writers as a foil for the great man's genius.

Originally Holmes was a tall, slim, cadaverous-looking person, wearing an ankle-length cape coat, smoking a bulldog brier, sporting a fore-and-aft cap known as a deer-stalker and actually carrying a magnifying (Continued on page 66)

Collier's introduced Sherlock Holmes to its readers in 1891 with The Sign of the Four, following up with 19 additional stories in the next 26 years



Biggest money-maker of the long list of great Holms

REMEMBER, the last lap is the hardest . . . and our boys over there never needed snapshots so much as now . . .

Keep on sending snapshots—as many and as often as possible. It's so little for us to do—and it means so much to our men still in the service, still thousands of miles away from

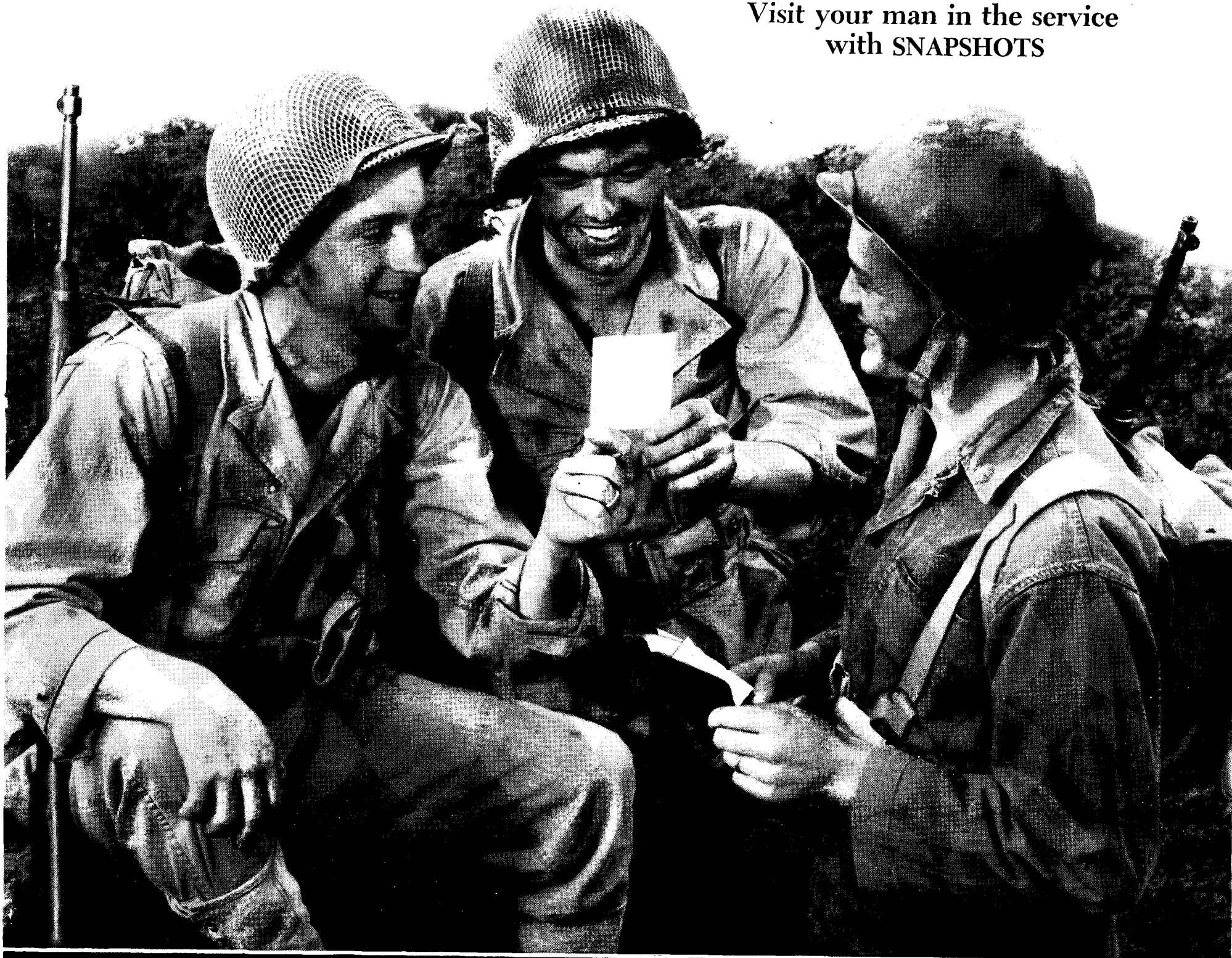
home and loved ones. Whenever you can, make your letters "snapshot visits from home."

You may have to wait for your roll of Verichrome (the Armed Forces still need so much film). But Verichrome is worth waiting for—because you know, for sure, that with Verichrome Film you'll *get* those precious snapshots. You can depend absolutely on the film in the familiar yellow box.

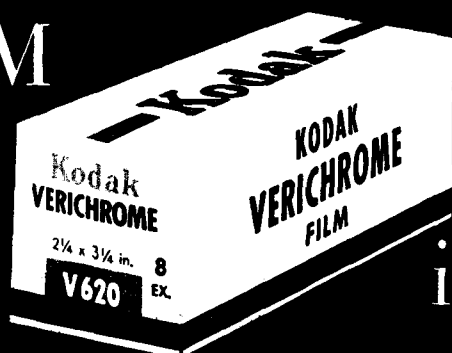
EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
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REMEMBER "THE DEATH MARCH FROM BATAAN"? . . . How after their surrender our boys, crazed by thirst, were forced to drink from stagnant wallows? . . . How some who collapsed were abandoned? . . . How 5,200 Americans from Bataan and Corregidor died in Japanese prison camps? A stern example to us at home. BUY—AND HOLD—MORE WAR BONDS.

**Visit your man in the service
with SNAPSHOTS**



KODAK FILM



in the yellow box

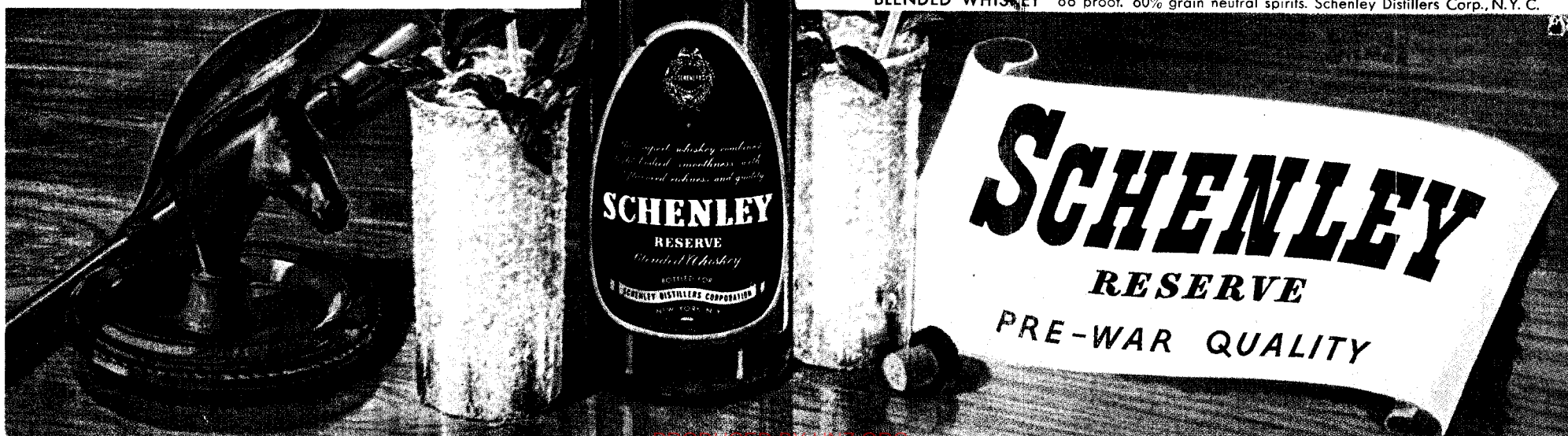


*Headed for
Greatness*

**Bright and Light
as a
Sunny Morning**

You *taste* it at once . . . this *extra*, this *special* measure of flavor that's rich and fine, yet light, mellow . . . like a sunny morning. We think you'll agree it's not matched in *any* other whiskey! Try Schenley Reserve . . . it comes of a great tradition for fine whiskeys . . . *the most widely enjoyed whiskey in America today!*

BLENDING WHISKY 86 proof. 60% grain neutral spirits. Schenley Distillers Corp., N.Y. C.



Food and Drug Cop

Continued from page 23

effort to obey the law, not only because it is good business to do so, but because they take pride in offering an irreproachable product. Occasionally, however, they slip or a new employee takes a chance.

Shortly after the war began, an inspector from the Eastern district went into a bakery which, like the butter-making plant of unsavory memory, he expected to find above criticism. Instead. . . . But let him tell it:

"As I went into the room where they made that pretty pink cooky filling, a big flying cockroach took off from the pan where he had been indulging his taste for sweets and came to me. To him, apparently, I was the OPA interfering with his food supply."

The inspector was surprised and indignant. He had a good look about and found that his attacker was not alone. There were hundreds of thousands of his cousins and his aunts, not to mention his offspring still in the egg. The inspector had a heart-to-heart talk with the superintendent, who couldn't have been more friendly and co-operative. He promised to clear the present incumbents out at once and to seal up the cracks whence future generations might enter.

Further Clean-Up Necessary

A few weeks later, the inspector went back. This time he found the pink-cooky filling room immaculate, but in the warehouse where the flour was kept there was unmistakable evidence of rats. In fact, a new and minor employee had suggested that he be careful lest they jump out at him, and had said that he and the other employees were considering hanging their lunches from the ceiling to be sure of finding them all there at lunch time. Then the inspector had a very long and very plain talk with the superintendent.

When he returned shortly thereafter, he found that, in accordance with his instructions, a neat metal flashing had been placed all around the floor and eight inches up the wall to keep the rats back, and that the flour was completely free of them; but elsewhere in the plant were increasing evidences of carelessness. Among other things, he found 120,000 pounds of decomposed eggs and a number of gallons of insect-infected chocolate liquor.

He sent for the manager, who, like the superintendent and everyone else he had talked with, couldn't have been more friendly or eager to co-operate. But he reminded the inspector that there was a war on and said he was doing his best. He said they had a large order to get out for the armed forces, and urged him not to interfere with production until it was finished!

This was the last straw. The inspector sent for the officers of the corporation and told them that they, as well as the managers, foremen and responsible lesser employees, would all be sued unless the entire plant was cleaned up at once. When next he visited the plant, he found a new manager, several new foremen, a completely renovated building and an inspector of their very own, charged with the responsibility for keeping it that way.

All adulterations, of course, do not have to do with what the Food and Drug Administration so graphically calls "filth." One of the administration's problems is with illegal drugs and devices for the production of abortions. "Abortifacient pastes," which came out of Germany in the '30s, have ever since been the most common of these. At a recent criminal prosecution involving one of them, proof was presented of several injuries and four deaths.

Yet when the manufacturer learned of the investigation of the product, he warned his customers that it might be taken off the market and urged them to stock up on it while there was time. And hardly had he reached the federal penitentiary when a former employee brought out the same product under another name!

A problem of a very different nature arose one day in March of last year, when a Cali-

fornia merchant seaman, just in from a long and trying voyage, went on a terrific bender and died. The coroner found in his stomach slivers of glass which corresponded exactly with others discovered in the half-empty bottle of foreign brandy in his room. The Food and Drug men thought they had better have a look at the rest of the shipment. When they did, their eyes fairly popped. Practically none of the bottles was free of the slivers.

From that day to this, aware that the glass shortage was causing foreign manufacturers to use secondhand and improperly annealed bottles, or old molds, the Food and Drug Administration has permitted no alcoholic beverage to come into the country without first passing its inspectors' scrutiny. This has been a good thing. In the remaining nine months of the year they detained more than half a million cases of imported brandy, wine, rum and other liquors containing glass. The thirsty will be glad to know that, after candling and filtering, most of the bottles were released.

It is not only the quality of the food that the administration watches, but the quantity. It tries to make sure that we get enough of it for our money. Therefore, its inspectors have a way of appearing at shipping points where, while their very presence with their scales sends some growers scuttling home for the rest of their load, they sometimes pick up a hundred-pound bag of onions weighing sixty pounds or a jar of fruit juice 75 per cent of which is the fruit of the water tap. Perhaps the meanest frauds of all are those in gift packages meant for the armed forces but which, thanks to the Food and Drug men, occasionally land in court instead.

There was a firm on Long Island which, before the war, made hollow chocolate forms—Easter bunnies, Santa Clauses, etc.—for a large distributor in New York. Came the war and the word that no more such forms were to be made. What to do? The distributor suggested gift packages. This seemed to the owner of the firm, the widow of the founder, a good idea. But dropping in one day, an inspector found that the baskets, which had a most beautiful assortment of wine jellies, glacé fruits and other delicacies on the top, otherwise consisted almost entirely of shredded crepe paper. The basket, which sold for \$5.95, was worth at most \$2.10.

Tips From Unexpected Sources

The administration sometimes gets its information from unexpected and surprising sources. The inspectors love to tell of the grizzled old truck driver who, one morning when one of them identified himself in order to check his load, spat a long stream of tobacco juice across his wheel and said:

"So you're a government man. Well, there's somethin' funny goin' on over there on Bleeker Street. I been deliverin' powdered eggs to them in barrels, and the guy always yells at me, 'Set them barrels down head down.' I figger there's somethin' funny in always wantin' barrels set head down."

The inspector went over to Bleeker Street. The old man was right; there was certainly "somethin' funny" there. The barrelheads were marked "UNFIT FOR HUMAN CONSUMPTION," and the firm which was receiving them was repacking the contents and selling them to bakeries for use in cakes.

So far we have talked mostly about the more or less respectable business offenders. A vast number of those against whom the Food and Drug Administration must protect us, however, are the deliberate cheats, who make their living out of pouring useless or dangerous nostrums into the openmouthed victims of their own ignorance or credulity. Most of the products put out by these charlatans are for "lost manhood" or "sluggishness." But they manufacture "cures" for everything from arteriosclerosis to varicose veins, taking in the rest of the alphabet on the way, and even including "change of life."

Within the last few months, the administration has found them selling—at \$1.25 a

pound—a "cancer cure" made of common or barnyard peat from Wisconsin, "sunlit" ocean water at \$5 a quart, and even "a miraculous cure discovered by a shepherd in an isolated region of the Northwest" and made of what would most easily be "discovered" by a shepherd.

A diabetes "cure" guaranteed all sorts of things, only one of which was true, that of giving "lasting relief." There were innumerable weight reducers and figure "developers," including one called "Breasts of Youth," made of cold cream and alfalfa and selling for two dollars a jar.

Jean Paul Fernal, who thought of that one, was a graduate of a good medical college. He had practiced medicine in several states until some prying government people became annoyed with him for various trifles including a face-lifting operation that wasn't very elevating, and he lost his license to practice. It was then that he devised his "Breasts of Youth."

Most of its purchasers, if they were disappointed in it, kept still about it. But not all. It came to the attention of the Food and Drug Administration, which sent an inspector to

Clarence Francis, chairman of the board, General Foods Corporation, says: "The Food and Drug Administration protects the honest manufacturer as much as it protects the consumer. We support it and approve it, just as we support the police force that keeps crooks from breaking into our homes. It has done a great work. We could not get along without it. . . . It has not only done its work intelligently and sincerely but industriously. It has also done its work honestly. To my knowledge, there has not been even a suspicion that its decisions have ever been based on anything except the honest judgment of the administrators. That is a great record."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

H. J. Heinz, president of H. J. Heinz Company, says: "The Food and Drug Administration is an outstanding example of how a government bureau, primarily created to police an industry, can contribute to the progress and development of such an industry through constructive criticism and sympathetic co-operation. . . . It is held in highest regard by all reliable members of the industry. . . ."

look the company over. Persuading a frowny girl in charge that he had to see the testimonials to reassure the government of the efficacy of their product, he got access to the files. There he found literally hundreds of letters, each of which had enclosed the two dollars demanded in advance, and most of which were pitiful in their ignorance and their hope.

Among them was one from a girl apparently more intelligent than the rest. At least she had the wit to get good and mad when the concoction failed to add to the "allure" of her "female form," as the advertisements had promised it would. The inspector sought her out and persuaded her to appear against Fernal. Then the administration took the case to court where she testified that she had used three jars of the stuff, but that her breasts had remained flat. According to the papers, "the inspector corroborated her testimony" and, according to the headlines, the trial proved "Fernal's Breasts of Youth a Bust."

Since then, Fernal has been resting behind rather confining bars.

One thing we must say about Fernal is that he was modest in his charges. Most of the concoctions sell for vastly more than the

piffing two dollars he asked, and the mechanical devices which are also among the Food and Drug Administration's responsibilities are even more costly.

A good seller until they caught up with it was an electric massager, a refinement of the old shocking machine of Grandpa's day. It was a glorified aluminum flashlight made of about two dollars worth of material and selling for a modest \$15. But you could spend a good deal more for such attachments as a wire hairbrush to be used with it to prevent baldness, a sponge for added complexion beauty, a rotator for reducing, etc.

Last year's prize device, however, was the Magnetiray, an "electric" belt guaranteed to cure asthma, arthritis, Bright's disease, diabetes and so on through the medical books. Since, quite naturally, there was no feeling when the ordinary metal band was put on, its inventor, who had practiced medicine in Texas for most of his seventy years and knew the value of faith, supplied with it a testing device consisting of an everyday induction coil with a flashlight bulb which went on and off most impressively. He sold hundreds of them throughout the South, the Middle West and the Pacific Coast at \$75 apiece, before the Food and Drug Administration (which had put a "permanent" injunction on his activities two years before) found him. This time the court imposed a fat fine and said that only his age kept him out of jail.

Gullibility Flattens the Purse

The danger from many of these nostrums and devices is not so much in the actual harm they do—many of them hurt only the pocketbook—as in creating false hope and causing really sick people to wait too long to see a doctor. Yet most of them can show an impressive lot of testimonials from "satisfied customers."

I talked about these testimonials with Doctor Dunbar. Most of them, he said, are easy to get since some cure-alls "cure" diseases that exist only in the imagination of the victim or at the suggestion of the medicine man. Some, he said, are bought for cash, and some come from people who want to get their names, and possibly even their pictures, in the papers. Many, he tells me, are sincere, coming from the ignorant or the elderly who, through self-hypnosis or a momentary alleviation due to a laxative in the concoction, feel better temporarily.

It is the Federal Trade Commission regulations and the activity of the Food and Drug Administration, rather than our own lessened gullibility, which keep us from buying as generally and as generously of these nostrums and devices as did our forebears. I am told that in the region still reached by the siren voices of the promoters, sales are about as high as ever.

An important reason for the success of the Food and Drug Administration, aside from the devoted work of its personnel, is the co-operation of the industries themselves. In the early days, the administration's recently retired Burton Howard, who probably did the most to establish its methods and prestige among canners, went into the plants with a microscope, showed the manufacturers the results of carelessness. For the most part the manufacturers listened and co-operated wholeheartedly.

This is still true today. Except for an infinitesimal number, the manufacturers—over 95 per cent of whom, according to the administration, are of unquestioned integrity—welcome its representatives to their plants, and follow their suggestions willingly. If anyone were to suggest that the administration be discontinued, the food and drug manufacturers would undoubtedly make the loudest protest. They know that its scientific methods, hard work and gentle suasion have been an enormous factor in preventing the competition of the unscrupulous, and placing theirs among the best-run industries of the country.

THE END

Churchill - DEAD OR ALIVE!

BY L. D. de HAAS

TRANSLATION

£25....

(twenty-five pounds sterling) reward is offered by the Subcommission of Ward V to the Special Constable of this Ward who brings the escaped prisoner of war

CHURCHILL

dead or alive to this office. For the Subcommission of Ward V

Lod. D. de Haas
Sec.

£ 25.---

(vijf en twintig pond stg)
belooning in geld voor
de sub Commissie van Ward V
voor den Speciaal Constabel
die den ontsnapten
Krijgsgevangene Churchill
levend of dood te dagen brengt
afleveren. —
H. van der Lubbe Comm.
Lod. D. de Haas
Sec.

24 Aug 1908
Board of Trade.
Whitehall Gardens.
S.W.

Sir,
I am so much obliged to you
for your courtesy & good wishes.
I look back with feelings of
thankfulness to my share in
that long South African
struggle: & I earnestly hope
that all will now be
peace.
I think you might have gone
as high as £50 without an
over estimate of the value of
the prize - if living!
Yours faithfully
Winston Churchill

When young Churchill returned to England — having made good his escape — he was hailed as a hero



It was almost a half century ago, and escaped Britons didn't come high, but a young man named W. Churchill thought that 25 pounds was sort of playing him down

IN OCTOBER, 1899, I was at the front in Natal as a member of a volunteer cavalry commando, called the "Hollander Corps." We were out to defend the cause of the South African republics—the cause which the people of the Netherlands had come to regard as that of liberty and justice. The weather was beautiful, our horses seemed to enjoy the trip as much as ourselves, we had plenty to eat and good, strong Boer tobacco to smoke and not a care in the world. We had "taken" Newcastle and suffered defeat at Elandslaagte but were convinced of ultimate victory.

I might have become a seasoned warrior if a telegram from Pretoria had not recalled me for police duties. The capital's police force being considered insufficient in wartime, the government had divided the town into *wijken* (wards) and appointed a *subcommissie* for each ward. It was the task of this subcommission to organize a special constabulary for day and night duties. The commissions needed secretaries with a good knowledge of languages, for the populations of the towns in the Transvaal were cosmopolitan.

I was assigned to Ward V. Its commission consisted of Isaac van Alphen, postmaster general; Minaar, registrar of deeds, and Mr. R. T. N. James, an old farmer of English descent. These gentlemen were all fully occupied with their own affairs and apart from attending short meetings every day at which reports were read, they left the running of the office to me and my two assistants, a bright Boer lad, even younger than myself, and a Hungarian musician. There was also, of course, the inevitable Kafir boy.

The days passed peaceably. My committee had requisitioned a small abandoned convent school for an office. It contained an excellent piano on which my Hungarian performed. The large garden at the back of the school building was planted with innumerable fruit trees, mostly *aprikoosies* (apricots). Sometimes our *Afrikaner* sang sentimental songs. Our Kafir boy definitely disliked these noises. Whenever they broke out, he went into the garden to eat *aprikoosies*.

A Person of Slight Importance

On the morning of December 13th, we got a telephone call from headquarters. Winston Churchill, a prisoner of war, had escaped from the States Modelschool, the British officers' prison. H.Q. seemed to consider us responsible. I said that that was hardly fair as the prison had its own guard. I also wanted to know what the excitement was about. What was special about this Churchill chap?

H.Q. rebuked me for my ignorance. Winston Churchill was, it seemed, a dangerous individual who had, although a war correspondent and therefore a noncombatant, actively taken part in the fighting. He had sabotaged an armored train in Natal. He was a "Jingo;" he was "a son of the Duke of Marlborough." The voice on the telephone here became hysterical and told me in heaven's name to get on with it and to have Winston Churchill captured immediately.

I conferred with my colleagues. We still did not think Winston Churchill mattered. That he should be the son of the Duke of Marlborough seemed improbable and immaterial. The *Afrikaner* said that he had a notion that the sons of dukes were dukes

themselves, except when they were illegitimate—then they were marquises.

We had just decided that he wasn't worth bothering about when the telephone rang again. "What are you doing about the escaped prisoner?" I replied with dignity that the matter was being attended to and that they might be sure he would be back with the others before evening.

An idea had crossed my mind. I had read of a price being put on the heads of desperadoes. Why not do the same here? But how much? The Hungarian thought that 100 pounds was sure to bring him in before evening. The *Afrikaner* concurred. Having to provide the cash in case of capture, I decided that 25 pounds was ample. And so I took pen and ink and then and there wrote the "proclamation" printed on this page. When it was dry we pinned it up outside and confidently waited.

Toward evening the *commissie* held a meeting. I reported on what I had done. The chairman, Mr. Van Alphen, said that, although this was not strictly the work of the special constabulary, I had better get some of the men together and organize a house to house search in our ward. He mentioned the Bishop of Pretoria and a few prominent British sympathizers.

Even the Bishop Was Suspected

After the meeting we started with the search. I called personally on the bishop, accompanied by my two assistants. We were young and shy. The bishop received us. He looked at the huge revolvers in our belts and said, with a twinkle in his eye, that he hoped there would be no necessity to use them. I blushed. The only suspicious object in the bishop's house was a very big oaken bin in the hall. The key, it appeared, had been lost. We replied that it was our duty to force the lock. His Grace acquiesced. We pried it open with a poker. It contained everything one could think of, except a prisoner of war.

In another house a lady forbade us to touch her clothes, hanging in a deep wardrobe. Our Hungarian said that he had an intuition that our quarry was hiding there. We promptly emptied the wardrobe of every stitch of clothing and discovered a goodly stock of whisky and gin.

Next morning there was a moment of excitement when one of my constables, a Frenchman, brought in a young fellow in disheveled khaki whom he had found lurking in the garden of a villa. His appearance certainly corresponded with the description of the escaped prisoner. He was a Swede. We let him go. The Frenchman, who had thought the 25 pounds was already his, was not convinced. He said that anyone who walked about without a hat was definitely a suspect. He was wrong.

We searched for several days. On the 21st it was all over. Winston Churchill had arrived at Lourenço Marques. A few days later, he was received with brass bands and flags as he landed in Durban.

In later years, as a reporter and Reuter's representative, I often met Lord Milner and Lord Selborne. They were both highly amused at my Churchill story, and I remember that Lord Milner, who had a very precise turn of mind, particularly wanted to know by what computation I had arrived at the sum of 25 pounds.

Happening to be in London in the summer of 1908, I read something in the papers about the forthcoming marriage of the president of the Board of Trade, the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill.

I sent him a little note with my best wishes for his future happiness. His reply was truly Churchillian. It is reproduced at left in facsimile. ★★★



"No wonder we cantered all the way home"

IF YOU'VE ever enjoyed the grand and glorious refreshment of a Calvert highball, we think you'll know why the gentleman was in a hurry! For Calvert is unmistakably *the real thing* in

whiskey...with a smooth, mellow pre-war quality that simply can't be imitated.

You see, we've blended more fine whiskey in our time than any other distiller in America...and

no one has yet matched our magnificent blend!

So why not trot, canter or gallop off for a Calvert highball right now? But be sure you get Calvert...if you want *the real thing*!

CLEAR HEADS CHOOSE **Calvert**



***It's the
Real Thing***

CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., N.Y.C. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits...Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

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Every Day They Win the Peace

Continued from page 17

It turned out that just before the slugging occurred, the boy had spent ten consecutive days in the ruins of shell-blasted Cassino. He might have been mentally unbalanced at the time. The counselor had the boy examined by psychiatrists, and then, through the Red Cross, requested a review of the sentence by the War Department. In a few weeks, the discharge-without-honor was recalled.

Later in that same day, the employer of a discharged Marine came in. He was worried. The Marine had developed fainting spells after a particularly heavy Jap air raid on the Ellice Islands in 1943. The employer was sure the veteran had epilepsy, in which case he couldn't keep him on at his parachute factory.

The veteran was called in and sent to Yale University, where he was put through some of the medical world's finest tests to determine whether his particular type of epilepsy was curable or not. It was found to be curable. Today, the ex-Marine is being treated by the center's medical board. Until the treatments are completed, the veteran's employer—no longer worried—has given him a temporary job as stock clerk.

A third veteran that day was Frank Benedetto, who was having a hell of a time getting along on a \$20-a-week job and going to hairdressers school (under the G.I. Bill of Rights) at night. Now, his wife was going to have a baby. He had forgotten to register her under the Army's Emergency Maternity and Infant Care program when she became pregnant back at Jefferson Barracks, where he had been stationed.

Benedetto didn't have any money and he didn't know what to do. The case was turned over to Eleanor Sicilian, the center's social-service expert. The next day, Benedetto almost fell over when he learned that his baby was to be financed completely by the Soldier, Sailor and Marine Fund, a Connecticut state agency administered by the American Legion. He had never even heard of the agency before.

The fourth case was a man who had come back from the Southwest Pacific with an idea for a new cork-lined clothespin. The principle of this invention is that the cork swells with water and holds the wet clothes more firmly to the clothesline. This veteran had become all mixed up in the red tape in-

volved in getting a patent. He didn't know where to go from there. On the telephone, a counselor lined up the finest patent lawyer in the town (a member of the center's legal board) to handle the matter.

The fifth and last case that day was an easy one. This was a Wac master sergeant, who came to him in tears. She had been discharged from the Army in North Africa with sand-flea fever. Now she wanted to go back to her old secretarial job, but she found that her shorthand had become so rusty she was practically useless. She didn't know what to do. Through the Veterans Administration man, Irving Dorman, it was arranged for her to take a shorthand refresher course, under the G.I. Bill of Rights.

The girl walked out smiling. "I just can't get used to the fact," she said, "that girls are veterans, too."

That night the center staff slept soundly.

Each Man's Problem is Different

These cases summarize the whole principle behind the Bridgeport plan: You can't generalize about veterans' problems. Each man's problem is different and has to be handled differently. Yet the Veterans Administration, the G.I. Bill of Rights and the state agencies all try to set up and administer laws which deal with the generalized cases.

The current feeling is that only on the community level where a relatively small number of veterans are involved is it possible to dig out each man's problem, solve it, apply the available government benefits, follow through, and make sure that the man returns happily to the life of the community.

"Except in the cities where this community level has been established," says Charles Bolte, chairman of the American Veterans Committee, "the American veteran of World War II is getting a run-around."

Ordinarily when a veteran comes into the Bridgeport Center, he is interviewed by one counselor, who takes care of everything by phone, letter or personal contact in the community. The veteran seldom has to fill out forms or even go to see anyone else. Because red tape is the pet hate of a man emerging from military life, all red tape is dispensed with here. The center automati-



cally checks every man to see if he has kept up his G.I. insurance and if he has applied for all the benefits voted him by his own state legislature or Congress.

This is all routine for the center. Some specialized cases, however, require extremely ticklish and judicious handling. Eleanor Sicilian has had dozens of veterans whose marriages seemed to be going on the rocks. In nine cases out of ten, she found that while the serviceman was away, his wife had gone back to live with Mother, and now they were all living together there—a psychological muddle which keeps irritating the formerly independent man.

Miss Sicilian usually settles this with a long private talk with each of the parties involved. Then she gets the veteran and the wife to go off and live somewhere alone. It would be impossible for a harried, overworked, directive-bound Veterans Administration man, handling hundreds of written applications all day, to concern himself even remotely with a husband and wife who can't get along. Yet this is so important. Other personal problems, beyond the pale of state and federal law, are tremendously important, too.

The history of the Bridgeport Center is similar to that of other veterans' agencies in many progressive American cities. A little over a year ago, there were nearly a hundred independent veterans' committees in Bridgeport. Every organization and civic group had one—the Elks, the Moose, the I Shall Arise, the Y.M.C.A., the unions, each of the thirty-seven World War I veterans' organizations. Every time a veteran came home, the railroad station looked like a lynching scene, with each committee trying to get its hooks into the poor G.I.

One veteran became a member of three organizations in less than an hour. He went through days of parties, handshaking and speechmaking. But no one in town could get him straightened out on going back to college. Another Navy veteran was offered fifteen jobs while negotiating the four blocks from the railroad station to the City Hall. He accepted and quit four of the jobs in rapid succession. He wasn't fitted for any of them. Employers became suspicious of his job-jumping and refused to hire him. As a result, he ended up with no job at all. So aside from a lot of back-slapping and hand-pumping and patriotic waste motion, Bridgeport's veterans were more or less left to shift for themselves.

Finally, after a lot of viewing with alarm, the Chamber of Commerce and the Postwar Planning Council went to Bridgeport's famous Socialist mayor, Jasper McLevy, to talk the thing over. McLevy agreed to take the problem out of the hands of the organizations altogether and make it the property of all the people of Bridgeport to be supported by the Community Chest, the people's pool.

For co-ordinator he picked J. William

Hope, a leading certified public accountant and former state treasurer, who had had a devil of a time himself when he came home, a gassed veteran, after the last war.

Hope, with a starting budget of \$35,000 from the Community Chest, bought the building on Golden Hill Street. Then he began to line up his permanent staff. They were all high-priced, well-known people. Dr. Hamrick, for instance, had degrees from Yale, Northwestern and West Virginia Wesleyan, and was then heading up a similar center in Hartford, Connecticut. Meyer Sarkin was state chief of occupational adjustment for the U.S. Employment Service; and Dr. Hillway, the educational counselor, was dean of Hillier Junior College.

When the permanent staff of about a dozen people was complete, Hope and Hamrick went out on the town to fill in the rest of the professional services.

The bankers were asked to hire a full-time financial counselor, whose job would be to cut the much-criticized red tape on G.I. loans for veterans, to advise them on the soundness of all investments and prospective businesses, and to take care of their dealings with the WPB, the OPA, the WMC and other government agencies. The bankers picked ex-Major J. Gresham Griggs, a banker himself and a veteran of this war and the last.

Ready to Help at All Times

The doctors and lawyers provided for one of their number to be on call at all times. The insurance men set up a rotating system whereby there is always an experienced insurance counselor on duty at the center, to fill out the forms necessary to reinstate lapsed G.I. insurance and to disentangle the veterans from the wiles of unscrupulous insurance salesmen who might get hold of them. Leo Dunn of the A.F. of L. bricklayers union was picked by all the unions—A.F. of L., C.I.O. and independents—to straighten out labor problems.

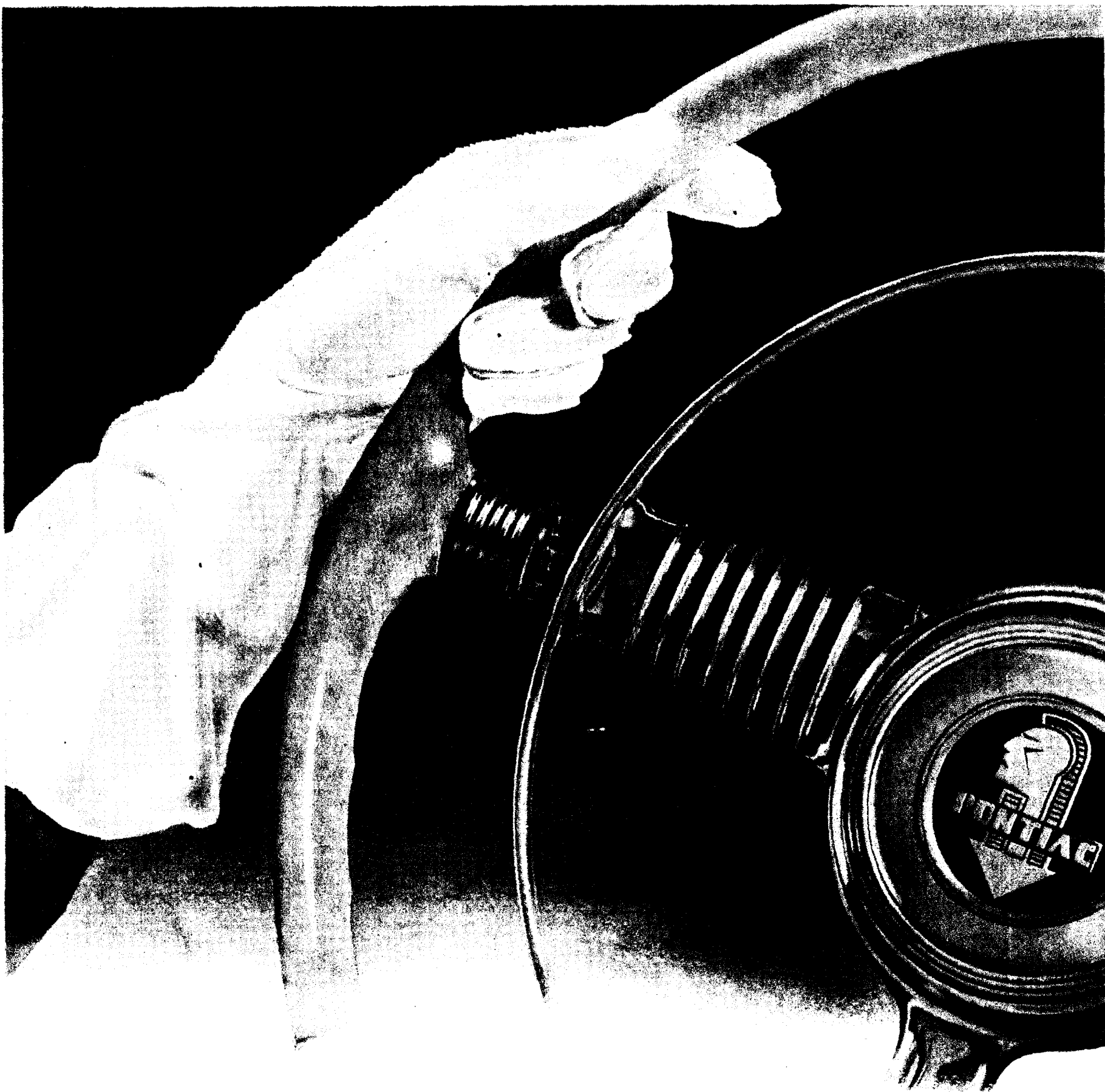
As for the future, the center is making careful provision against the day when a huge flow of veterans will come back all at once, and public interest will wane. A reservoir of trained personnel in the many agencies, all of them thoroughly co-ordinated, is being equipped to make veterans' problems a full-time job. Whatever it is that is bothering the veteran—whether it's physical, mental, emotional or vocational—the answer to it will be available right within the boundaries of the community.

But the final word on the center's effectiveness must come from the veterans themselves. They usually recommend the center to their friends as soon as they come home.

"Even if you haven't got anything bothering you," they say, "they'll find something you forgot to do."

THE END





Here's where *PONTIAC* Good Will begins . . .

If you know many Pontiac owners, you know how enthusiastic they are about their cars. Most of this fine goodwill originates right at the Pontiac steering wheel. Pontiac power is so flexible, the ride is so smooth and easy, and the steering is so effortless and certain—that

the driver gets a real thrill out of every mile. Better induce one of your friends to let you drive his Pontiac for a few miles. We think it would give you a pretty clear notion as to what you should look for and what you should expect to obtain in your postwar automobile.



PONTIAC

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I bent down next to the emergency brake as Pa stopped the truck. "Hey, gang!" he yelled. "What do you think of a guy who is ashamed 'cause he helps his dad?"

Everyone has to learn right from wrong, but Joey learned the hard way how tough it really can be to commit a wrong with trust on every side

PA CAME up the driveway in the truck, a load of bananas in the back looking like a field of dandelions. He pulled in alongside the garage and put his arm around me when he got out.

"How's for taking a ride, Joey?" Pa asked. He wanted me to help sell the bananas. That would mean missing practice.

"Pa, I can't. We got to practice and besides we got to buy a ball. Pa, will you give me two-fifty for it, Pa?"

"No," Ma said. I turned. She was standing behind us, holding Bobby, my baby brother, in her arms.

"I got to have it, Pa." I was talking to him. She would never give it to me. "I'll pay it back, honest I will." He shook his head, smiling at me, and went into the house for breakfast.

While he was eating breakfast, I wondered what I was going to tell the guys. I pitch for the Riverview Midgets in the St. Paul city softball league. We had a game coming up tomorrow, and we had to give the umpire a new ball. Most of the kids, I guess, were even poorer than we were, and it was tough for us getting balls. I'd told the guys yesterday not to worry, Pa would give it to me.

When he came out, Ma was with him, carrying his lunch. "Joey, you go with your father," Ma said. "He can't work alone today." That's the way she was all the time.

"You'll be late for practice, Joey," Pa said, talking to the bananas. That did it for me. I'd been helping him on the truck since I was ten, and he'd never once asked me. He'd just say something so that I'd have to be a rat not to go with him.

"Please, Pa, I need the money." He was getting ready to go.

"So do we, boy. Your mother and Bobby and you." He got into the truck, bumping his head on the door. I let him get almost down the drive before I went after him. There wasn't any use to my trying to pitch when he made me feel this way.

He didn't stop when I got on the running board. He turned out on Concord and headed for George Street up on the Heights. He slowed up for the semaphore on State, figuring it would show green when he got there, but the light fooled him. I saw him roll a cigarette, and then, talking like I was sitting on the radiator cap, he said, "Come up front with your old man, kid."

"Pa."

"I haven't got it to spare, kid." He was leaning over the wheel, laying on it from his hands to his elbows. All during the summer Pa peddles. Every morning he goes down to the market, down on Eleventh Street and buys stuff: bananas, or strawberries, peaches and grapes and tomatoes. He's smart, he buys a lot of just one thing. That way he gets it cheaper.

We stopped up on West George near the library. "What side of the street you want, Joey?" Pa asked. The way we work it: I take a hand of bananas in each arm, he tells me the price, and then I try the doors. I always go to the back door. If it's one thing Pa doesn't like, it's me stepping on the grass. That really sets him off, boy.

"Left side," I said. "For luck." I'm a south-

paw myself. He gave me a half a dollar's worth of change and two bunches of bananas.

"Thirty-five cents a dozen, four bits for the bunch," he said.

I went up the sidewalk. When I first started helping him, I didn't like it. It was like begging, I thought, and besides lots of the houses I went to, the kids who lived there were in school with me at Roosevelt Junior. I used to duck low in the truck when I saw a gang of them. But then one day, when I bent down next to the emergency brake, Pa stopped right in the middle of a bunch of them.

"Hey, gang!" he yelled. They came around and he told them to get up on the fenders and on the hood. Then he pointed at me, but I'd straightened up and was sitting on the seat.

"What do you think of this guy?" he asked. "Stead of playing ball with you fellows, he asks if he can help me. And he's ashamed of it. Some dope, eh? Ashamed 'cause he helps his dad." That was the last time I ducked.

A real young woman who was going to have a baby opened the door of the first house. "Yeh?" she said. She looked like she'd been cooking for fifty kids since five o'clock this morning.

"Nice bananas, lady. Thirty-five cents a dozen, or fifty cents for the bunch."

"Yeh?" She pawed over them like she was kneading dough. "Too much," she decided.

"They're fifty cents a dozen at the store."

"I'll give you fifty cents for that bunch." She pointed at the biggest one.

"All right, lady." She told me to wait while she got the money, and she closed the door on me. I laid the smallest bunch down, got a good grip on the one she'd chosen and ripped three bananas off the back row. I shoved two in one pocket and one in the other and then picked both bunches up and stood there waiting.

She opened the door and took the bunch off my arm. Then she handed me the money: nickels and dimes; and slammed the door.

I sold a dozen next door. I had six left from that hand and with the three I'd shoved in my pockets I sold them upstairs for thirty-five cents because they were so big. When I came out front again, Pa was up the street a ways, clanking his bell and hollering: "Bananas, nice, big bananas."

I was walking up the street, thinking of what he'd say when I told him I'd gotten twenty cents more, when all of a sudden I stopped like I'd been hit by a pitched ball. I don't know what made me think of it right then. I guess it's like you come into class for a test, not thinking of cheating at all, and then some girl, one of the smart ones, goes for a drink and you see her paper right there in front of you. Counting the half Pa gave me, I had a buck-seventy. All he wanted was a buck and a half. It was like we were ten runs ahead going into the ninth inning.

Cripes, there must have been a shortage of bananas. The women were flocking out to the wagon like Pa was Clark Gable. For a while I didn't have a chance to give him the money, but I got twenty cents from the rest of the dough and put it in my back pocket, and I had a grip on our new ball.

I was a little scared. It was like walking down to the West Side and just thinking of the guys there, always wanting to fight.

But after that it wasn't so hard. I got some of it from Pa, when he was too busy to notice, and some of it overcharging. It was like swiping apples: the hardest part is right at the beginning, just before you get to the tree, when you watch the house listening for

(Continued on page 46)

Joey's Ball

By Norman Katkov

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

GAINES nourishes EVERY INCH of your dog

THE SECRET of Gaines' Overwhelming Success

● Who says that dogs can't talk! Thousands of dogs are telling their masters how it pays to nourish every inch of them with GAINES. The brightness of their eyes, the glossiness of their coats, their strength, keen appetites, and happily wagging tails—*every inch* of them speaks for GAINES. In GAINES there's *meat meal* aplenty—vitamins, minerals, and every type of nourishment that dogs are known to need.

Just mix GAINES MEAL with water. Or, if your dog is used to other foods, and goes for GAINES more eagerly when you mix it with soup, milk, or gravy—by all means please your dog. As a matter of fact, some dogs appreciate variety now and then—just as you do yourself. But no matter how you mix it, GAINES MEAL should be your dog's basic food, to make sure you nourish every inch of him.

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As much body and strength-building *proteins* as in 1½ pounds fresh raw beef.



As much energy-making *carbohydrates* as in 2 qts. cooked oatmeal.



For sleek appearance and glossy coat—the *quantity of fats* that would be provided by 1 oz. of creamery butter.



For strong bones—the *minerals* that 1¾ pounds cheese would provide.



For red-blooded vitality—as much *iron* as in ¾ lb. beef liver.



VITAMINS: The *vitamin A* in 5 eggs; the *thiamine (B₁)* in 1 lb. whole-wheat bread; the *riboflavin (B₂)* in 1 qt. milk; the *niacin* in ½ lb. fresh mackerel... and all other members of the B-complex normally accompanying thiamine, riboflavin, and niacin.



In 2-lb., 5-lb., 10-lb. bags and larger sizes for kennels

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Miller's



HIGH LIFE

captured a large concrete shelter about three hundred yards from the Steindamms' and sent a group of German women through the lines with white flags.

"The Cossack troops are here," they told Steindamm and his neighbors. "They want everybody to come to the Russian lines. Any man who fails to come will be shot as a guerrilla. Quickly."

Steindamm and his wife looked at the hard-faced SS men and the weary, dirty, wounded Hitler Youth in their foxholes. They looked at the pile of dead in bloody, greenish, ragged uniforms in the lane. They heard the moan of Russian mortars and knew there could be only one end to the battle. It was better to risk the wrath of their own beaten troops than that of the coming conquerors. Frau Steindamm brought some pieces of white cloth from the house. Across the hedges they saw their neighbors emerging with white handkerchiefs and sheets. Slowly, cautiously they walked down the lane. They told the tired, bleary-eyed SS men they were going to a shelter which was still held by the Germans.

The German fighters watched them go without a word, without a gesture either of anger or contempt. They were beyond feeling anything except the numbing knowledge that they were going to die behind the shattered green trees of Bocksfelde.

Supermen from the Don

The line of men, women and children had advanced only thirty yards when they turned a corner, and less than fifty yards away were some fur-hatted Cossacks working a grenade thrower behind a partly wrecked house. Steindamm could only gasp at the difference between them and the German troops. The Russians were an elite force of tall, tanned Cossacks who had come the hard way from Stalingrad and were about to write the last chapter of a mighty victory over the forces of Nazism.

The Russians looked and acted like victors. Well clad, even clean in the midst of battle, they had an air of complete confidence. They saw the white flags and waved the German civilians toward a big shelter already crowded with hundreds of women and children. The refugees sweltered in the shelter because ventilation had failed. They were also hungry, but soon the Russians gave them soup, water and tea.

The fighting went on grimly. The terrible smell of the dead increased daily and German resistance was slowly whittled down. Once or twice, Steindamm and the others took white flags and returned through both the Russian and German lines to their homes to get food. Neither side molested them.

The Russians pushed deeper into Bocksfelde as April ended, and on May 2d, they advanced just beyond Steindamm's house. The whole front was broken now, but isolated groups of Nazis fought on while the main Russian spearhead dashed on to the Reichstag, the Chancellery and Hitler's gloomy bomb shelter. The Steindamms returned home, but despite the fact that Berlin fell on May 2d, the fighting continued in Bocksfelde for another day.

When it was over, German dead were piled in every corner. Of the original five hundred troops, only twenty-eight wounded and prisoners remained alive. The Cossacks went forward and behind them came the Russian NKVD secret police, followed by service troops. Next day, quietly, the residents buried a hundred and ninety-eight Germans in a single common grave.

This was the sort of sporadic, last-ditch fighting that was going on in isolated sections all over the Nazi capital during its—and Adolf Hitler's—last days of life. There was no continuous battle line, no one army commander. As the battle

for Berlin reached its climax there were scores of disconnected resistance points commanded by lower officers. Hitler nominally remained supreme commander of Berlin, with Goebbels as city commandant. Hitler's personal adjutant, SS Officer Otto Guensche was in immediate command of defense of the government quarter and adjacent central por-

tions of the capital. Generals Krebs and Burgdorf remained as the top regular-army officers. Reports continued to come into the Chancellery bunker from the various field commanders directing the bloody, hopeless battle among the wreckage of the doomed city.

German casualties were tremendous. Bodies of soldiers and civilians alike, killed in hand-to-hand fighting or by Russian shells, lay in the streets and among the ruined buildings where they had fallen. The wounded could be treated only superficially at the overworked first-aid stations. Regular and improvised hospitals in the heart of the city overflowed and the shortage of food and medical supplies grew more acute hourly.

Hitler, therefore, ordered his chauffeur, Kempka, who commanded fifty men, with the mission of defending the western flank of the government quarter along the Hermann Goering Strasse from Potsdamerplatz north to Brandenburger Tor in Unter den Linden, to have all food and medical supplies still in warehouses assembled in the center of the city. In the afternoon of April 29th, Kempka personally reported to Hitler in the bunker that this mission had been fulfilled. It was the last time Kempka saw the Fuehrer alive, and at that time Hitler was calm and appeared to listen to Kempka's report with interest.

During the night of April 29th-30th, the Russians pushed through the rubble-strewn streets almost to the Reichsbank building. Once during the night, a group of two hundred Germans slipped through the subway tunnels, emerged behind the Russians and opened fire. There was a bitter, brief battle in the glare of the burning buildings with the

smoke haze aiding snipers, but the Nazis were wiped out and the methodical building-to-building advance continued. There was no actual front line—merely a series of German strong points which had to be isolated and captured in the swirling battle through the ruins. At seven A.M., April 30th, groups of Russian soldiers crept along the edges of the blackened buildings and charged into the Reichsbank.

The nearer they came to the Chancellery, the hotter the fight became, and now—with the Volkssturm virtually eliminated in the suburbs—crack SS troops were fighting to the end. Some of them emerged from cellars and attacked the Russians in the rear as they plunged into the Reichsbank, but this caused only a temporary harassment. Inside the Reichsbank, the fight went slowly from room to room. Slim, blond Major Sergei Konetz commanded an artillery unit but it was almost impossible to use anything except mortars, machine guns and grenades in the final phase, so he led his men into the close fighting in the Reichsbank.

It went on all day. The Russians crouched behind walls, furniture or rubble until the next point of resistance was located, then cleaned it out with grenades and tommy guns. On the top floor, where they had driven the last SS men, Konetz's men edged slowly to the landing. Suddenly the Nazis opened up with a Panzerfaust and bowled the Russians back down the stairs. It was eight-thirty P.M. before they could regain their position and wipe out the last Nazi.

At 2:30 that afternoon, April 30th, Otto Guensche was standing in the conference room at the Fuehrer bunker when he heard two shots. He plunged through the door into

Hitler's room and stopped. Hitler was slumped forward on the middle of the tapestry-covered sofa against the far wall of the room. At his right was Eva Braun, her slim body crumpled over the sofa's arm.

Then Guensche saw the pistols. On the floor in front of Hitler was his Walther 7.65-mm. Eva's 6.35-mm. Walther was in front and to the right of the sofa where it had fallen from her hand. Guensche took a gray Wehrmacht blanket from Hitler's narrow bed and spread it on the floor. Then he eased the Fuehrer's body off the sofa and straightened it on the blanket. Hitler wore the black trousers and field-gray tunic that had been his uniform since the war started. The eyes were closed and there was a bullet hole in the forehead. Blood had spurted down his cheek and neck and spattered his tunic and trousers.

Guensche looked at Eva clad in a simple dark dress. She had shot herself over the heart and blood was still trickling from the wound. He decided to leave the bodies there for a few minutes and notify Bormann and the others.

It was about 2:40 when he called Kempka at his headquarters on Hermann Goering Strasse. "Kempka," he barked. "Here is Guensche. Report to the Fuehrer bunker immediately. Have five cans of gasoline brought to the garden."

Russian shells were smashing into the government quarter as Kempka ran across the open courtyard between his headquarters and the Chancellery. Reaching the Fuehrer bunker, he ran through the first conference room into the second. He stiffened to attention when he saw Guensche, snapped a salute.

"Der Fuehrer," said Guensche, "is dead. So is Braun. They shot themselves ten minutes ago." He interrupted to call to SS Liebstandarte Officer Mansfeld, a member of the Fuehrer's bodyguard who was on guard in the narrow passage leading to Hitler's room. He ordered Mansfeld and others to carry Hitler's body into the garden.

He told Kempka he had known that the Fuehrer was going to commit suicide. Shortly before the two shots Hitler had told him so and, with great emphasis, had ordered him to burn both bodies immediately. He was afraid, Hitler had said, that otherwise the Russians would find his body and might exhibit it in a museum in Moscow.

While Guensche was explaining this, four men appeared carrying Hitler's body in the blanket. They were Sergeant Linge, Hitler's personal body servant, a Secret Service man, Mansfeld and another whom Kempka didn't know. Behind them came Bormann, with Eva Braun's body in his arms. He motioned Kempka to take it and the chauffeur did. The body felt limp and warm in his arms, and he noticed that a little blood still flowed from the wound in the breast.

The four men who carried Hitler's body were walking slowly and having difficulty bending it around the sharp corners in the narrow stairway leading to the garden entrance of the bunker. Kempka had to wait several times for them to move ahead.

Funeral in the Garden

When they opened the steel door into the garden, a streamer of smoke flowed past them. The whole garden was filled with it so that the shattered trees could be only dimly seen. The four men carried Hitler's body to a shallow trench that had been left from some construction work, about twenty feet from the doorway, and laid it down. Guensche, who had come out with them, took Eva's body from Kempka and laid it beside Hitler's, but without any cover. As he did so, a Russian shell screamed overhead and crashed in the garden, dangerously close. Goebbels and Bormann, who had been standing near the trench, retreated to the shelter of the doorway.

Kempka and his men poured the five cans of gasoline over the bodies and Guensche immediately set fire to them. As the flames flared up, he and Kempka ran back through the smoke to the doorway. There Bormann and Goebbels had been joined by Naumann and Stumpfecker, Hitler's SS physician.

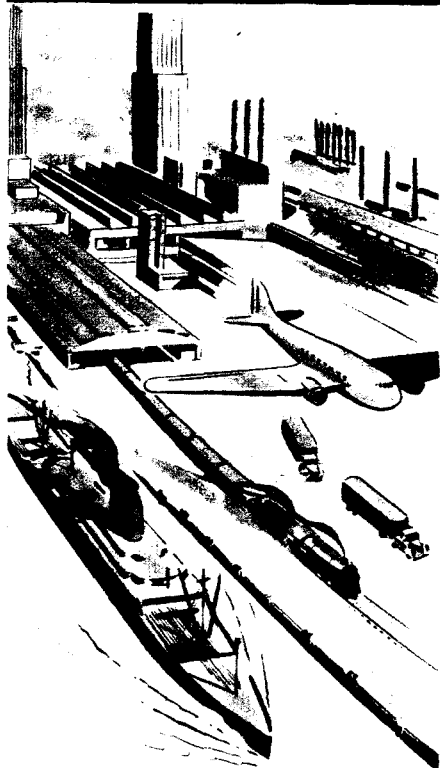
As the flames roared into a pillar of fire that hid the bodies and shot high into the



"I beg your pardon, Madame—but is that you, Myrtle?"

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air, the eight men drew to attention and solemnly raised their arms in a last Nazi salute to their dead Fuehrer. They were the only mourners at the furtive funeral of the little Austrian whose empire had once included most of Europe. After two minutes the eight broke formation. Der Fuehrer was dead; as they clumped down into the bunker each was busy with desperate plans to save his own life.

Later the Russians showed some dental bridgework, which presumably had come from the burned body in the garden, to Kaete Hausermann, who was assistant to Hitler's dentist, Doctor Hugo Blaschoke. She identified the bridge-work as Hitler's according to a friend of hers, Doctor Feodor Bruck, and signed papers to that effect.

That was how the great Fuehrer "fell at his command post in Berlin." There was no question of his personally leading troops in a last heroic attack on the field of battle. Many of his fanatic followers had expected this. The best explanation which a devoted servant like Kempka could offer later was that Hitler was afraid he might be captured or only wounded in such an attack, and thus would have fallen into the Russians' hands.

But that afternoon of April 30th, there was no time to waste on mourning Hitler. The remainder of this little band of Nazis were faced with the problem of saving or taking their own lives. Russian troops already were within blocks of the government quarter in most directions. Kempka returned to his headquarters in the Hermann Goering Strasse, still under orders to hold off the Russians whenever they penetrated the Tiergarten to his sector.

That night and the next day dragged on, with every report telling of more ground lost to the Russians and of heavy German casualties. The Russians by now had captured the Reichstag and were well into the eastern end of the Tiergarten. To the southwest of the government quarter, they were driving on Potsdamerplatz from Anhalter Bahnhof. To the north there was furious hand-to-hand fighting around Oranienburger Tor, as the Russians prepared to drive down Friedrichstrasse. And the Red Army was tightening the ring from the east and south.

Between seven and eight o'clock on the evening of May 1st, Guensche summoned Kempka to the Fuehrer bunker. When the chauffeur arrived, he saw Goebbels, his wife, their children and their nurse. Bags were being packed for the children whom the nurse was to take to her home. There was considerable confusion in the bunker, with people coming and going. Guensche informed Kempka that a defense of the government quarter no longer would be attempted, but that all people in the quarter were to report at the bunker under the front of the Chancellery facing Voss Strasse at nine o'clock that night. Then, Guensche told Kempka, those who wanted to could try to reach Friedrichstrasse Bahnhof and break through the Russian ring up the Friedrichstrasse and escape from Berlin.

Kempka reported with his fifty men promptly at nine. Between 500 and 600 persons, including women and children, were gathered in the underground passages of the Chancellery. Russian shells still rained down all around. Some of the group were wounded while running in the open to the Chancellery. Most of them decided against trying to escape. Guensche and SS Brigadefuehrer Wilhelm Montke led the first group of SS troops and regular soldiers and some officials, including Ambassador Hewel, who had been the Foreign Office liaison man in Hitler's headquarters, in a wild dash through the shellfire across the Wilhelmplatz. The men raced across the open, singly or in twos or threes. Now and again they would throw themselves flat or cower next to a pile of rubble when they heard the whistle of a shell. Once across the Wilhelmplatz they sped to the eastern subway entrance. They stumbled down the stairs into the safety of the disused subway tunnel and groped through its windings for eight blocks to the north to the Friedrichstrasse station.

From Bruck

Kempka learned later that the group had forced its way only about one kilometer up Friedrichstrasse when they were pinned down by Russian small-arms fire. What happened to Guensche and Montke was not known, but Ambassador Hewel committed suicide by swallowing poison.

Shortly after the Guensche-Montke group had reached the subway, Kempka led a second party of about fifty men through the shellfire across the Wilhelmplatz in the same manner. The subway tunnels radiating out from the Friedrichstrasse station were packed with thousands of milling soldiers and civilians. Wounded lay in the corners unattended. Everything was confusion, with nobody in command. Kempka and his group forced their way through the mob to the street.

The Russian shelling was somewhat lighter now; it was around midnight. Kempka's men edged their way north along Friedrichstrasse to the Weidendammer bridge across the Spree River.

They got across the bridge with a few casualties and for almost two hours tried to force their way up the Friedrichstrasse. But time after time they advanced only a few hundred yards, to be thrown back by Russian riflemen, machine gunners and grenade throwers.

Between two and three o'clock, a new party from the Chancellery arrived at the Friedrichstrasse station. It included Bormann, Naumann and Doctor Stumpfecker. Kempka and the other officers explained to Bormann that it was hopeless to attempt to break out without the support of some tanks. Orders were sent back, and after a while, about five tanks, some armored cars and trucks appeared.

A Desperate Break-Through Attempt

Kempka's and Bormann's groups, with stray soldiers and SS men, joined forces for a new attempt to break out. The tanks and armored cars and trucks formed a line. The Nazis clustered around each vehicle like a bunch of grapes. Around the lead tank, pressing right up against its left side, were Bormann, Naumann and Stumpfecker. Other SS officers and men bunched around the tank with Kempka on the right side toward the rear. The column churned forward. The Russians entrenched in the buildings and wreckage on both sides of the street ahead opened up with everything they had. Many Germans fell, but the column roared on.

After an advance of only about 150 yards, a captured Panzerfaust, fired by a Russian, squarely hit the lead tank. A terrific explosion followed as the tank blew up. The Nazis huddled around it were knocked over like tenpins. Many were killed outright by the explosion and flying steel fragments. Bormann, Naumann and Stumpfecker, being right next to the tank, were hurled to the ground. They almost certainly were killed or critically wounded.

Hot, stinging metal fragments embedded themselves in Kempka's arms and chest. He was badly stunned and partially blinded, but he escaped serious injury because he was on the outside of the mass of men bunched around the tank. For half an hour he sat under the protection of a heap of debris until his head cleared. About thirty survivors of his original party of fifty men gathered around him, and when he had recovered sufficiently, Kempka led them back across the bridge to the Admiralspalast theater.

The Trap Springs Shut

Between 2,000 and 3,000 soldiers and SS men were massed inside the theater's blasted walls. Kempka and the other officers told the men it was useless to try to break out and that they were free to do what they wanted.

The chauffeur then made his way back across the river. He changed into civilian clothes, destroyed his papers and the Fuehrer standard which always decorated Hitler's big Mercedes-Benz auto, and made his way to a suburb about fifteen miles northwest of Berlin. He was picked up and questioned twice by Russians, ordered to a prison camp, didn't go, was picked up again and taken to a camp.

After sixteen days he escaped, crossed the Elbe River into British territory where a German burgemeister gave him a travel permit. For three weeks he trudged south toward Hinter See, a little Alpine village near Berchtesgaden, where he knew his wife was. When he arrived he registered with the burgemeister and on June 20th he was picked up by Americans of the 101st Airborne Division. To them he told his story of Hitler's death and the fate of the last little band of high-ranking Nazis at the Berlin Chancellery.

Kempka and his companions had left the Chancellery on the night of May 1st. By that time there was no longer any organized resistance in the Nazi capital, and many troops escaped in civilian clothes. Fanatical knots of SS men fought to the last breath at some points, while at others the Russians advanced without resistance. The fight for the huge sprawling Chancellery itself was similar to the Reichsbank struggle. At one point, a group of SS men barricaded themselves in a basement stronghold after a room-to-room fight. The Russians brought up a flame thrower and used it in much the same manner as Americans do against Japanese caves in the Pacific. Nobody emerged from the basement.

The Chancellery ruins were littered with the dead of both sides by the time the Russians flooded across the inner garden to the





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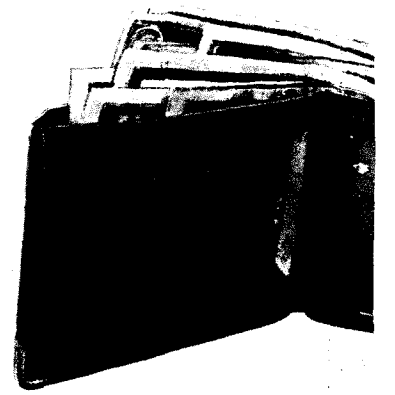
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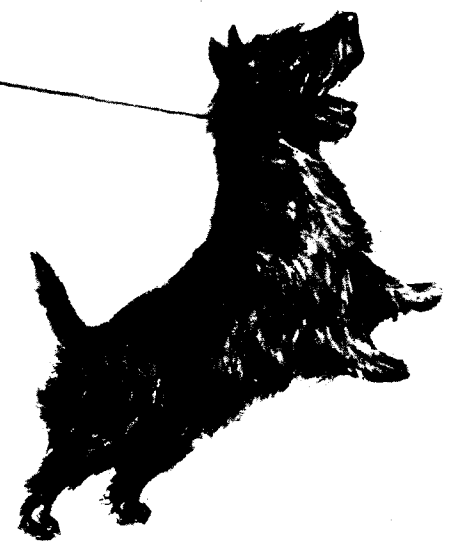


With this... what else should



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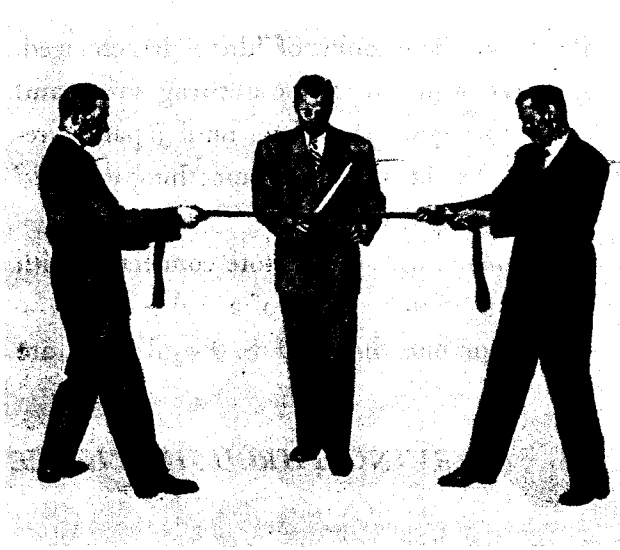
So it seems to us that before you hand over the certificate and plunk down your cash, you should have a pretty definite idea as to how you're going



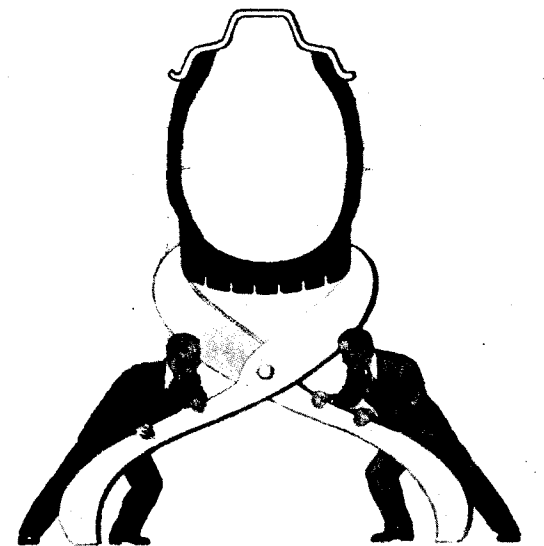
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NEW TRACTOR IMPLEMENT					
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you have to buy a tire?

to get the most out of them.

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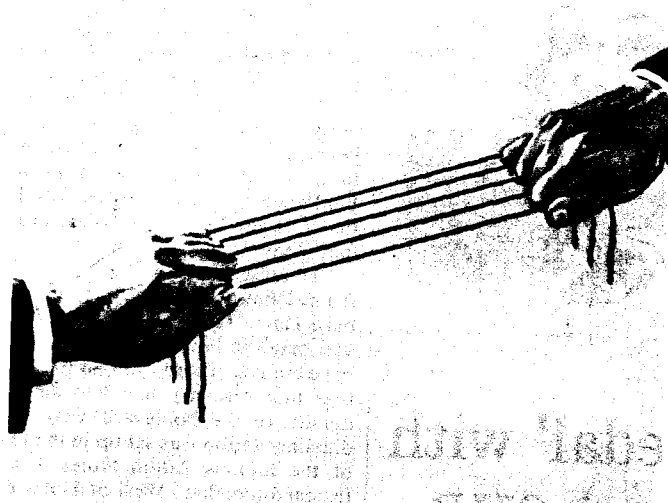
you enough facts, you'll be pretty certain to decide that the best way to get the most for your certificate and money is to exchange them for a brand-new Goodyear tire.

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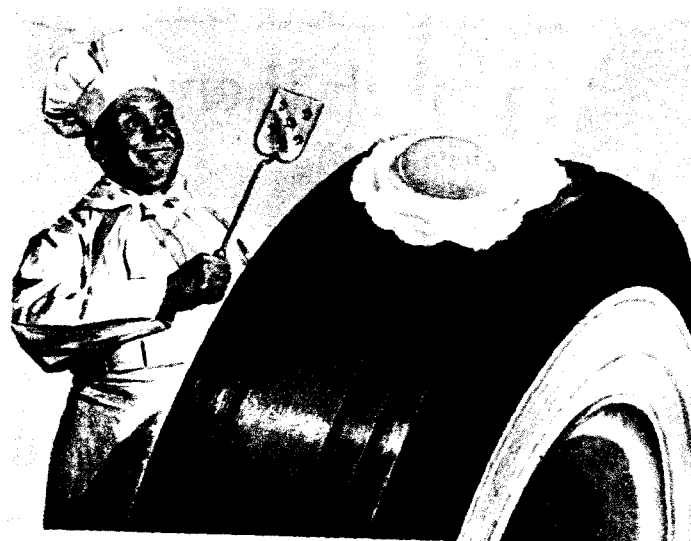
1. SHIRTS SHOULD BE PRE-SHRUNK—TIRES SHOULD BE PRE-STRETCHED



Shirts, as you may have found out, are apt to shrink. Tires are apt to stretch. And a tire that has grown larger is just as poor an investment as a badly shrunk shirt. When a tire becomes larger, its rubber is stretched, and it wears faster and cuts easier.



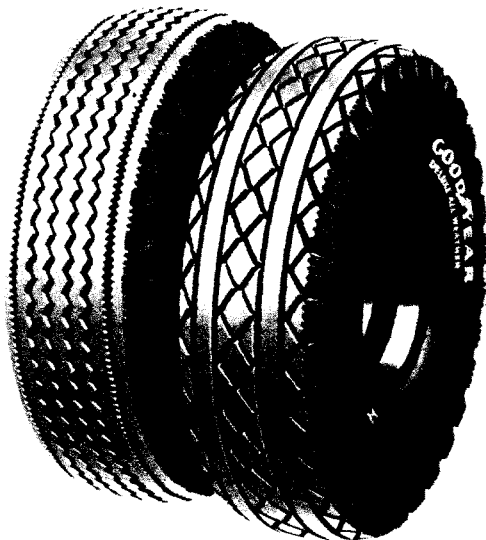
Goodyear liked this by pre-stretching the cords of the tire's body. When the yarns are spun, they're pulled tight. Nearly all the stretch is pulled right out of them. They're then twisted tighter than ever before. Result: low-stretch, patented Supertwist—a stronger, thinner, pre-stretched cord that makes a Goodyear tire keep its size and shape and wear many, many miles longer.



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The DeLuxe Rib Tread The DeLuxe All-Weather Tread



We could give you a lot more facts about tires—and will. Facts which we believe will help you get the most for your tire dollar.

Meanwhile, here's one more fact which we think is a pretty good indication of the way

Goodyear tires have served their owners: last year, and every single year for the last 30, it's been true that "more people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind."

All-Weather, Supertwist—T. M.'s The Goodyear T & R Co.

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

A Bathing Beauty caught a cold

("My throat's in awful shape," she moaned)



So she tried a pack of KOOLS ("Mm-m! How soothing," she sighed)

She prized 'em so much then (even with a cold) that she said



"Why 'medal' with other brands? Why not smoke KOOLS all the time?"

Judge 'em for yourself:

Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS

for good!



iron doorway to Hitler's bunker, expecting the strongest resistance. But the shelter was flooded and lifeless.

On the morning of May 3d, the gigantic struggle was all but over, and the capital lay in ruins. Burned-out German tanks, half-tracks and automobiles choked the streets so thoroughly that in some places the Russian armor had found it easier to carve a path through the ruins of homes.

It was extremely difficult to find where the street boundaries and sidewalks ended. House foundations rested squarely in the middle of the street at some junctures, while posts and uprooted street signs lay amid ruins of buildings. Russian soldiers were salvaging bits of furniture and other material from the wreckage. Lieutenant Borgon Kazan, a strapping 23-year-old artilleryman from Kiev, explained that nearly all the devastation had been caused by merciless pounding by American and British bombers.

The dull crunch of buildings collapsing on their weakened foundations could be heard above the shouts of Russian soldiers whipping horses in the direction of Unter den Linden. Some of the largest, heaviest-armored tanks in the world ground over the rubble. Machine-gun fire and explosions reverberated in the western end of the city.

Streets near the Wilhelmstrasse were carpeted with mines, grenades, dead horses, their legs extended stiffly, and burned-out tanks—German and Russian. Bodies of German soldiers lay in craters, and dead civilians protruded from rubble like sodden rag dolls.

At the Wilhelmstrasse the first Berlin civilians—old men and women and boys—under guard, were clearing rubble from the streets. Unrelenting air bombing had left them all with glazed expressions, something that transcended fear but which resulted in spasmodic movements, jerky and unco-ordinated.

A man who appeared much younger than most in the crowd dug his spade uncertainly at a mound of concrete. He said his name was Willy Feldbinder and that he once owned a grocery. Feldbinder had not been in the army, he said, although he was thirty-four years old. He said he had a bad hernia condition. Asked what he thought of the Fuehrer, Feldbinder replied, "Hitler tried for Germany. I am a German. What do you expect me to say?"

The noise of the battle could still be heard from Unter den Linden and the Brandenburg Gate. Unter den Linden, once a broad and majestic boulevard, now was scarred by huge craters. There were no trees. The buildings that formerly had lent an overtone of dignity to the boulevard were in ruins. A dressing station was set up in the few portions of the famous Adlon Hotel that were still fastened together. West of Unter den Linden and the Brandenburg Gate lay the Tiergarten where the last of the die-hard Nazi defenders still fought from their underground bunkers.

The soldiers of Marshals Zhukov, Konev and Rokossovsky were hurtling into the Tiergarten from positions near the shell that used to be the Reichstag.

Berlin's once opulent zoological park had been converted into a fortress stronghold by the last of Hitler's janizaries. Trees had been felled to obstruct advance and to permit the defenders to sweep the area with deadly crossfire. Once-heroic statuary of the great figures in German history had been toppled from their pedestals and lay shattered in the grass, burned a deep brown by fire. Bodies of SS troopers were strewn about the interlacing trees and statues.

But from the bunkers and erstwhile flak batteries, the bitter-end defenders were hanging on with the fanatical resolution of men who knew they were to die. One group of Red Army soldiers tore into the park almost shoulder to shoulder, none wearing helmets. The medals on their tunics flailed against their chests. The rain that slanted over the park soaked everyone to the skin. They continued, heedless of anything but the objective beyond. When one man dropped, almost immediately another stepped forward.

There was no attempt to take cover. The Russian infantrymen plowed straight into the enemy fire. Perhaps this was unusual—a last gesture of contempt for the Nazis.

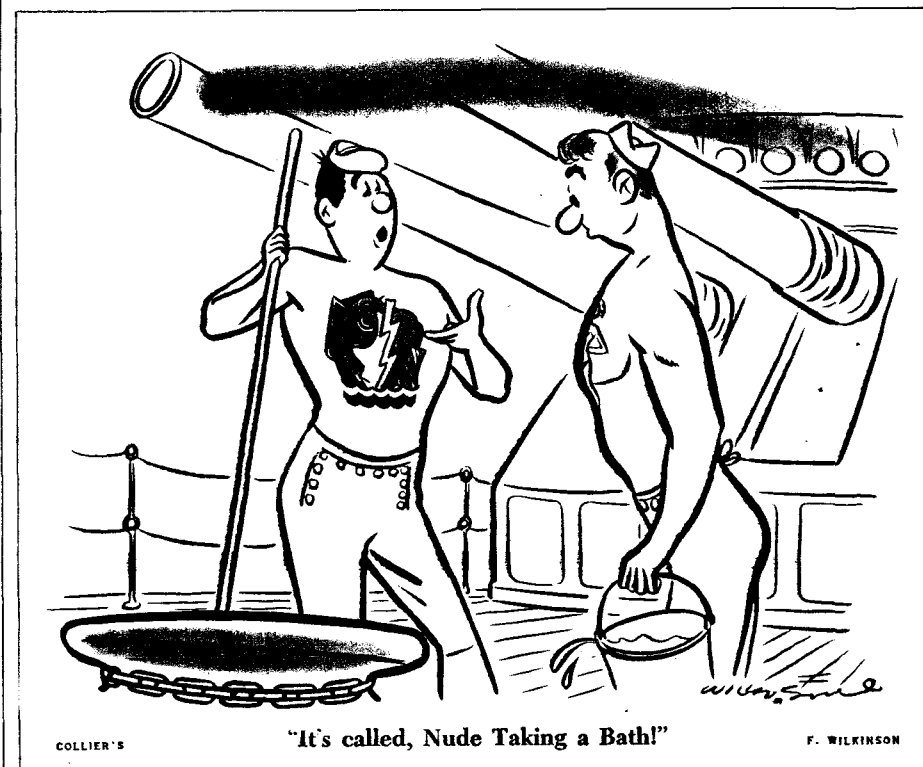
The Nazis' Last Stand

There were only a couple of flame throwers in the group. It was 2:35 P.M. as they brushed past some hedgerows and surged toward a flame-spitting pillbox. They outflanked it and approached the position from the rear. One man tore up to within a few feet of the spot and lobbed a grenade. Three others followed suit. Fire ceased. The same treatment was applied to other pillboxes in the area. One flame thrower went into action, and the result was quicker and less costly. Except for the exultant firing of Russian tommy guns, it appeared that return fire from the Germans had ceased completely in the Tiergarten. It was 3:08 P.M., May 3d.

Back near the Reichstag, now flying the Red flag, jubilant Russian soldiers dashed by, firing bursts in the air. One, who said in broken German that he was Peter Soutsky, of Zhukov's army, fired a burst in the air, shouted "Alles ist kaput," and ran ahead.

The greatest capital in Europe had fallen. The capital that Hitler had boasted would lead civilization for a thousand years was dead. The legions that once pressed to the gates of Moscow had been pounded back 990 miles and perished in their own capital. At the Reichstag, a group of Russian soldiers sang the Red Army March, and the wind tore the words from their lips and carried them over into Unter den Linden and the Tiergarten.

THE END



The Matchmaking

Continued from page 25

Home, he thought, with the ardor of a man who sees the coastline of his own land after a year of equatorial heat. Home! He saw his wife go past the kitchen window; there was something out of the ordinary in the brief image; she had stuck a few of the rambles in her hair. He loved her with a love profound and sturdy—she, the good companion, the provider of intelligent musical comment, the mother of his children, the source of supplementary income, the broiler of swordfish, the maker of some thirty jars of strawberry jam.

"Oh, Lord, he's here already," she said.

There was something out of the ordinary, too, in the tone of her voice. It was more merry and resonant than usual. Besides, the words themselves were not the usual ones. "Look, your dad's home," was what she always said to the children. Since she was plainly not addressing them, he concluded that she was talking to herself. Then, he thought, she is in one of her pixy moods; she's drunk on the wind, and that'll be nice. She'll take to the idea of the strawberries; and later, when she's spattered all over with strawberry juice, she'll be wonderful to kiss.

TWO faces appeared in the shadow of the screen, his wife's face topped with roses and transformed by an elfish smile, and another face, shy, with two flopping dog ears of brown hair.

"Damn it!" he said in a whisper. "Damn it to hell! She's got company."

Before his dream of a happy Saturday could be shattered, hoping still to find in the kitchen something to preserve his dream intact, he hurried up the path and through the screen door. The kitchen seemed tawdry and flat. He sniffed in vain for the smell of swordfish broiling in lemon butter. The dining-room table, seen through the doorway, was set for five. And here, standing before him, solid and impossible to wish away, was a big young woman, such a young woman as would make it necessary to be chatty and considerate and kind—an uneasy, attractive girl with shy eyes and a sad, self-deprecating smile.

"Sally," said his wife, "this is Mr. Schoen. Sally's having dinner with us and staying the evening. Albert's coming in later."

"Hello, Sally. What's happened to the swordfish?" he said.

"Oh, the swordfish!" His feelings were hurt because she had dismissed his swordfish—his swordfish that he had brought to her for their dinner—with a shrug and a smile. "It was too terribly hot for swordfish, so I just didn't make it for tonight."

"But it's cool now."

"Well, it wasn't cool when I started to make the meal, I can tell you that. Darling, what've you got out there on the bench in the back yard?"

"Shostakovitch," he said sadly, "and strawberries."

"Strawberries?"

"Yes, I brought you two crates of strawberries, to make jam."

"Well, that's just lovely," she said, and it was impossible to say whether it was sarcasm or flightiness that gave the lilt to her voice. "You can help me hull them tomorrow. Two crates—I'll never be able to do two crates alone."

He walked to the sinkboard and ate a radish and considered the depths of his own Machiavellian perfidy. He had bought those strawberries this morning from the second cellist, partly because he liked strawberry jam but chiefly because he had seen in them a means of ridding himself of the company of the young painter who sat mournfully around the house every Saturday night. He had hoped that his wife and the artist would spend a good half of the evening in the kitchen making the jam.

"Of course you can't do them alone," he said. "I thought maybe we could make a kind of party of it, a berrying or something, while Albert's here. I'm sure he'd be crazy about making jam. Anyhow, they're soft, those berries. If you leave them until tomor-

row, they might go bad and be a total loss. You'd better finish them off tonight."

"Tonight!" His wife's face stared desolately at him over a dish of shrimp salad which she was carrying into the dining room. It was a face so amazed, so sad, so filled with childish consternation and regret that one would have thought it was she who saw the dream of a lyrical Saturday evening going out like a snuffed candle. "Oh, darling," she said, fixing on him a pair of dark, beseeching eyes, "not tonight."

Sally, following on the heels of the lady of the house with a plate of hot biscuits, bowed her brown and humble head. "Honestly," she said, "I knew I'd make trouble. It's because I'm here that Mrs. Schoen doesn't want to hull the strawberries, and I—"

"Not at all, my dear girl," he said, laying his hand on Sally's arm, "not at all. Fact is, you might be able to save the situation. The more hands, the better. And really, once you get started, it's fun."

"I'd love to help with the strawberries," Sally said.

He cast a conspirator's glance at his wife, a merry look that said, "There, now, I've put something over for you, my girl." But she was unresponsive; she only stared at the shrimp salad, which she set on the table with the resigned and sorrowful hands of one who lays a wreath upon a monument.

He was annoyed. It was aggravating to find himself in such a funereal atmosphere, and disheartening to realize that these lost islands of food, small on the vast cloth, made up all the dinner that was to be eaten tonight.

"What else is there to eat?" he said.

"What else do you want?"

It was a reproach, but he accepted it as a challenge. "My swordfish steaks that I went all the way downtown to get for us, that's what I want," he said.

She signaled him with one despondent flap of her hand. "But we're ready to sit down at the table—"

"It doesn't take that long to broil a bit of fish. In five or ten minutes, it'll be done to a turn."

"Mrs. Schoen, couldn't I help you fix the fish?" Sally said.

Well, at least Sally is co-operative, he thought, and left the kitchen. It occurred to him that he might use this interval for getting out of his damp clothing. He went into the bedroom, but stayed there only long enough to find his pajamas; it was a westerly room and hotter than the parlor, where he could stand in his shorts for several minutes, growing dry and cool in the delightful currents of air.

BUT he was a little disappointed in the appearance of the parlor. For all its coolness and in spite of the savory smell of swordfish broiling in lemon butter, it did not measure up to his expectations. It was a little stiff, a little too orderly. It lacked the haphazard, confused air that usually graced it on Saturday night. He looked at the newspaper while he unfastened his tie and shirt. There was nothing in it that he had not already read in the morning paper, and he let it float gently to the floor, where it fluttered in the gust.

He laid his tie neatly on the piano. His shirt, billowing like a parachute, came down near the coffee table. His jersey was soaking wet and might possibly do harm to the furniture, so he thoughtfully consigned it to the middle of the floor. He left his shoes beside the jersey, his socks and trousers on the sofa, his cufflinks and change and keys in an ash tray under an ostentatious bouquet of roses. And now, feeling more relaxed and expansive, he felt a sudden desire for company. He climbed quickly into his pajamas and hailed the children in from the front yard.

He had apparently been mistaken about the length of time required for broiling swordfish. For half an hour he romped about the parlor with the children, improvising houses for them with books, newspapers and candy boxes, and going often into the bedroom to bring out a stuffed bear, a dilapidated rabbit, or a rag doll to inhabit these ingenious dwellings.

His wife, coming in to say that dinner was ready, looked first at the pajamas and then at the room. Her face was mournful. The crimson rambles looked out of place, nod-

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ding over her creased and perspiring brow. "Oh, well, what's the use?" she said.

After he had eaten his bacon and eggs in the little downtown restaurant, the young painter stood a long time looking down from the ramp at the river. The limestone cliffs, the smokestacks and the tawdry houses, reflected upon its surface, were all made vague and mysterious by the greenish-brown of the water. The trees on the opposite bank became voluminous as a forest now that they were spread out upon the shimmering flatness below him.

Behind the reflection of the trees, the reflection of the sky kept changing. First it was rosy, then yellow, then a pale, cool blue.

How sad it is, he thought, the way everything is always changing. And it seemed to him that he saw his own life changing with the colors on the river, proceeding always to something less golden, more gray, without anything singular happening, without anything significant being done.

The spells of despondency had been coming upon him frequently of late. He had begun to think that he was sad because he had an empty heart—it was all of a year since he had been in love. He was solitary in this city; he had very little money; he worked at his painting from morning until night, and he visited nobody but the Schoens.

Suddenly, like the faces of those Watteau girls who gaze from between the boughs of elms and beeches, the image of Mrs. Schoen's face appeared among the green clusters reflected upon the river. It was witching, it was beautiful, it was only a little faded. It had bestowed upon him the only womanly smiles that he had known in his months of exile. Perhaps, he thought, my life would have some meaning, perhaps I could shake off this feeling of futility if I allowed myself to fall in love with Mrs. Schoen.

Not that he would ever permit himself to reveal the state of his feelings, he told himself, as he left the ramp and took the trolley. The lady was plainly satisfied with her husband; but the fact that such a love would be without recompense would not mean that it would be without a certain shadowy, sad delight. He could nourish himself on her gestures, her dresses, the way she had of

curling up in a chair or asking for a cigarette.

As the trolley, singing through the fresh summer dusk, brought him closer and closer to her house, he sank deeper and deeper into the brown-green melancholy which is suitable to unrequited love. It seemed to him that he, too, was a part of the sad reflection on the river—a thin young lutist in a satin smock, staring up at a green bower through which, sweet and tender and unattainable, gleamed the face of Mrs. Schoen.

By the time he left the trolley, the Watteau picture had become unreal to him. Walking past the schoolyard, the flagpole and the monotonous lines of boxwood, he tried to change it into something less static and more contemporary. He saw her as he would see her in a few minutes, sitting at the piano in the familiar living room where the vases would be filled with flowers and the lampshades would be filled with light. Mrs. Schoen knew that he loved Chopin, and now he wished ardently that the delicate figurations of Chopin would greet him before he entered; he felt an intense anxiety lest the details of this picture which he had painted in his thoughts should not be there to meet his eyes. It was as if he needed a picture to come to life, a fantasy to become a reality, in order to set a final seal upon his desire to fall in love. . . .

AND yet, he thought, opening the gate and walking up the path to the bungalow, even our most modest dreams are seldom fulfilled in this chaotic world. The living-room windows, which he had expected to see flooded with light, were dark and blind. Beyond the screen door, left unlocked for his arrival, the room was shadowy, empty, still. He stood in the middle of it and looked about him.

The wind had thrown his surroundings into agitation. The curtains undulated around him. Some white, ghostly thing, billowing like a parachute, swelled and subsided upon the floor. The newspapers at his feet filled the stillness with an eerie shifting and whispering. The air streamed past his face, touched his hair, stirred a sense of strangeness, of high adventure in his heart. Voices, strange and musical, sounded briefly in the

kitchen. A fragrance that he could not place at first pervaded the house.

"Strawberries," he thought. And again he was back in a canvas by Watteau, seeking to taste the juice of strawberries on the mouth of some eighteenth-century lady whose face he could not see in the gathering dark.

"Albert, is that you?"

It was her voice calling to him from the kitchen. Something more like regret than love rose in him at the sound of it. It was a tired, fretful voice, lacking the buoyancy of which he had dreamed. "Yes," he said.

"Come out in the kitchen, won't you? We're having the loveliest evening making strawberry jam." The voice had a sharp edge to it now. It was plain that she was annoyed by the evening and the strawberries. He walked slowly to the kitchen, hoping to find the fainting magic revived in her face.

He did not see that face at once. She stood at the stove with her back toward him. Her head was bent. Her lean arm went round and round, stirring the bubbling stuff in the big kettle. She wore, not one of those graceful dresses which he had expected to see, but a ragged yellow pinafore. Mr. Schoen sat at the kitchen table, hulling strawberries in a desultory way. Over the little mound of fruit, he was reading a book propped against a bowl on the table before him.

"Oh, Lord," she said to her husband without turning her head, "won't you go out and help Sally bring in the second crate? She can't possibly bring it herself."

"In a minute."

She turned then and faced the young man who was trying to love her. He had never seen her so plain, so utterly unlovable before. Her face, moist and reddened by the steam, was puckered into a mask of exasperation. Wet wisps of hair clung to her cheeks. A spray of withered ramblers, like the remnants of some forgotten carnival, nodded over her brow. He felt empty, betrayed, and a little sick. Under the fragrance of the strawberries, the fried smell of the supper continued to assert itself. He wanted air, quietness, and a moment of solitude in which to readjust himself to an unsatisfactory world.

"Won't you, for heaven's sake," she began again, "go out and get the—"

"In a minute. As soon as I finish this paragraph," her husband said.

"Mrs. Schoen," the young man said sadly, "maybe I could do it, whatever it is."

"Yes," she said, "you could. There's a poor child named Sally out there in the back yard. She went out there ten minutes ago at least, because my husband felt that he needed some help to carry in a crate of strawberries—"

"I'll do it," he said, and opened the screen door, and stepped out into that strange, charged moment that comes between the end of evening and the beginning of night.

THE garden was a Watteau garden. Tremulous, vaguely green against a sky still streaked with bands of gold, the poplars fluttered and swayed. The ramblers, paled by the withdrawal of the light, were no longer crimson. They nodded among their shaken leaves—great clusters of dim, rose-gray mythical flowers. A single bird dropped flute notes of song from some high and shadowy bough.

And there, at the end of the garden—so it is, he thought, that all our dreams crumble only to make way for the perfect reality—there, at the end of the garden, stood an ancient statue come to life, a young woman whose white dress flowed backward to reveal the long, sweeping lines of her body, whose face shone against the moving foliage and whose eyes had a shy, unharvested, waiting look.

"Hello, Sally," he said, coming toward her, finding with every step new bits of magic—delicate cheeks sprinkled with freckles, a throat as round as a classic pillar, a witching mouth, a mass of soft brown hair.

"I guess you're Albert," she said.

They stood for a long time in the stirring, whispering garden, saying nothing and looking at each other. The smell of the strawberries rose from the crate which stood between them, and he thought that the taste of strawberries must certainly be on her parted lips.

"What are you staring at?" she said at last.

"Nothing—you—I was thinking I'd like to have you sit for a portrait."

"All right, I'd love to sit for a portrait," Sally said.

THE END

Searchlight for Welders

Thousands of returning servicemen will take up welding as a trade in a new world where metals will have countless new jobs to perform. But welding is a very tricky business.

The eyes have to be protected so well from the blinding glare of the arc that they can't see anything but the flame itself. Even experts have to ply their trade by guesswork and long experience.

Now engineers have developed a trick that makes the most brilliant arc look like a candle flame and shows the welder every part of the object he is putting together. A powerful new spotlight has been designed to throw a concentrated shaft of white light down upon the work—so brilliant that every part of the metal surfaces can be seen distinctly through the welder's mask.

The invention will be especially useful to young apprentices who now spoil many a weld before they learn to feel their way in the dark. With spotlighted welding, young and old will turn out a better product in faster time and earn more by doing it.

Textiles That Can Take It

Neither gravy, cranberry sauce nor any other staining food will be able to ruin your best tablecloth tomorrow. Nor will your guests spoil your party napkins with lipstick, now that a new chemical treatment for fine textiles is ready to make these things impervious to stains of all kinds. When the inevitable accident happens during a meal, you can simply ignore it, certain that you can wipe it off clean with a damp cloth or a spot of soap and water later on.

The trick will be done with incredibly thin coatings of a special plastic that is impervious to foods and greases, yet can hardly be

seen or felt. The texture of the finest goods won't be noticeably changed.

Unspottable tablecloths are only the beginning, the chemists say. Draperies made of this treated cloth can be as delicate as you like, in any color or pattern, and still launder perfectly clean with mere soap and water. There will also be a brand-new line of waterproof goods, in which the old coating of rubber will give way to plastic dressing.

Rubber spoiled the texture, stiffened or cracked with cleaning fluids. The new plastic is unaffected. Fancy plasticized bathing caps will take the place of short-lived rubber ones; it is even possible to have a delicate lace shower curtain that will last for years.

Most promising of all will be a new type of artificial leather that can't be distinguished from the genuine, yet will outwear it many times in shoes, handbags and luggage. The

new "leather," made of treated cloth, can be made in any size for upholstering furniture or covering walls—something that even the biggest cow can't do.

Weather by the Year

Mark Twain's complaint that nothing is ever done about the weather is taking another licking with a new system of forecasting invented by the Department of Agriculture. Unlike the well-known scheme of foretelling weather by "air mass analysis" a few days or weeks ahead, the new method will enable tomorrow's weatherman to tell the farmer (or anyone else) what the climate will probably be for years in advance—when it will rain, when it won't, and for how long.

Weather-by-the-year in advance, worked out by Soil Conservation scientists, will be based on the mathematics of averages, which is the same tool used by life insurance companies to establish life expectancy tables. Employing data collected for fifty years at Weather Bureau stations all over the country, statisticians will compile expectancy curves for rain, drought, heat, frost and storms. A separate set of tables will be computed for each important agricultural section. Using these, farm advisers can tell ahead of time what the growing season in any locality will be like, so that farmers can plant their soil if heavy rains are predicted, and in numerous other ways secure themselves against disasters that now hit them without warning.

Eventually, we are promised, weather probability charts will be available for all the public. They will, of course, be computed as averages, and can't spot actual days on which any kind of weather will occur. But for the long pull they will save millions of dollars, not only for farmers but for all kinds of businesses that depend for their operation on a good over-all foreknowledge of climate. ★★

Your Life TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

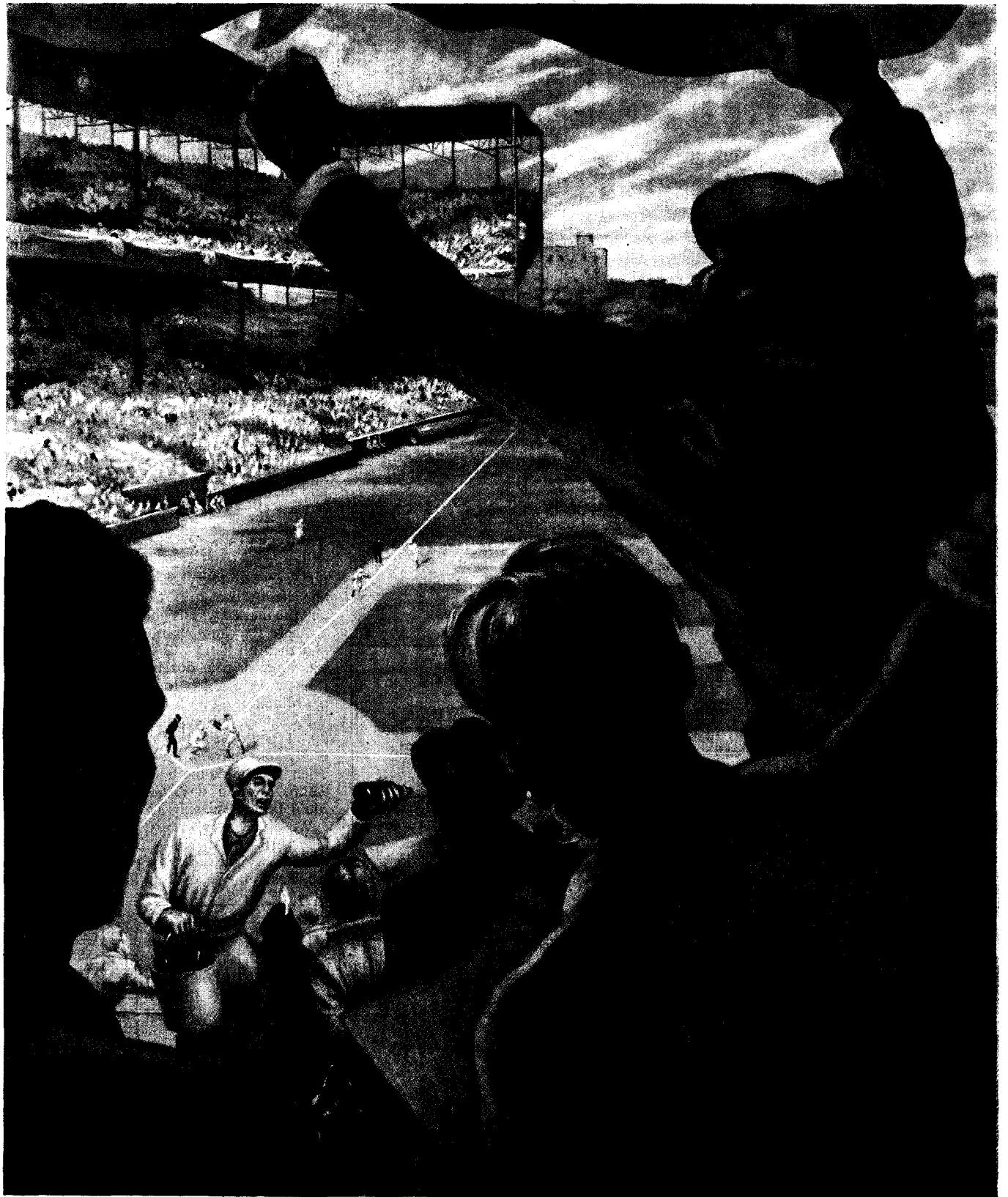


*Saturday Afternoon
at Sportsman's Park*

by
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America's foremost artists

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picnic on a sun-bright beach—yes, all these are America, the land we
love, the land that today we fight for.

In this America of tolerance and good humor, of neighborliness and
pleasant living, perhaps no beverage more fittingly belongs than whole-
some beer. And the right to enjoy this beverage of moderation . . . this,
too, is part of our own American heritage of personal freedom.

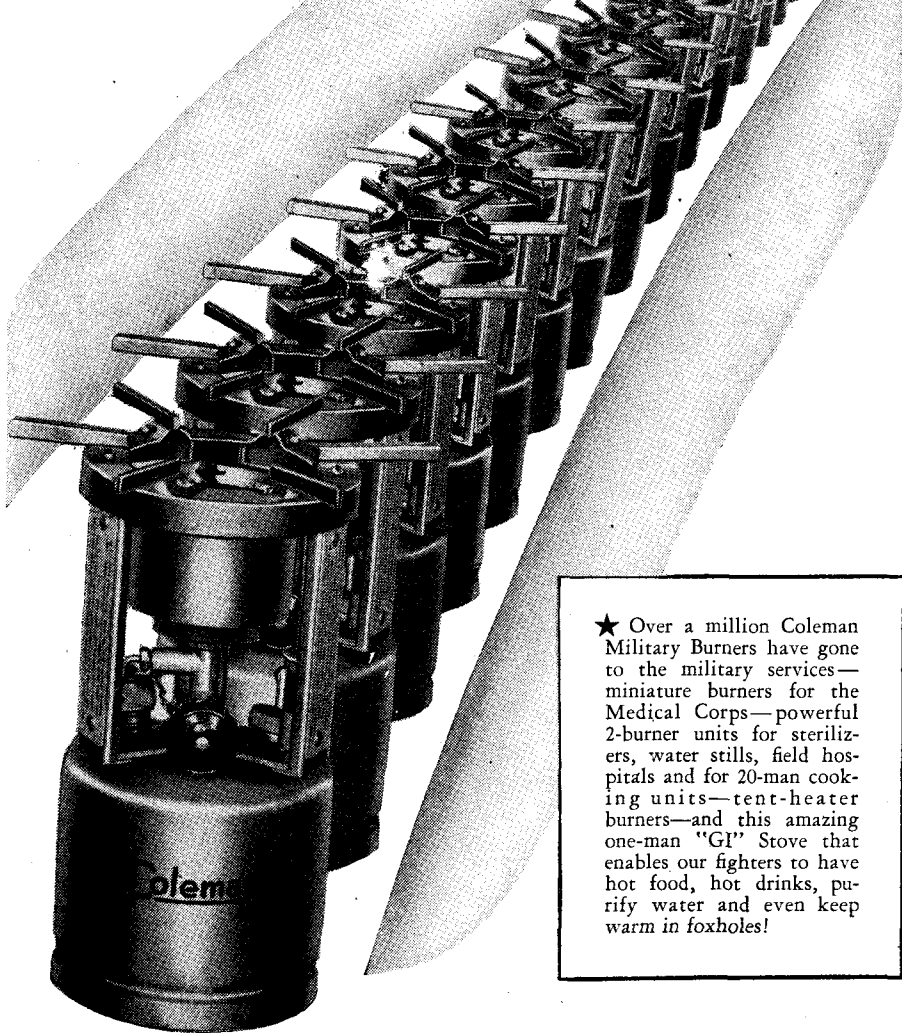
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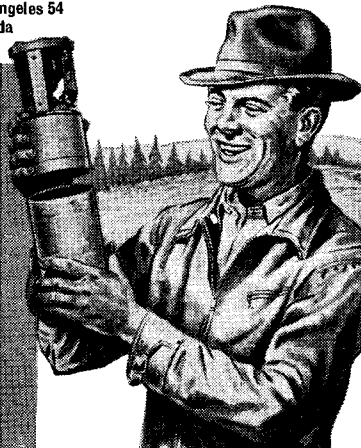


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NEW Coleman "Pocket" STOVE



Joey's Ball

Continued from page 34

dogs or the guy who lives there. Once you get an apple in your shirt, it's all right then.

I even got seventy-five cents for one hand from a woman. It had big bananas and I dropped the quarter in my back pocket with the rest of the dough. I could almost feel every dime and nickel in there, like somebody was poking me with a stick every time I moved. I walked like I had a limp, taking it easy on that side.

Around one o'clock we drove up Stryker Avenue and then cut over into the alley between Isabel and Congress. Pa parked the truck in the middle of the block. "We sell these, your ma is going to take you to the Orpheum Saturday, how's that?" I didn't want movies. I couldn't see nothing but the game tomorrow. Maybe you don't know how it is, waiting all week to play ball. Maybe you never stayed up late the night before a game, just watching to see it didn't rain, like you could keep it away. Maybe you never laid in bed figuring how you were going to pitch.

IT WAS banana day all right. We stayed for about an hour, then drove to a drugstore on George and Stryker. We got malted milks and had those with the lunch sandwiches and the malted was as good as being in a lake.

There was another hour's work after that and then all there was left of those bananas was three or four dozen half-black ones that I knew were going to the lady who runs a boardinghouse up on Hall and Isabel.

Pa sat on the running board and figured up. I could see him moving his lips and pretty soon he was up to twenty-six dollars. Then he counted the bills, and laughed. "Hot damn, a good day, a damned good day. Ma'll be happy, huh, Joe?"

We drove over toward the boardinghouse lady's. Pa pulled into the driveway and I turned the ignition key. He looked over at me, flicked the ashes from his cigarette on my

jeans and climbed out of the truck. Then he stuck his head back in. "I sell her the rest of that stuff," he jerked his head at the bushel; "you drive home. Deal?"

"A deal." I didn't want him to be nice to me now. I wasn't mad any more, because I had the dough for the ball, but I felt like I had to stay mad, so he wouldn't catch on.

I watched him knock on the door. When the boardinghouse lady opened it, and he walked in, I quick grabbed all the money out of my back pocket. There was two dollars and eighty-five cents there. I stuffed all but thirty-five cents back in my pocket. I couldn't take that. The dough for the ball was one thing; like it was over on one-side of my head; then there was a foul line, and then, on the other side of my head, was all I felt about stealing and what Pa felt about it. A wrong count, he always called it.

Pa and the woman came out. She was a little woman, always wore a black shawl, and Pa liked her, gave her lots of stuff. He told me to take the bananas in.

When I came out, he had all the bushel baskets stacked up by her garage. He gets them for nothing down at the commission houses, and lots of times he sells them.

He got in beside me, grinning. "Two bucks gravy, Joe."

"How come?"

"The bushels. She gave me a dime apiece for them." He took four halves out of his pocket and dropped them in his shirt pocket. "When we get down to Concord," he said, "you drive."

"Here." I handed him the thirty-five cents.

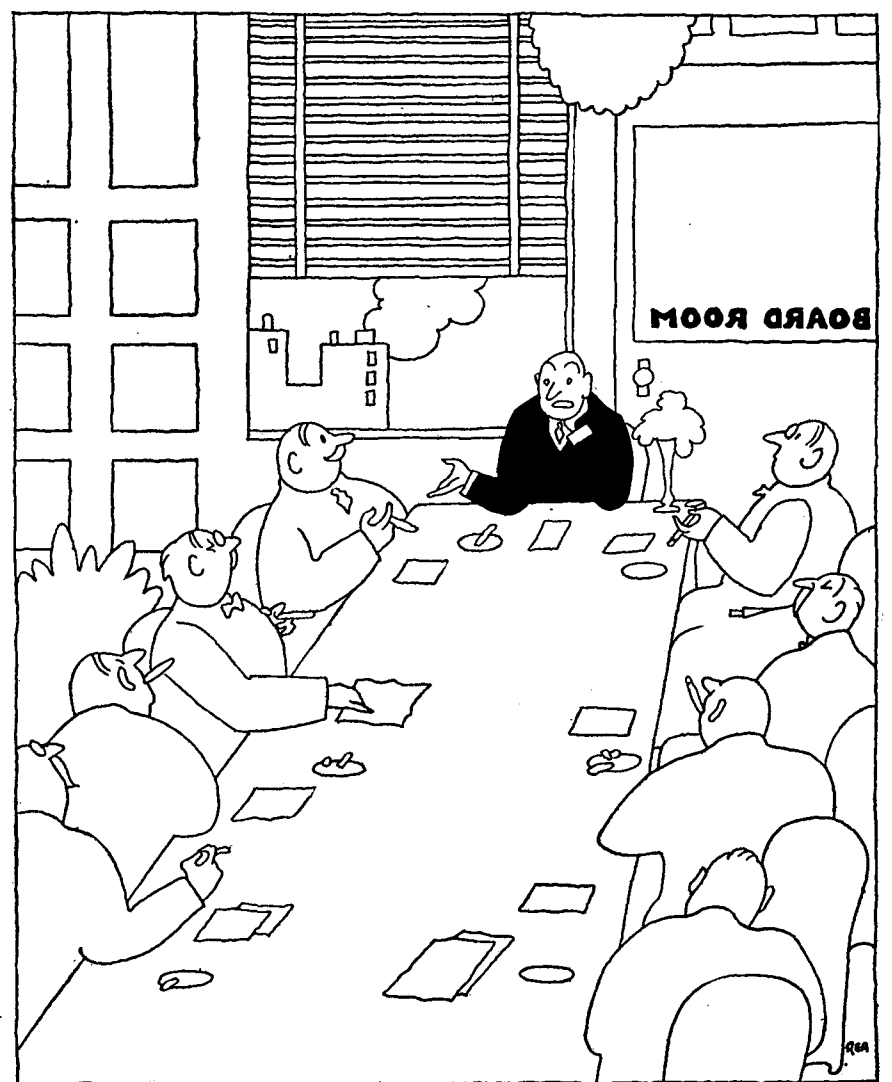
"What's that?"

"Found it in my pocket. Here." I held out my hand. He closed my fingers on it, making a fist. "Keep it, Joey. We won't tell Ma."

"Take it, dammit. Take it. It's yours."

"All right, kid. Don't get excited." He dropped the money in his shirt pocket with the halves and started the motor.

Down on Concord he stopped and we switched seats. The way we do it, he puts his hand over mine on the gear shift and moves his foot close enough to the brake, in case



"Confound it, gentlemen, there must be some easier way of earning a living than this!"

COLLIER'S

GARDNER REA

anything happens. I started out kind of jerky, real slow, and all I could see through the windshield was that gray softball, coming at the glass. He put his hand on my shoulder, and when we got clear of the semaphore on Robert Street, he rubbed my arm.

"How's the wing?" he asked.

"Okay, guess."

"Gonna win tomorrow?"

"What do you care?" I was really mad at him. Why didn't he just forget about it, instead of always talking about the game? He didn't care enough about it to buy me a ball.

"I'll set you on your ear, champ," he warned me. I didn't say anything. I just wanted to get that money out of my pockets and change clothes and buy the ball. I guess nothing ever went as slow as that truck. When I stopped in front of the house so he could drive it up and into the garage, he told me to go in. "Tell Ma I'm going to grease the truck," he said. "I want to see you home when I get back, kid. Take a bath and lay around."

I walked up the driveway and into the front door, trying to get upstairs without Ma seeing me. But she spotted me and I had to explain Pa's leaving to her.

In my bedroom I looked for a place to hide the dough till after supper. Finally I got me a chair and stood on it, laying all the money atop the ledge over the door.

Then I took a bath and changed clothes and came downstairs. I got the paper off the steps and sat on the swing inside the porch, reading about the Saints and the other Association teams. When I heard the truck, Pa was coming up the driveway. After a minute, he was in the house, and I heard him and Ma talking in whispers in the kitchen, and I knew he had found out about the dough.

I laid the paper down real easy, and holding the swing with both hands so it wouldn't creak, I slipped off. I was almost out of the door when Pa said, "Joey."

They were both in the hallway, Ma standing next to him, poking him in the ribs. Then he pulled his arm from behind and hollered, "Catch!" and the ball was sailing at me, the tissue paper falling off it.

He laughed. "You better win tomorrow, kid. Them bushels were velvet." I watched him go upstairs for his bath, and I held onto the ball, squeezing it to keep my hands from shaking, and I could almost feel it give I was pushing against it so hard. Ma walked back in the kitchen and I went out on the porch. The swing was rocking but I couldn't stop it, and the toes of my shoes were scuffing the floor and I couldn't stop them. I felt the same as when I was vaccinated, just all shaky and waiting to faint. This time I wouldn't faint. I knew what I was going to have to do, all right.

I HEARD Pa coming down the stairs. Then he stuck his head out the door of the porch and said, "Supper." I waited a minute before I got up. Then I went upstairs.

When I came down, they were all at the table, Bobby yelling about the milk, Pa sitting in his chair wearing a white sports shirt and bedroom slippers, but no socks. I had the money in one fist and the ball in my other hand. I guess he knew something was fishy. Instead of eating he watched me and so did Ma. Bobby stopped hollering. I walked around to his chair and laid the ball on the table and the money next to it.

"Where'd you get it, boy?" he asked, and he sounded softer than our coach after we've lost.

"From you," I said, "and some from the customers."

"How?" he asked and Ma yelled, "Crook, he's a little crook. He's a thief." Pa put his left hand on her wrist, quieting her. "How, kid?"

"Overcharging," I said. I knew he wouldn't hit me. I guess that's what had me scared, wondering what he was going to do.

He picked up the dough, one coin at a time, and then he took the ball and got up from the table. "Come on, kid," he said. He held out the hand with the money in it for me to take, but I just watched him, looking at him from his forehead to his eyebrows, like I was hypnotized.

"Take it," he said.

"No."

He kept his hand out and I took it. It weighed one hundred pounds.

"Come on," he ordered. Ma said, "Dad, your supper. You haven't started your supper," but he shoved me out ahead of him through the back door.

We got in the truck and he headed for the Heights. I could see the veins running down into his ankles and I could see the emergency brake and the clutch and the wires underneath the dashboard.

"You'll have to give it back, Joey," he said. "Whatever you took, even if it's a penny. It all goes back."

"Will you go with me?" I should have known better than to ask. He just kept driving until he got to the library and then he stopped. "Who's the first, Joe?" I told him about taking three bananas off the first bunch and charging thirty-five cents for nine next door.

"That's a dime apiece," he said. He drove over in front of the house. Out in the street some of the guys I go to school with were playing ball. He turned off the ignition and sat there, rolling himself a cigarette and waiting.

I WENT into the first house, where the woman was going to have a baby. She opened the back door to my knock. I handed her the dime. "I overcharged you, ma'am." She grabbed the dime and slammed the door.

The woman next door was nice. She thanked me and wanted to give me a glass of milk but I told her I had to eat supper. Back at the truck Pa was telling all the guys stories about when he was a fighter. He stopped smiling when he saw me and told the kids we had to get going.

"Who else, boy?" he asked, when we were moving.

"Most of it is yours and what women gave me extra."

"The truth?"

I nodded.

"Nobody else?"

"I charged one woman, that lady whose husband is a fireman, seventy-five cents." He turned the truck for her house.

She and her husband were sitting on the porch. Pa waved at them just to be friendly, but he didn't get out. I walked up the front and onto the porch. I gave her a quarter and said I'd overcharged her and was sorry.

She turned to her husband: "Isn't that nice, Phil?" She held out her hand. "You keep it, son. A boy as honest as you are has earned it."

"No!" I yelled. "No! I can't. No!" I jumped over the three steps and ran across their lawn. Their dog came after me, but I was running so fast I could have stole home from first base. I got in the truck and I couldn't hold the tears any more; they just came down. Pa gave me his handkerchief and I ducked my head, crying against his knee. He started the truck and drove back down to Smith Avenue.

"Any more, Joey?"

I was trying to stop crying now and I was hiccoughing, but I couldn't say anything or I would have started again. I shook my head and handed him the rest of the money.

He put the dough in his shirt pocket. When he stopped for the semaphore, he rolled himself a cigarette, and I got a match out of his pocket and almost burned my thumb off lighting it on my fingernail the way he does. He blew the smoke in my face and shook his head back and forth through the blue haze.

"You can't get away with that stuff, kid. Never."

The light changed and we got going. He stopped at Baker and Smith in front of the sports store and took the ball inside with him. He was right, I guess. Even if he couldn't get all his money back, he was right. I waited about ten minutes, trying to spot him inside the store, but it was getting dark and I couldn't make him out through the windows. Then I heard him whistling.

He had the ball in one hand, tossing it up and catching it, and over his shoulder was the biggest, yellowest, most beautiful baseball bat I ever saw. He climbed in on the driver's side and stuck it between my knees. He was tough-looking and not smiling.

"No kid of mine is going to play ball with a bum bat," he said. He turned the key and I could feel the tears coming up again in my eyes and I couldn't stop them.

THE END

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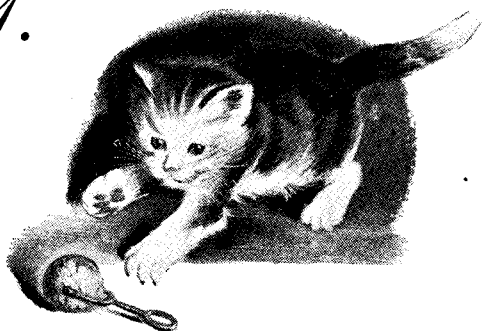
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"Hotel Niagara on West Forty-ninth. He lives there."

"All right," Henry said, and stood up. "Out, Rodney."

The Doberman dropped to the floor and Gus Pincus got cautiously to his feet, shaking his head. "Some brute," he said. "I seen in the newsreels what they train them babies to do."

"Rodney's okay," Henry said. "He's been through the Army gentling course. It's a course that takes the viciousness out of war dogs and teaches them that every human being is their friend."

"I dunno," Gus Pincus said. "It looks like maybe Rodney flunked that course."

"Don't worry about Rodney," Henry said. "Stick your hand out."

Henry felt little more secure than Gus Pincus. He watched as Gus slowly extended his hand. Rodney growled, and Gus snatched his hand back and looked suspiciously at Henry.

"No, Rodney!" Henry said sharply, and stroked the dog's head. He said to Gus, "Try again."

Rodney showed his teeth, but Henry patted the flat of the Doberman's sleek head, and on the third try Rodney deigned to sniff at the reluctant hand Gus Pincus put in front of his nose.

Henry took the leash from the mantel and snapped it on the dog's collar. "Let's go, Gus."

Gus Pincus went ahead of him into the hall, and Henry saw him stoop just outside the door. At the time Henry paid no particular attention to the stoop and forgot to think it odd that Gus had picked up Olive Stone's keys from the floor, because Mrs. Mahoney was there at the head of the stairs, saying, "You're taking the dog away now?"

"Permanently," Henry said.

Gus Pincus had parked his car near by. Henry opened the door and Rodney jumped into the back seat. There was no policeman in sight. Henry got in beside Gus.

THE car moved away, and Henry gazed ahead at the line of green traffic lights, waiting for the first red light. He knew now what he was going to do.

"You know, Gus," Henry said. "Rodney is kind of hot."

"A hot dog, huh?" Gus Pincus said. "Ha-ha. That's good."

The car slowed at the corner of Queens Boulevard, and Henry saw that the light was red. The moment the car stopped at the corner he pushed the door open and jumped out to the street.

"Hey!" Gus Pincus said.

Henry slammed the door shut. "Take care of the dog for me, will you?" he said.

Gus Pincus' small eyes were hard and bright. "What's the idea? You're coming with me."

"Sorry," Henry said. "I've got work to do. Just tell Mike I'll drop in to see him, say in a couple of hours, and I'll pick the dog up then."

He walked quickly away. If police out searching for Dobermans found Rodney with Gus it was something for Gus to explain. At least he was rid of Rodney. At the corner he turned and looked back. The car was moving away and Henry saw the Doberman's bright eyes looking at him through the rear window. He turned his head away. It was a dirty trick on man's most faithful friend.

Henry was rid of the tattooed Doberman, for the time being, at least, but he was still worried. He was a diligent, serious newspaperman, and on the whole he had rather high ideals about the function of journalism. He had never been the flamboyant type of reporter with a shameless by-line, and he did not work on the sort of newspaper where the type flourished. How had this happened to him? Was it just the rye gags? The outlines of it all were hazy now, and it was no longer clear how it had come about that he had faked a story of a war dog and a blonde robbing a bar in Queens.

Henry considered what Mitchell's reaction would be. For a city editor, Mitchell was an understanding man, a patient man, and he even had a sense of humor. He also had boundless enthusiasm for journalism and his purest joy was a good story well handled,

well edited and properly displayed. But linked with this enthusiasm was a relentless passion for accuracy, and Henry knew that Mitchell would accept no explanations. He also knew it was only a matter of time until Mitchell learned the truth. A matter of hours; minutes, even. As soon as Julia Andrews saw a newspaper this haphazard edifice of half-truths and evasions would come crashing down on Henry's head. It all came back to Julia, he thought. His one chance was her. Perhaps if he blurted out the truth, threw himself on her mercy, she would understand, and if she did, and held her tongue, he could cover up with Mitchell.

He glanced at his wrist watch. It was just two o'clock. There had been time enough for Julia and Joe Parelli to reach the corner drugstore, after scouring the neighborhood for the missing Doberman. He walked uneasily to the drugstore and found them at the counter, each with a cup of coffee. Joe Parelli grinned and called out, "I was just telling her, Hank, I used to have an aunt on the force."

"I don't need to ask you," Julia said disconsolately. "You didn't find Rodney, either."

city, he thought, he had hit on a lady cop.

"What you got in it?" Parelli asked. "Thirty-eight?"

"Thirty-two," said Julia.

Joe Parelli chuckled. "Just a toy gun," he said.

Henry didn't think it was a toy. A lady cop with a thirty-two in her shoulder bag. He slumped on a stool and ordered black coffee. He was aware again of his headache and put his head in his hands, rubbing his eyes with the heels of his palms. Could he ever make her understand how it had happened?

Julia said, "I've got to make a call. Be right back."

JOE PARELLI watched her walk to the telephone booth. "Some little number, Hank."

"New York's finest," Henry said sourly. "Joe, I've been thinking. They can trace that dog. The cops can check the Army for the tattoo number and find the owner."

"They don't know the tattoo number, Hank."

"They know his name, though. How many Dobermans you suppose there are named Rodney?"



"Sorry," Henry said, and felt too guilty to meet a policewoman's eye. It was a lovely eye, and very blue, and her hair was like honey in the sunlight, with the snood for honeycomb. She was far too beautiful, he thought, to be a lady cop.

"My aunt was a matron," Joe Parelli went on. "She weighed a hundred and eighty-four pounds and she could tie a knot in an iron bar, and untie it, too, if you asked her to. It sure is different now."

"I'm worried about Rodney," Julia said. "He's not used to traffic. He won't know what to do."

"That dog can take care of himself," Henry said.

JOE PARELLI was delighted at this social contact with the distaff side of the Police Department. "It sure is different now," he said. "One thing, my aunt didn't have a uniform like the girls got now and she didn't pack a lipstick along with her rod. You wear a uniform, don't you, Miss?"

"Sure," Julia said. "For parades and stuff. Special details."

"And you got a gun?"

"Yes, of course."

"Where do you pack it?"

She patted her shoulder bag. Henry's mouth was dry. Of all the women in the

"One," said Parelli.

Henry sat up straight. He had been clutching at straws, and suddenly he realized that all the time he had held a straw in his hand. The name of this straw was Olive Stone.

"Joe," he said quickly, "let me handle this. Beat it, will you? I want to talk to her alone."

"You gonna tell her what happened, Hank?"

"I'm going to work up to it," Henry said. "Why don't you drop in at Nick's and see what's going on? I'll give you a ring there later."

"I don't blame you wanting to be alone with that little number," Parelli said, and put on his cap. "Okay."

Parelli went out of the drugstore, and Henry's thoughts returned to Olive Stone. If he could find her, and get to Abe Arnold through her, he might save his job. Normally Mitchell would never condone a faked story, but if Henry could find Abe Arnold first, before the whole thing broke around his ears, he could go to his city editor and say, "Mitchell, I was tight. I was full of rye gags last night and I made a mistake. I didn't mean to fake a story, but somehow or other it got in the paper and it's not strictly true. But, Mitchell, look what I've got! Here's Abe Arnold!"

Julia was returning from the telephone booth, and for an instant he met her blue eyes. They were disconcertingly steady as she looked at him, and he knew there had to be considerably more understanding, and even compassion, in those blue eyes before he told her all that had happened. But he had to do something to keep her from making an outraged call to the Record-Star. He had to have time, a few hours' grace.

"Miss Andrews," he began, "did you ever hear of Abe Arnold?"

"Not that I remember. Why?"

"He worked for Mike Koski, the racketeer, and he's wanted as a witness in an income tax case against Mike. He disappeared, and my newspaper has assigned me to find him."

Julia glanced around her. "What happened to Parelli?"

"He's carrying on the search for Rodney," Henry said. "He has to notify his precinct, and all that."

"Oh, fine," Julia said.

"Meanwhile," Henry said, "I've got a bright idea. Abe Arnold has a girl, and through her I hope to find Abe." He pulled the snapshot from his pocket. "Her name is Olive Stone. Ever see her before? She lives in your neighborhood."

Julia glanced at the photograph. "I never saw her."

"I've been thinking that you and I could help each other out," Henry said. "You're trained for this sort of thing. You're a cop." He met her eyes. "Miss Andrews, you want to be a detective, first grade, don't you?" he asked. "One of these days."

"Naturally. Why?"

"I've got a line on this girl," Henry said. "But I need help. Official help. Let's get that girl, and let's find Abe Arnold together. What do you say?" He thought it was a wonderful idea and his eyes were shining. "Listen, we . . ."

But she stared at him and smiled, and he broke off, feeling somewhat ridiculous. He had thought that if he took her along while he searched for Olive Stone he could keep her from looking at a newspaper, for a few hours, at least.

"Let's get back to Parelli," Julia said. "Where will he get in touch with you?"

"I'll keep in contact," Henry said. "And you'll have your dog back by tonight. I can guarantee that."

"You can guarantee it?"

"Every cop in Queens is looking for him," Henry said quickly. "Parelli notified the precinct; it's on the teletype."

"You think so?"

"I'm sure of it," Henry said truthfully.

HE NERVOUSLY lit a cigarette. He was getting nowhere, and time was important now. He studied her face and thought that the austerity he saw there must be a protective pose. The eyes were gentle, really; they could be kind. The mouth was tranquil in repose. Normally, if he met this girl at a cocktail party, he would make a play for her, Henry thought.

"Not an hour ago this girl, Olive Stone, was seen getting in a taxicab a few blocks from here," Henry said hopefully. "We could trace the cab and find out where she went."

"Are you serious?" Her blue eyes examined him. "I have enough on my mind as it is."

"I was thinking it would be a terrific feather in your cap," Henry said, without much conviction. "The Record-Star would run a big story about it if we found Abe Arnold and you'd make first-grade detective, easy."

She laughed. "Listen, I'm already working on a case." She gave him an odd glance, a policewoman's glance, and said, "I haven't figured you out at all. One minute you say you're a gas man, the next you're a newspaper reporter. Last night you seemed to be just a lush."

"I'm a newspaperman," Henry said. "And I'm no lush. And please don't give me that policewoman's look."

"What do you mean?" She frowned. "Lord, am I getting a policewoman's look?"

"In your eyes," he said. "Not that they're not still beautiful. Like blue neon lights."

"It would be too bad if I got to look like



"I played Bach to win a buck!"

BLOOEY!—went our plans to hear a Bach concert with Les and Hank—these wartime refugees from a symphony orchestra. "Cheer up," I said, "and come over to our house—we've got a lot of Bach albums."



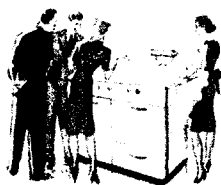
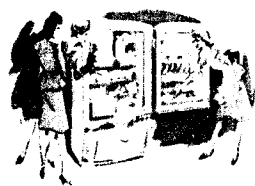
"Phonograph! . . . Records!" snorted Les. "Needles! I don't like my Bach scratched!" That burned me, plenty. "Bet you a dollar you can't tell the difference," I flared. "Sold!" smiled Les. "Let her roll." And he picked up a baton.



Well, I turned on a record and Les patiently suggested it would work better if I put in a needle. "Pardon me—did you say needle?" I asked in my sweetest tones. "This plays with the Floating Jewel*—a permanent sapphire stylus." I started it again.



They couldn't hear a whisper of needle scratch—no hiss or chatter. And we played every Bach record we had. Les admitted it was the best recorded music he'd ever heard. Hank agreed. And I got my dollar.



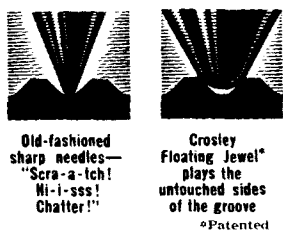
LISTEN TO a Crosley Radio-Phonograph as soon as they return. Hear how the exclusive patented Crosley Floating Jewel* Tone System says, "Goodbye, needle scratch!" No needles to buy, or change, or *hear*. Records last many times longer because the Floating Jewel* plays on the sides of the record grooves—can't dig in, like sharp needles. And the Master Tone Control gives you fingertip choice of 64 different tone combinations—a Rainbow of Sound for both radio and phonograph! New Crosley radios will be better—will offer the rich results of war-learned skills and improvements.

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a policewoman," Julia said. "That worries me."

"It would be too bad for a man's illusions."

"I don't mean that sort of thing." She moved her shoulders impatiently. "I mean I'd lose my usefulness if it got so they could spot me as a cop. I'd never break a case." She glanced at her wrist watch. "It's time for me to go on duty." She tapped his arm. "How do I get in touch with you? At the Record-Star?"

"Lord, no," Henry said. "Don't call the Record-Star!" He reached out and took her hand. "Miss Andrews, the main thing is you want to get your dog back, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you meet me later, then?" Henry said. "Say at the Hotel Niagara, on West Forty-ninth."

Her eyebrows went up. "Meet you? Why?"

"I'll have Rodney," Henry said.

She hesitated, nodded. "All right, at the Hotel Niagara."

"What time?"

"I'll be on duty, you know. I'm working on a case. But maybe I'll be free about nine o'clock tonight."

"Nine o'clock, then," Henry said. He still held her hand. "I've caused you a lot of trouble," he said softly. "I'm sorry. You've been a good guy about it, Miss Andrews. Will you keep on that way? Will you just bear in mind that I'll have Rodney there at nine o'clock and anything else that comes up, don't pay any attention to it? Will you trust me that much?"

"Trust you? I don't get it."

"I mean hang onto your sense of humor, will you?"

She shook her head. "Are you as complex as you talk? What's it all about?"

"The Hotel Niagara," Henry said. "Nine o'clock. I'll explain when I see you."

She hesitated, then turned toward the door. She walked a few steps, turned and looked back at him. Then she smiled a little uncertainly, and went out. . . .

Henry felt that he should have told Julia about writing up that story of the blonde and the war dog robbing a bar in Queens, but if he had she would have been even more suspicious of what had happened to Rodney. She might have taken him along to the nearest precinct. How could you tell what a cop would do, of either sex? He glanced at his watch. It was nearly three o'clock. He had six hours. If he could find Olive Stone meanwhile and get to Abe Arnold through her, he could save his job. And if he could accomplish that, one way or another, he could explain it all to Julia when nine o'clock came. After all, the dog was the main thing with her, and he could get Rodney back from Mike Koski.

THERE was a taxicab at the corner. Henry gave the driver Mrs. Mahoney's address and when he reached the rooming house the landlady opened the door as he was getting out of the cab. Mrs. Mahoney was helpful. She had not noticed the license number of the cab Olive Stone had driven off in, but she said the cab was a Sky-Blue cab and the driver was a small man with a black mustache, wearing a leather windbreaker. She had heard him say he was about to pull in when Olive Stone hailed him.

If the cab was pulling in, Henry thought, the garage must be in the neighborhood. He asked his driver if he knew any near-by garages from which Sky-Blue cabs operated and told him to try them all. At the third garage the manager said a driver had pulled in at one o'clock who answered the description Mrs. Mahoney had given. He had signed out and gone home, but his sheet showed that his last call had been from Mrs. Mahoney's address to the Pennsylvania Station.

At least it was something to work on, Henry thought, but if Olive Stone had gone to the Pennsylvania Station she must have left town, and if she had left town Abe Arnold must have gone with her. He told his driver to head for Penn Station. When they arrived, and Henry paid his fare, he saw that it was nearly five o'clock.

He tried the ticket windows, pushing to

the head of each line and showing the snapshot of Olive Stone, but no ticket seller remembered selling a ticket to a woman resembling her. He tried the check rooms, and the second attendant he talked to studied the snapshot, scratched his chin and nodded.

"Yeah, I think I saw her. A redhead. Not bad-looking. Checked a suitcase?"

"That's right," Henry said.

"I remember she was in a hell of a hurry," the attendant said. "Started off without her check and I had to call her back."

Henry went to a telephone booth and called the Record-Star. When he got Mitchell, the city editor chuckled and said, "Well, hello. What's new on Rodney?"

"Mitchell, I'm working on the Abe Arnold case."

"I told you to forget that bum, Henry."

"But I'm getting somewhere," Henry said. "Abe has a girl friend named Olive Stone and she checked a bag in the Penn Station a little while ago. I'm in the station now."

"You think they're leaving town?"

"I think I can stop them, Mitchell. She'll be back for her suitcase and I can grab her."

"Henry, I want you on that dog story," Mitchell said.

"One thing at a time, Mitchell, please,"

Henry said. "This check room has to be watched until she shows up. I thought you might send somebody here to take over."

"I'll send the West Side district man over," Mitchell said. "When he gets there you come on in, Henry. And by the way, some dame has been calling you. I got the name here somewhere. Wait a minute. Yes, here it is. A Miss Andrews."

Henry's face was hot; he clutched the telephone. "Did she say what she wanted?"

"No. Said she'd call again."

Henry returned to the check room. Julia had surely seen a newspaper, but she had not blown her top, he thought. She had kept silent, so far. It was a generous thing to do, to say the least. That girl was all right, he thought. She was wonderful.

HE WAITED half an hour for Charlie Connors, the West Side district man, and the waiting tried his nerves. He had reached a dead end now; the only thing he could do was to hope that Olive Stone would show up. When Charlie Connors arrived, Henry gave him the snapshot and left the station. Connors was a rugged, short-spoken man, soured by twenty years of police reporting, but he was good. If Olive Stone returned, she would never get away from Charlie.

Henry started walking north on Seventh Avenue, and the air and the exercise made him feel better. He was walking with a swinging stride when he reached Times Square, but the bounce went suddenly out of his steps. The lights of the news tape moving around the Times Building were ticking out . . . Police search for war dog and woman who robbed bar in Queens. Army doubts was K-9 dog. . . .

He had started something, Henry thought, in that zany moment in that zany bar in Queens. He had really started something, and there was no way to stop it. As he turned toward the Record-Star building he thought that he was not quite ready to face Mitchell. He would need a couple of drinks before he faced Mitchell. A hair of the dog, he told himself, and shuddered.

He found Oscar at the bar, and before he had time to study the *plat du jour* that Oscar wore around his neck that day, the barman stared at him and said, "Where did you get that tie?"

Henry glanced down at the orange horse-shoes. "How do you like it, Oscar? I got it for you."

"For me?" Oscar was not enthusiastic.

"I want mine back," Henry said.

Oscar took from a drawer the gray knit tie Henry had traded him for the creation of blue cornflowers on a yellow field, the tie that Gus Pincus had now. It seemed a long time ago that they had made the trade, yet it was less than twenty-four hours. Oscar looked at Gus' tie, hesitated, then shrugged his shoulders and put it on.

Henry ordered a rye gag and had not yet felt the warmth of it when a low voice said behind him, "Well, that was very funny, Mr. Barton. Very funny, indeed."

He turned his head and looked into smoldering brown eyes. There was such high color in Bess Williams' cheeks that she had an exotic, poisonous look, like dangerous fruit. Her voice was under careful control.

"I went to the Bronx Park Station," Bess said. "I tried to bring back a bucket of steam, but they were out of coal. As a matter of fact, they didn't even have any left-handed wrenches. And as for dogs . . ."

Henry looked blank, and then he remembered. He had been caught between two blondes this morning in front of Nick's Bar and Grill and he had to keep the two apart. So he had told Bess that Julia Andrews was a reporter from the Courier and he had hustled Bess into a taxicab and sent her off to the Bronx Park Station to check a tip that police were holding a Doberman there. There had been no such tip.

Henry swallowed whisky and said, "No dog?"

"No dog," Bess said. "Just cops. A couple of dozen cops."

"How about a drink?" Henry asked.

"Did you ever notice I was a blonde?" Bess looked into the back-bar mirror.

He looked at her. "I noticed that the day I got out of the Army, Bess."

"I believe you noticed it particularly today," Bess said.

"What are you drinking?" "Something soothing. Say a glass of sherry."

"I noticed your eyes, too," Henry said. "I also observed your legs, Miss Williams. I saw that you were quite a dish, but it was like being in the Automat without a nickel, peering through the glass at a sandwich."

"A ham sandwich," Bess said. "You can skip the act."

"I'll have another rye gag, Oscar," Henry said. "A double rye gag."

"How am I going to pour a double rye gag?" Oscar said. "I fill the glass up as it is."

"Use two glasses," Henry suggested.

"I had trouble finding the Bronx Park Station," Bess said. "I wondered how in the world a dog would find his way there."

"Well, Rodney was a war dog," Henry said.

"I did find it," Bess said. "Rodney didn't." Her fingers closed on his arm. "You knew there was no dog at the Bronx Park Station, didn't you?"

"I had a tip," Henry said. "You've got to run down all the angles in this business, Bess."

"And your angle was that if a blonde showed up asking for a Doberman named Rodney . . ."

"My God!" Henry said. "Is that it?"

"Oh, don't bother to pretend surprise," Bess said. "I must say I was a naïve little lamb at the slaughter. It didn't dawn on me for some time. I walked up to the desk

sergeant and said, 'Where's the Doberman?' and he said, 'What Doberman?'"

Henry reached for the first installment of the double rye gag.

"So I said 'Rodney,' and he grabbed me by the arm and they started grilling me in the captain's office. I had to show my press card. I had to show my Newspaper Guild card, paid up, fortunately. Finally they let me call Mitchell. Now it's a big office joke, I'm sure, and so am I."

"Bess," Henry said. "I . . ."

"Go on upstairs and enjoy the big laugh," Bess said. "Mitchell is still holding his sides, probably."

"Bess, I'm floored," Henry said. "Honestly, it never occurred to me for a moment." He saw tears in her brown eyes and put his hand on hers; she snatched her hand away.

"Oscar, pour the lady another sherry," Henry said.

"It was a dirty trick," Bess said. "I suppose you cooked it up with that little blonde from the Courier."

"I swear I didn't."

"Why didn't you send her up there?" Bess said. "She's blond too."

"Heaven forbid," said Henry.

"In fact, it was disloyal to the paper," Bess sipped her second sherry. "It really was. You should have sent the blonde from the Courier, if you were going to send anybody."

HENRY put his hand on hers again, and this time she did not withdraw it. There were still tears in her eyes and her voice was unsteady. "I can take it," she said. "But I don't relish being the butt of cheap jokes like that. What good will that do me, just when I'm trying to sell myself on an assignment in Europe? It will ruin me."

"Honey, I'll see the managing editor," Henry said. "I'll tell him how it happened. I'll tell him you're just the girl to go to Europe, how you made a study of Bretton Woods, and . . ."

"Keep your nose out of it," Bess said. "Go on upstairs and have your big laugh."

"Bess, I wouldn't deliberately do a thing like that," Henry said softly. "I've been trying to get somewhere with you since the first day I saw you."

"No, you haven't. You've been trying to break me down. You're one of these male chauvinists. You can't stand ambition in women. It hurts your masculine pride."

"I think you're swell, Bess," Henry said.

"You're a lousy misogynist," she cried. "You're a poor woman's Schopenhauer."

She snatched up her bag and went back to re-tread her tear-stained cheeks. Henry watched unhappily as she passed among the tables and thought: Did he hate women? Was that the trouble with him? Maybe so, he thought. Women were trouble, any way you looked at them. Give them a typewriter

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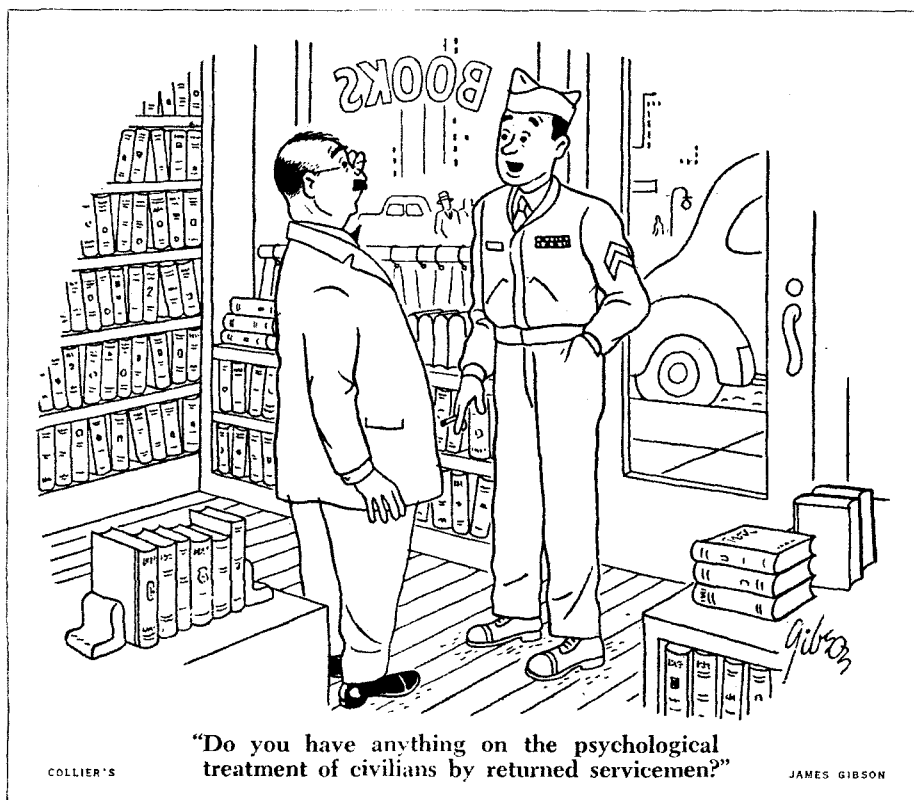
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"Do you have anything on the psychological treatment of civilians by returned servicemen?"

COLLIER'S

JAMES GIBSON

and they'd write your obituary; give them a gun and a badge and—Henry shuddered. He had better see about Rodney. He had better arrange to have the dog on hand when he met Julia at nine o'clock.

Bess returned, her complexion restored and a tight smile apparently painted on with lipstick. She took Henry's arm. "Let's go up. Mitchell wants to see you."

"Tell Mitchell I'll be up later," Henry said. "I got to see a man about a dog."

Bess went out of the bar and Henry called a waiter and ordered a sandwich. He ate it at the bar, with another rye gag for company, and when he had finished he glanced at the clock. It was past seven. He would have to hurry if he was to see Mike Koski, come back and contrive some sort of story about outlaw Dobermans for the first edition, and meet Julia by nine o'clock.

HE WALKED to Forty-ninth Street, and as he turned the corner he saw the sign—Hotel Niagara. He asked for Michael Koski at the desk and the clerk put in a call, said, "Go on up. Tenth floor."

When the elevator doors opened at the tenth floor a man was waiting, one hand in the pocket of his coat. He was a stocky man with a mottled red face and looked as if he had borrowed Gus Pincus' icy eyes. He looked Henry up and down and said, "This way."

Henry followed him along the corridor to room 1019. The man knocked twice and Mike Koski opened the door. Henry had seen his photograph often enough to recognize him. He was a soft man, with pinkish jowls and a gentle, friendly manner. There was dark curly hair around his ears, but the top of his head was bald. With an eyeshade on, he'd look like a copyreader, Henry thought.

"Come in," Mike Koski said. "I waited a long time for you."

Henry noticed Mike's eyes. They were the dark, distrustful sort that reflected a reform school education.

Henry said nervously, "I want to explain about that dog."

"Explain what?" Mike Koski said.

"I had to leave him with Gus," Henry said. "And I thought you might want to take a look at him."

"Take a look at who?" Mike Koski said.

"The dog," said Henry. "I came to tell you I'd pick him up at nine o'clock, if that's okay."

"Dog? What dog?"

"Didn't you see Gus Pincus?"

"What about Gus Pincus?"

Henry was puzzled. Had the cops picked Gus up with the Doberman? He should have called Mitchell to get the latest. He felt in his pocket for a cigarette, drew out an empty pack. He crumpled it in his fist.

"No cigarettes?" Mike Koski said. "Bennie, give him a couple cartons."

"Okay, Boss," the other man said. "What brand, Mac?"

"Any brand," Henry said. "Just one will do."

"Okay." Bennie took a carton of cigarettes from a drawer. "Here you are."

"I mean one cigarette," Henry said.

"Take the carton, Mac," Bennie said. "What the hell."

Mike Koski grinned. "I hate to see a man out of smokes," he said. "Need any red ration points?"

Henry shook his head. He opened the carton and took out one pack. It was a nice distinction, he thought, like the difference between petit larceny and grand larceny. If you stole more than a hundred dollars it was grand larceny; if he took the carton it was a bribe. But if he took only one pack it was a gift, and he needed it. He took the one pack.

"Let's get back to my dog," Henry said. "I gave him to Gus Pincus this afternoon. Gus said he was going to bring him here."

"Gus told you I wanted to see you, didn't he?"

"Yes."

Mike Koski stood looking steadily at Henry. "I wanted you to get the picture," he said. "I'm retired. I live a quiet life. Go to the races, dabble on the Street. Things are dif-

ferent now. The rackets is finished. You know that. I been retired a long time now and I'm gonna stay that way." He grinned at Henry. "I don't want to come out of retirement, see, because a newspaper and an assistant U.S. attorney get to smelling around. What are you after?"

"My dog," Henry said.

"You ain't funny," Mike Koski said. "I'm putting it to you nice. They got nothing on me. Because I handle big money and the banks been turning over guys with big bills to the O.P.A., they tried to hang a black-market rap on me and the income-tax people got to checking. They got nothing on me, but I don't like it. I had enough trouble, and I don't like newspaper reporters smelling around. I'm retired, see? So I think you better drop this line and drop it quick."

"Drop what line?"

"You know what I mean. Forget Abe Arnold."

"I'm just carrying out an assignment," Henry said. "I'm a newspaperman."

"What kind of assignment is that for the Record-Star?" Mike said. "It ain't dignified. For a tabloid, okay. But not for a paper like the Record-Star." He poked a finger into Henry's abdomen. "What happens if you

"You know what dog," Henry said. "Rodney. You read the papers."

"Oh, that dog," said Mike. "That phony dog."

"What do you mean, phony dog?"

"Phony story, I mean," Mike said. "Never mind that. We was talking about Olive Stone. Where is she?"

"What did you do with my dog?" Henry said.

"I never saw your dog, chum. What are you talking about?"

"Didn't Gus Pincus bring him to you?"

"No." Mike tapped Henry's shoulder.

"Let me give you a tip. If you know where Olive is, you'd better spill it. I don't want to get rough with you, Barton."

HENRY did not answer. He was thinking that Gus Pincus must have opened the door of his car and turned Rodney loose on the street. The police had probably picked the Doberman up by this time.

The telephone rang and Bennie answered it, nodded to Mike Koski. "For you, Boss."

Henry waited. He heard Mike Koski say, "Yeah?" and the racketeer's small eyes regarded Henry with an air of benevolence as he held the receiver to his ear. A grin spread

its functions were in full activity. The night city editor and his assistant were beginning to find order in the miscellanies the day desk had left over, the night rewrite men were on duty, and Mitchell sat at his desk, chewing a cigar.

As Henry walked across the city room a few heads were turned, and he saw Bess Williams jump up from her desk. She intercepted him and her anxious voice said, "Henry, I hope I haven't got you into a mess. Mitchell wants to see you."

"Oh," Henry said.

"If I have," Bess said, "I'm sorry."

Henry walked on. As he reached the city desk he called out brightly, "Heard anything from Charlie Connors?"

Mitchell did not glance up. He put his cigar carefully in the ash tray on his desk and said, "Sit down."

Henry noticed that Mitchell's ears were pink. His mouth was tight under the saturnine nose, his eyes were hard and his voice was icy. Henry sat down.

"I was wondering how you got this story, Henry," Mitchell said. "You were out working on another assignment. How did you happen to run into this story about a dog robbing a bar?"

"I stopped in that bar for a drink just after it happened," Henry said. "Why?"

"How many drinks did you have?"

Mitchell's eyes were a hundred miles away; they were the most distant eyes Henry had ever seen.

"I had a few," Henry said. He sensed what was coming and asked, "Did Miss Andrews call back?"

Mitchell shook his head and reached for his cigar. Henry brought out a box of matches, but the city editor disregarded it, felt for his lighter. Henry waited while the lighter sparked three times before the wick caught, waited while Mitchell lit the cigar.

"I had a talk with Bess Williams," Mitchell said, and blew out smoke. "Bess thought something was phony about that story. For instance, the guy who owns this barroom over in Queens said it never happened."

"The police blotter says different, Mitchell."

"So I talked to him on the telephone," Mitchell said. "He claimed there wasn't any robbery. He said some drunk dreamed it up."

Henry sucked in his breath, thinking fast. He nodded. "That's his story. The cops figure he's got some angle. He's afraid of publicity and the cops figure he's mixed up in some sort of racket, so he's trying to throw the story down."

"You're right about it being on the police blotter," Mitchell said. "I called up that Queens precinct."

Henry had begun to sweat. "The cop who reported it is named Joe Parelli," he explained. "You'll find him in the clips. He gave a ticket to the mayor a few years back and got in a jam."

"I know about Parelli," Mitchell said. "He's still in a jam." He looked at Henry. "I talked to the lieutenant. He said Parelli threw the story down, Henry."

Henry's mouth opened, but he had nothing to say.

"Parelli told the lieutenant that you reported the robbery to him, Henry," Mitchell said. "He said that's all he knows about it."

THE cigar had gone out and Mitchell jammed it into the ash tray. He put both his hands palms down on the desk and looked at them for a long time. At last he turned his head and Henry looked into the distant eyes. "Henry, what have you got to say?" Mitchell asked.

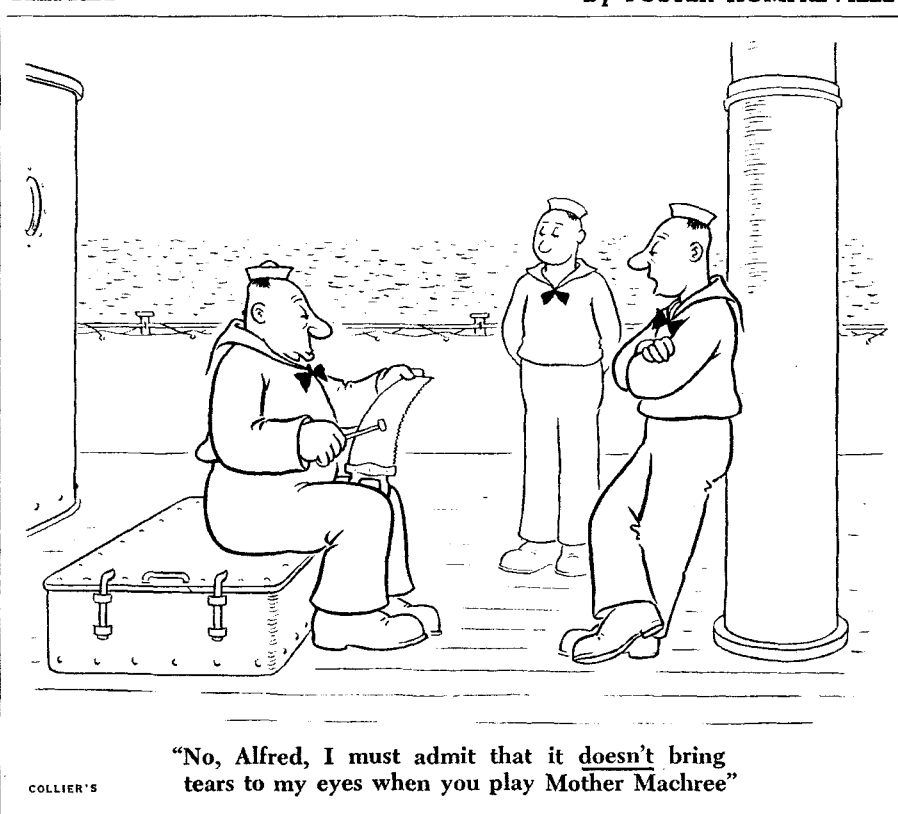
They had been good friends. They had drunk together at the bar downstairs. They had swapped stories, borrowed money. They had respected each other. Henry knew that Mitchell felt this as deeply as he did, and for him it was no time for alibis or explanations. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Henry, you've made the paper look bad," Mitchell said. "You know that if you're in the right I'll stick by you, no matter what happens. But the cop and the bartender say it never happened. Who is right, Henry?"

Henry felt the eyes of the staff on him; there was little work going on in the Record-Star office right now. He said quietly, "Come

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find him? You gonna get a ten-dollar bonus?"

"Maybe fifty," Henry said.

Mike Koski snorted and Bennie said, "No kid? Just fifty bucks?"

"Go ahead," Mike Koski said. "Find Abe Arnold, but find him for me. I'll pay you five grand."

Henry wet his lips, shook his head.

"Or I'll give you two grand to forget it," Mike Koski said. "Just report back, no soap."

"No dice," Henry said.

MIKE KOSKI sighed. "I don't like complications, Barton. I'm retired! I buy War Bonds. I'm a blood donor. I don't want no trouble." He shook his head with a sad air. "A friend of mine will do okay, but anybody goes against me, it's just too bad. Better think it over."

Henry grinned. "You can't intimidate my city editor," he said, but the grin was forced and the gag was stale and Mike Koski was not amused.

"You didn't ast him where the dame is, Boss," Bennie said.

"Yeah, Olive Stone was back to her room today," Mike Koski said. "Where did she go?"

"So you have talked to Gus Pincus," Henry said. "What about my dog? Where is he?"

"What dog?" Mike said.

his fat cheeks. Henry heard him say, "Where is she now?" Then his voice became incisive. "Okay, I'll send Bennie."

Mike hung up and stepped ahead of Henry to open the door into the corridor. He flipped a pudgy hand in casual dismissal. The light coming on his bald head from above made him look more than ever like a copyreader, minus eyeshade.

"I don't want no more interference," Mike said. "If things don't go my way I can be nasty, plenty nasty. Think it over."

As Henry went down in the elevator he was worried about the expression in Mike Koski's eyes and the way the other man kept his hand in his pocket, but he was more worried about Julia. He had promised to return the dog to her at nine o'clock and his inability to keep the promise disturbed him more than the thought of what the consequences would be. She had kept her promise, he reflected. She had not complained to Mitchell. Not yet.

The clock in the lobby of the Hotel Niagara showed that it was a quarter to eight. He still had an hour and a quarter, and a lot could happen in seventy-five minutes. Maybe Olive Stone had showed up in the Penn Station by now; maybe Charlie Connors had nabbed her. He started walking hopefully south toward the Record-Star building.

The Record-Star was a morning newspaper, and it was the hour of the night when



"But, darling, who says I'm playing second fiddle to a fish?" cried Elsie

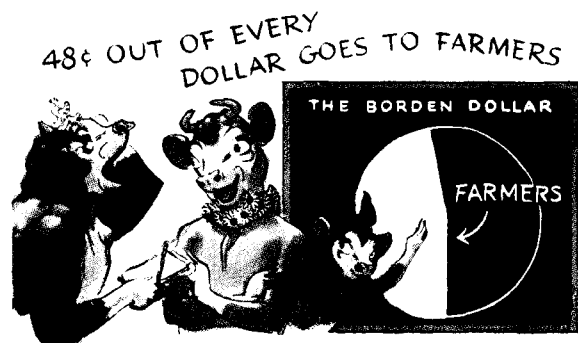
"FIGURE IT OUT FOR YOURSELF, WOMAN!" bellowed Elmer, the bull. "You're Elsie, the famous Borden Cow, *aren't you?* It says here that folks bought more things from Borden's in 1944 than ever before, doesn't it?"

"Yes, dear," answered Elsie, puzzled. "So what—"

"So what!" roared Elmer. "Do we—I mean *you* get a little extra something out of it? No! Borden's got \$410,000,000 for the goods sold to customers, and they start off by paying thousands and thousands of dollars to fishermen for *fish*! I thought Borden's was a milk company!"

"We're not just a milk company," smiled Elsie. "We supply folks with all kinds of fine *foods*. Lots of necessary things like vitamins, too. And that's where the *fish* come in! Valuable vitamins are extracted from fish livers, you know."

"Well, reel me in a vitamin!" mumbled Elmer. "And



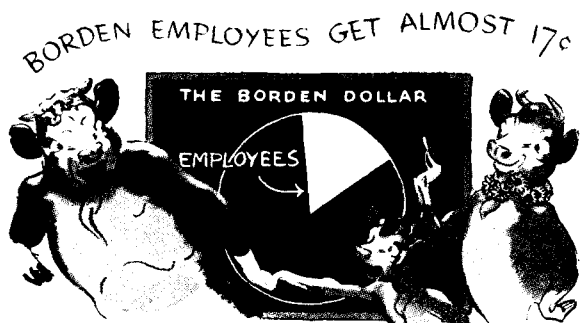
I always thought that everybody connected with the Borden Company wore milkmen's coats."

"Oh, dear," laughed Elsie, "over a hundred thousand of them wear overalls—or whatever it is farmers

wear! And I don't mean just dairy farmers. But also the farmers who grow things like soybeans and fruits, or sell us eggs. Do you know that in 1944 Borden's paid the farmers of the country about \$197,000,000?"

"Hey!" howled Elmer. "Borden's can't do this to us! \$197,000,000 is almost half the money they took in last year! It's forty-eight cents out of every dollar!"

"That's right, dear," smiled Elsie, "and don't forget, almost \$68,000,000 went to the 27,000 Borden employees. They took what the farmers sent us and made it into scores of delicious products such as Borden's Ice Cream, and Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, and None Such Mince Meat. Then there were the employees who

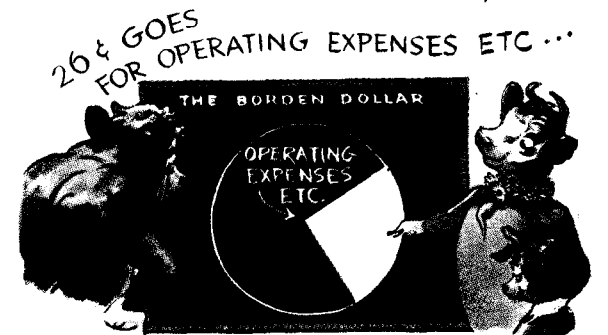


brought Borden brands to stores and to people's homes."

"Sixty-eight millions," laboriously figured Elmer: "that's about seventeen cents out of every dollar. And forty-eight plus seventeen equals sixty-five. And a hundred minus sixty-five leaves thirty-five. *Not bad!* Get your hat on, woman! We're going to Borden's and collect."

"Not so fast, dear," warned Elsie, "you've forgotten all about operating expenses. I mean the money paid out for sugar and other supplies, and bottles, contain-

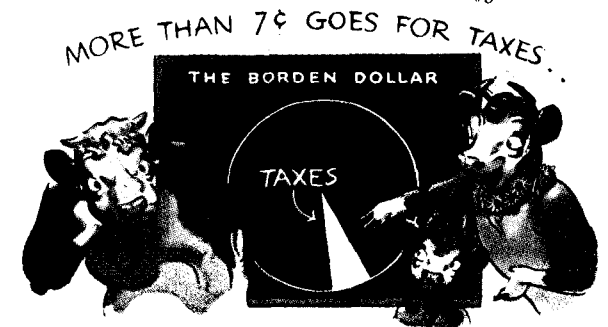
ers and packing materials. Then there's coal and power for the operation of plants, and gas and oil for trucks. And you mustn't forget rent, and telephones, and advertising and—oh, yes, repairs, and you know what they cost nowadays! Then you shouldn't overlook depreciation and reserves—the money that must be put aside to replace worn-out buildings and equipment, or to take care of unusual situations that are caused by the war.



All of this took more than \$106,000,000; or about twenty-six cents from every dollar."

"Whew!" groaned Elmer, "that dollar's getting punier and punier. Now, there's less than ten cents left."

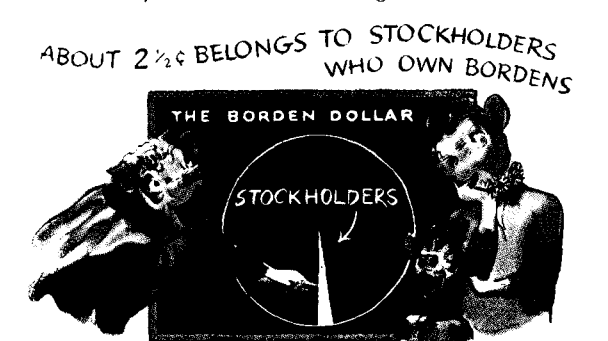
"Oh, no there isn't," corrected Elsie. "We haven't deducted the taxes yet. Last year for taxes, Borden's paid more than seven cents from every dollar it received. The total tax bill was more than \$30,000,000



and it was paid to the United States and Canadian governments, and to state and local governments wherever the Company operates."

"I don't want to think about taxes," snorted Elmer. "I want to think of what we're going to do with the measly 2 4/10 cents that's left. Still, I figure it totals up to exactly \$9,987,994 and that ain't hay! We can use it!"

"Oh, no you don't, Elmer," laughed Elsie. "That be-



longs to the stockholders. You know, more than 49,000 people own Borden's, and they're entitled to a fair return on their investment. Last year, their dividends amounted to \$7,267,990, or \$1.70 on each share of stock owned, while the rest—or 6 1/2 cents a share—was reinvested in the company. With so many people depending on Borden's for wonderful products and good jobs, we have to keep the company strong and help it grow. We can't let folks down, for you know what they say about us: *if it's Borden's, it's got to be good!*"

* * *

For copy of annual statement, write Borden's, 350 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York.



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Mr. Bell gets a Black Hand note

No sinister gang wrote the threat. It came from the carbon-blackened hand of Fred, the mechanic.

"Checked your car," it read. "Bearings are shot and valves are burned. Might get to your job next month, but can't find parts."

Mr. Bell needs that car . . . to get to work, for shopping, for taking the kids to school—why, he'd be *sunk* without it, he says.

It looks like Mr. Bell is sunk, then.

We're all nearing that state. The average car is 8 years old—the dangerous age. Repair shops have waiting lists. Parts are scarce or unobtainable. Our national transportation is in peril.

We have two barriers between us and trouble. First, the man who services cars with those unbeatable trouble-preventers—thoroughgoing care, and expert lubrication.

Second, superb lubricants. Like Veedol Motor Oil, world-famous friction fighter, made from 100% Pennsylvania crude. And the five Veedol chassis lubricants, used in a Veedol Safety-Check Lubrication job.

Your Veedol dealer can help protect your car . . . and your transportation. See him today. For your own sake. For your country's.

Remember, every car counts. *Yours* most of all.



Trust your car to Veedol—
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Some Grim Facts On the Car Situation



About 5,000,000 of the country's 29,000,000 cars have gone out of service since Pearl Harbor. 3,000 more cars fail every single day.

Bus and rail lines already are overcrowded, carrying 70% more passengers than in 1938.

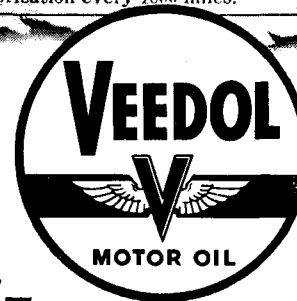
With less than 20,000,000 cars in service, our national transportation system will collapse.

If car manufacturing resumed tomorrow, it would take at least 4 years to fill the demand for new cars.

Guard YOUR car!

Get fresh Veedol Motor Oil every 1000 miles (or every 60 days whichever comes sooner). For complete car protection, get a Veedol Safety-Check Lubrication every 1000 miles.

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BUY WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS

downstairs, Mitchell. Let me buy a drink." "Is that all you've got to say, Henry?" Henry nodded.

"You can pick up your check in the morning," Mitchell said. "Henry, I don't like this business. I'm sorry I ever saw the inside of a city room. I don't like it. You want me to mail you the check?"

"Okay," Henry said. "Mail it."

"You're the last guy in this office I'd ever have expected . . ." Mitchell began, and picked up his cigar again. "Well, skip it."

A copy girl tapped Henry's shoulder. "Telephone, Mr. Barton."

Henry hesitated, looking at Mitchell. The city editor turned his back and fumbled for his lighter, chewing the cigar. Henry got slowly to his feet and went to his desk. He picked up the telephone and asked for his call.

A low voice said on the telephone. "Henry, this is Julia Andrews."

"Oh," Henry said. There was a pause, then the quiet voice went on, "I've called you a couple of times. I've been reading the papers, all the papers."

Henry sat down. The restraint in her voice was ominous, but it was simple now. He had been fired, and all the complications had magically disappeared. He no longer had to cover up.

"In the first place," Henry said, "I was tight last night. I was plenty tight, and you came in with your dog and I had a crazy idea and put it in the paper."

"Crazy is an understatement," the low voice said. "You mean I'm the blonde who was supposed to have robbed that bar?"

"I didn't use your name," Henry said. "I wasn't that crazy."

"You used Rodney's."

"Will he sue?" said Henry.

"It isn't so funny," Her voice was sharper. "Where is Rodney? What did you do with him?"

"I'm sorry," Henry said. "I'm not taking it lightly, I promise you, but I've been jumping around like popcorn on the fire all day, and I'm worn out. But let me explain: That story got in by mistake. It was sort of a gag. When I saw the paper this morning I went around to your place to explain, but you had that policewoman's look in your eye when I opened the door and I ran out of nerve. Then when I was leaving, Rodney got loose and . . . well, you know the rest. I've just been fired, if that gives you any satisfaction."

THERE was an instant's hesitation, then she said, "Why should that give me any satisfaction?"

"I don't know," Henry said. "I thought it might."

"You sound pretty low."

"I'm plenty low," Henry said. "Julia, you're a good guy. You could have called my city editor and made it even worse than it was. I appreciate it, and I'm sorry about all this, more than I can say."

It was the first time he had called her Julia; the name had come naturally to his lips. She said, "It's too bad you got in trouble, but you did do an idiotic thing. And look here, how about Rodney? Did Parelli find him?"

"I haven't heard from Joe," Henry said.

"Or—wait a minute." Her tone changed. "You didn't steal Rodney, did you?" She laughed almost at once. "I mean, what am I to think about this whole business?"

"Julia, I'll get your dog somehow," Henry said. "You meet me at the Niagara at nine o'clock and I'll give you a full report."

"All right, I'll be there. Maybe not by nine, though. Better make it half-past, Henry."

She had used his first name. He grinned, and he did not feel at all like a man who had just been fired. He said, "Thanks, Julia. For taking it this way. You're a good sport."

"I knew you were up to something, but I couldn't figure it out," she said. "Then that headline hit me right between the eyes. I feel furtive this minute. I feel like a criminal."

"You know," Henry said, "you did rob that bar."

"I what?"

"You held Nick up for a bag of bones," Henry said. "You sicked Rodney on him."

Julia chuckled. "You still trying to pin

it on me? Listen, I'm a policewoman, and don't you forget it."

"No," Henry said. "I haven't forgotten."

After he had hung up, Henry sat looking at the telephone. He was not as depressed as he had expected to be, and Julia was the reason for it. She had taken it well, and her voice had been a friendly voice and good to hear. He thought of her as he began clearing out his desk. One thing he wanted to ask her was why she had decided to be a lady cop, a beautiful girl like Julia, a friendly girl like Julia.

There were so few things to take—a couple of letters, a pencil or two. It was a disturbing thought that he was less permanent than the furniture. Reporters had sat at this desk before him and others would follow, and no mark of any would be left behind, besides a cigarette burn here, an initial cut there, or an old letter at the bottom of a drawer. Henry sighed. He had never been fired before.

He pushed the drawers shut and turned away. He walked slowly toward the city

She's a swell kid, Henry, and she feels pretty bad about it."

"It's okay, Sam," Henry said. "I don't blame Bess."

Sam held out his hand. "Well—good luck."

As they shook hands Henry heard a shout from the city room. He turned his head and saw Mitchell standing at his desk, waving the telephone.

"Henry, come here."

Henry looked at Sam. Mitchell shouted, "We've got another one, Henry. Miss Williams, come over here! Oh, oh, Miss Williams!"

HENRY went slowly toward the city desk and Mitchell's voice boomed in the office: "It happened again. Just knocked over a bar on Forty-ninth Street. It was a man this time."

Henry said, "Who knocked over a bar?"

"Rodney," Mitchell cried. "How do you like that? Rodney!"

Bess Williams was there, saying, "Come again, Mitchell."

GOOD SPORTS

The Sports

**Amnesia victim,
Portland, Oregon**

**Bus passengers,
Oakland, California**

**Blind man,
Stockholm**

**American soldiers,
New Guinea**

**Tavernkeeper,
Rushville, Nebraska**

**Carol singers,
England**

**Motorist,
Belleville, Illinois**

**Old age pensioner,
Salt Lake City**

The Sportsmanship

When he returned after seven years absence and found his wife remarried, he gave the pair his blessing and withdrew.

When their driver was fined \$3 for passing a red light, they took up a collection and paid it.

When he gained his sight after lifelong blindness, he said his wife looked exactly as he had imagined she would.

When they read that a Washington bellhop had found and returned \$2,800 and received a 10-cent tip, they sent him \$15, so he wouldn't lose faith in human nature.

He gave a quart of whisky to each purchaser of a \$1,000 War Bond.

When singing the Good King Wenceslaus carol for inmates of Wormwood Scrubs Prison, they omitted the verse beginning "bring me flesh and bring me wine" in deference to the vegetarians present.

He asked that his "C" gas ration book be reduced to "B" because he didn't drive much.

She returned a \$40 check, explaining that \$30 per month was enough for her.

—W. E. Farbstain

desk. Mitchell glanced up, then lowered his eyes at once. Henry said, "Mitchell, I still want to buy that drink."

Mitchell nodded. "I'll be down in a minute."

HENRY moved on. He had reached the elevator when he heard his name called. He turned and saw Sam Black coming toward him from his desk at rewrite. There was a look of concern on Sam's pale face.

"What happened, Henry?"

Henry held out his hand and turned his thumb down.

Sam shook his head. "I feel sort of responsible, Henry. After all, I wrote that story, and I had an idea you were pretty well oiled."

"I was oiled, all right," Henry said.

"I should have known it," Sam said. "I should have protected you. I'm sorry, but, Henry, I hope you don't hold it against Bess."

"Why should I hold it against Bess?"

"Well, she was burned up and she was complaining to Mitchell. She told me if she'd thought you really had faked the story, Henry, she wouldn't have said anything.

"Another robbery with a dog," Mitchell said. "Henry, I don't know what to say. It was a man this time, but he called the dog Rodney. He said, 'Guard 'em, Rodney,' and lined everybody up against the bar. Same dog, all right."

Henry was speechless. He stared at Mitchell.

"Henry, I'm sorry," Mitchell said. "I apologize. Dammit, why didn't you say something? Why didn't you put up a defense? Now get over there and work on it."

"I'm fired," Henry said.

"You're hired," said Mitchell. "Ten bucks a week more. Get over there, and take Bess along. Make it snappy. It's eight-thirty now. We got to have it for the first edition."

"Where is the place?" Henry asked.

"The Trocadero Bar on West Forty-ninth. Step on it."

"Come on, Henry," Bess said. "I apologize, too."

"A thing like this happens," Mitchell cried, "and where is our West Side man? Where is Charlie Connors? Watching a check room in the Penn Station!"

Henry walked in a daze back to the elevator with Bess. It couldn't be. There couldn't be two dogs named Rodney.

But what had Gus Pincus said? Mike Koski hadn't believed that story, Gus had said. Mike said you couldn't hold up no joint with a dog, Gus had said, and Mike had called it a phony story. So Mike had come out of retirement and put the story to a laboratory test. It explained why Mike had denied knowledge of the Doberman. It explained the run-around. And the Trocadero was on Forty-ninth Street, just a few doors from the Hotel Niagara.

The elevator did not drop as fast as Henry's stomach. Bess was saying, "Well, I certainly apologize, Henry. The whole thing did seem phony. It seemed too good to be true."

"It is too true to be good," Henry said.

"How's that?"

"Let's find a hack," Henry said, and hurried her to the street. . . .

The Trocadero was a small bar just off Eighth Avenue which dealt in cheaper liquors served to the music of a juke box. The juke box was stilled when Henry arrived with Bess, and two patrol cars were parked in front of the bar.

A policeman stopped them at the door. "Can't go in now."

"We're from the Record-Star," Henry said.

"I don't care where you're from. Keep moving."

A cop again. Henry was weary of cops, of either sex. Through the plate glass he saw a man he knew and shouted, "Hey, Bill!"

"What's the idea," the cop said.

"I want to see Bill Madigan," Henry said. "That detective in there."

BILL MADIGAN turned his head. He was a big man with a grin that was rather sheepish, as if he had just picked up the wrong glass from the bar, which he frequently did. He nodded and came to the door.

"Bill, we want to make an edition," Henry said. "This is Bess Williams, one of our reporters."

"Hello," Madigan said.

"What happened here, Bill?"

"It's a funny thing," Madigan said, scratching his chin. "You know, I read that story in the paper this morning and I thought: Well, that was out in Queens. Anything can happen in Queens. But here it is, in my own backyard. Same damn' thing. Same dog."

"You sure it's the same dog?" Bess asked.

"Must be. A big Doberman. About a seventy-five pounder. Weighed as much as the little guy with him, I expect. He says, 'Guard 'em, Rodney,' and the dog takes a point. There was a couple of tough sailors in there, but they wasn't tough enough to tangle with that pooch. They just put their hands up and let the little guy go through their pockets. Then he turned around and led the dog out to a car and drove away."

"How many in the bar, Bill?" Henry asked.

"A crowd," Madigan said. "It was some nerve. Practically daylight. Crowds on the street, too. It was some nerve."

"What did he look like?" Bess asked eagerly.

"Black. Brown patch on the hind leg."

"The man, I mean," Bess said. "The little guy."

Bill Madigan looked her over, smiled. "What does any little guy look like? Nobody ever looks twice at a little guy. Only thing about this one was his necktie."

Henry stiffened and there was a tickling sensation at the nape of his neck. Bess asked, "What about his necktie?"

"It was loud," Madigan said. "Plenty loud."

"Bess, we've got to make the edition," Henry said, and caught her arm. "Let's go."

"How loud?" Bess said.

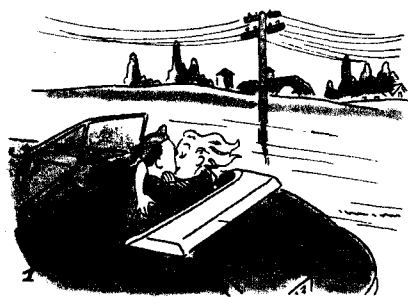
"Blue flowers on a yellow field," Madigan said. "A bright yellow tie. Fellow said the flowers was cornflowers."

"Now that's odd," Bess said. "Cornflowers on a yellow field, you said? Don't you think that's odd, Henry?"

"Let's get going," Henry said. "Thanks, Bill."

They started for the corner. Henry was pulling Bess' arm, but she drew back.

"What goes on, Mr. Barton?" she said in



a tone that held a menacing coo. "You had a tie like that last night. Where is it?"

"Home," Henry said. "I don't wear the same tie every day."

"You got it from Oscar," Bess said. "You made a trade."

"It was a similar tie, apparently," Henry said. "Let's call a hack."

"Similar?" said Bess. "Identical, you might say."

"Look here," Henry said. "I was sitting in the office when this job was pulled. What's the matter with you, anyhow?"

Bess nodded. "So you were."

They crossed the street to a taxicab stand in front of the Hotel Niagara. Henry pressed her arm and said. "Bess, I played a dirty trick on you this afternoon. I didn't mean to, but that's the way it worked out."

"Let's forget it," Bess said.

"No," said Henry. "I want to make it up to you somehow. Look, you go on in. Write the story. Mitchell will give you a by-line on it."

She hesitated, examining his face. "That's very generous, Henry." She shook her head. "Suspiciously generous."

"You got it all down?" Henry asked. "You used your eyes, didn't you? You can describe the place, I guess. Got the address?"

"Yes, yes, I have all that."

"Got the name of the proprietor?"

Bess bit her lip. "I didn't think of that."

"Well, neither did I," Henry said. "You cut for the office and start writing. I'll clean up the details and call in."

"All right."

"Do a good job, Bess," Henry said, and squeezed her hand. "Look, I'm for you. I want you to go to town."

"Gee, I do appreciate it, Henry."

HE BENT quickly and kissed her, and her brown eyes were soft as he turned to signal a taxi. He helped her in and she smiled as he shut the door. He had never seen such a smile on her face before, and he stared back at her. It was a sweet smile, almost tender, but there was a certain triumph in it, and he did not like it.

He turned slowly toward the Hotel Niagara. This thing had to be straightened out somehow. He had to see Mike Koski and talk it over before Mike got any more wild ideas. It was too late now to return Rodney to Julia Andrews, even if he had Rodney; that Doberman was too hot to handle. Henry decided he had better have a drink. He really needed a drink at this time.

The Niagara was a residential hotel, but its bar was a bid for the cocktail trade, a room of mirrors and polished glass and booths done in red leather. It was an off-Broadway hangout for elusive characters, and their furtive quality was communicated to the bar, which had a hushed air. A man felt like looking quickly over his shoulder when he entered the bar of the Hotel Niagara.

Henry eased himself onto a bar stool and was about to order when he glanced into the back-bar mirror and saw the reflection of a couple seated in a booth behind him. The man was a tall, well-dressed Broadway type, with graying temples and an extended profile—sloping forehead, long nose, and a long chin with a dimple in it. But Henry paid no attention to the man. He stared at the girl with him. She was Julia Andrews.

His impulse was to slip quickly out of the bar before she saw him, but he hesitated as soon as his feet were solidly on the floor. He looked at the clock. It was not nine-thirty yet; it was barely nine o'clock. He turned back to Julia. As soon as she saw the papers, with the story of Rodney's second

robbery, she'd be looking for him with her little thirty-two.

There was still a chance, Henry thought. If he told her all about it at once, before she knew all the facts, she might be a good sport about it. He had to take that chance.

Julia was smiling and the man was bending over the table, his long nose sloping like a greyhound's on the chase. Henry squared his shoulders, walked up to the table, and said, "Hello."

First he saw surprise in her blue eyes, then an odd, strained expression. She was frowning and he saw her shake her head almost imperceptibly.

"Excuse me," Henry said. "Julia, I want to talk to you. Privately."

The man with the long nose gave him a hostile stare.

"Do you mind," Julia said. "A little later, Henry. It's only nine o'clock."

"It's important, Julia," Henry said. "I wouldn't bust in like this if it wasn't."

"My dear sir," the man said, "this particular occasion is important to us."

Henry looked down at him and Julia said, "Mr. Barton—Mr. Glass."



"How do you do," Henry said. "It will only take a minute, Mr. Glass. It must seem pretty rude, but . . ."

"It's damn' rude," said Mr. Glass.

"Okay," Henry said, and his face was hot. "It's rude."

"Stop it," Julia said. "Henry, wait till later, please."

"Who is this guy?" asked Mr. Glass.

"Who are you?" said Henry.

One of Mr. Glass' eyebrows went up and his pale eyes looked coldly at Henry. "For your information, sir, I'm the young lady's fiancé."

Henry glanced at Julia. Her face was pink, and her eyes avoided his.

"Sorry," Henry said. "I didn't know."

"Now you know," said Mr. Glass. "Get the hell out of here."

"Now, listen," Henry said. "Don't get tough. I . . ."

"Stop it," Julia cried. "Percy! Henry!"

"You heard me," said Mr. Glass, and got to his feet. "Scram, brother."

Inordinate anger blazed in Henry. He hated Mr. Glass and he hated Julia and he hated the whole senseless mess he was in. He promptly made it worse.

He had not intended to slug Mr. Glass, but his fist shot out furiously toward the sneering mouth. He felt flesh and the sharpness of teeth on his knuckles and Mr. Glass collapsed. An instant later two huge hands caught Henry's shoulder and the barroom was filled with excited noise.

"You've ruined it," Julia cried. "Oh, you've ruined everything!"

"Outside, buddy," a deep voice said, and the big hands started pushing him toward the door.

"Julia, I've got to talk to you," Henry said. He looked back as he was being shouldered through the door. "Just remember," he called. "I tried to. Remember that, will you . . .?"

"Look what you've done," Julia said, and knelt beside Mr. Glass on the floor.

In the lobby the big hands released his shoulders and the deep voice said, "What did you butt in for, buddy?"

Henry swung around. "Who are you?"

"Never mind that. What did you want with the young lady?" The man was built in proportion to his huge hands, and Henry looked at his bulging neck and hard eyes and knew what he was.

Henry saw the night manager and two bell-

hops closing in. His face was flushed and his hands were still clenched. He nodded and said, "Hotel dick?"

"No."

"You're a dick, though," Henry said.

"Just move along, bud. You caused enough trouble."

"My God," Henry said. "How they stick together! Does every lady flatfoot have a flatfoot bodyguard?"

"I could pinch you for assault," the detective said. "Beat it."

Henry walked out of the hotel. There was one thing that troubled him. Why had he slugged Mr. Glass? The man had a perfect right to protest the intrusion. But he had a nasty manner; he was a nasty man. So that was the type, Henry thought, that appealed to a lady cop. The worldly type with nice manners and immaculate manicures and suspicious eyes. On second thought, Henry was glad he had slugged Mr. Glass. He couldn't make things worse than they were.

He remembered why he had entered the Hotel Niagara—to see Mike Koski. He turned back to the door, but the detective was there scowling at him. He went to the drugstore at the corner, telephoned the Hotel Niagara, and asked for Room 1019. Mike Koski answered the phone.

"This is Henry Barton," Henry said. "I want to talk to you."

"So you thought it over?"

"I'm calling about that dog," Henry said.

"What dog?" Mike Koski's voice was bland.

"You know what dog. The dog that just held up the Trocadero Bar."

"Is that so?" Mike Koski said. "He held up a bar?"

"He and Gus Pincus," Henry said.

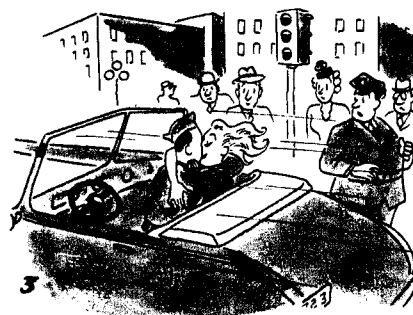
"You don't say," Mike Koski said.

"It's not that he's a bad dog," Henry said.

"It's the company he keeps."

Mike Koski chuckled, then hung up. Henry slammed his own receiver on the hook and walked disconsolately back to the street. Why argue? he thought. What difference did it make? There were too damn' many complications already.

He halted suddenly at the curb. A taxicab had stopped in front of the Niagara and a man was getting out. Henry recognized Bennie, Mike Koski's man, and with him was a slim girl who looked frightened. She



had the sort of red hair that had nearly black shadows in it and her eyes were gray and scared. Henry stood staring at her, frowning, and she and Bennie had gone up the steps of the hotel before he realized why he was staring. He had seen that face before, in the snapshot. She was Olive Stone.

Henry ran up the steps after them. They had passed through the revolving door and were moving across the lobby when Henry reached the door. He pushed against the glass and burst out at the other side—into the waiting arms of the detective.

"Where you going, sweetheart?"

"Let me go," Henry said. "I've got a right to come in this hotel . . ."

"You want me to take you in for assault? Outside!"

Henry shrugged his shoulders and went back through the revolving doors. Mike Koski had Olive Stone now. He had been one jump ahead of Henry all along, and he had probably had a half-dozen men looking for Olive. Henry remembered the telephone call in Koski's room and understood now that it had been news of Olive that had brought the friendly smile to Koski's face. But Mike didn't have Abe Arnold—not yet.

There was still a chance. He could wait until they came out, Henry decided, then follow them and see what happened. In an emergency he could always call the police.

But first he had his job to think of. He had to call in. He crossed the street and hurried to the Trocadero. The patrol cars had moved on and the detectives were gone. The place was jammed with customers still discussing the robbery. Henry picked up a few details from the barman, wrote down the name of the proprietor, and telephoned the Record-Star from the booth in the Trocadero.

"About time you called," Mitchell said. "Past the deadline. Who owned the joint? I'll pencil it in."

HENRY gave the name and Mitchell said, "Bess did a good job and we've been rushing it down in short takes. By the way, Henry, the thing that gets me is that necktie." "Yeah," Henry said.

"Where is it, Henry?"

"Where is what?"

"The tie you won from Oscar when we were playing the match game last night."

"I've got it at home," Henry said.

"That's a thought," Mitchell said. "What do you mean, home? Where is your home? We called you early this morning. No answer."

"I took a furnished room out in Queens," Henry said. "Base of operations for the Abe Arnold case." He gave Mrs. Mahoney's address, and there was a pause as Mitchell made a note of it.

Then Mitchell said, "Henry, where do you suppose he'll show up next?"

"Who?"

"Rodney."

"Mitchell," Henry said, "I found Olive Stone. Abe Arnold's girl friend."

"Great stuff," Mitchell cried. "Why didn't you say so? Where is she?"

"But Mike Koski found her first," Henry said. "She's up in Mike's place in the Hotel Niagara. I'm waiting for her to come out."

"That sounds bad," Mitchell said. "I'd better call the cops."

"And lose the story? Let's play along a while, Mitchell. I'll stick around, and suppose you send somebody up to help me. We'll tail her when she comes out, and maybe we'll get somewhere."

"All right," Mitchell said.

"Send somebody good," Henry said. "And you can call Charlie Connors off the Penn Station."

He hung up, and as he stepped out of the booth someone tapped his shoulder. He turned. Mr. Glass stood there, scowling at him. His lips were puffy and his voice sounded swollen, too.

"I want to talk to you," he said. "I followed you over."

Henry shrugged his shoulders. "I shouldn't have slugged you," he said. "I'm sorry about that."

"Come up to the bar," said Mr. Glass. "It's okay. I'll buy a drink."

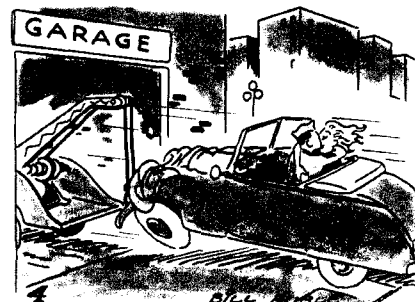
"The drinks are on me," Henry said. He was taking it very nicely, this Mr. Glass. It was extraordinary.

"You know how it is," said Mr. Glass over a jigger of rye. "A guy don't like a stranger coming up and making a pass at his fiancée."

"A pass?" Henry said. "I wasn't making a pass. I had a date with her at half-past nine."

"A date?" said Mr. Glass. "She never spoke about you. I had a date with her tonight."

"Oh, well," Henry said. "It was just business with me. A case she's mixed up in. How about another round? Same for you?"



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THEY ARE THE ONLY PALE ALE IN THE

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Hop out of bed HAPPY

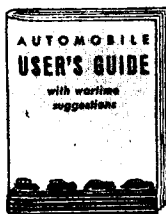


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"Same," said Mr. Glass. "But this is my round. What do you mean, a case?"

"Police stuff," Henry said.

Mr. Glass' eyes opened wide, then nearly closed. "I don't get it. Police stuff? What are you talking about? She in trouble?"

"Not that I know of," Henry said.

"What do you mean, police stuff?"

"Well, she's a cop," Henry said, and picked up his glass.

"You kidding?" said Mr. Glass. "She's no cop."

"Huh?" said Henry.

"She's a stenographer," said Mr. Glass.

"Where do you get this cop stuff?"

"That's what she told me," Henry said.

"Look, I don't know. I only met her last night."

"She told you she was a cop?" said Mr. Glass. He shook his head slightly. "Well, you never know."

"She packs a thirty-two," Henry said. "I know that."

"She what?" said Mr. Glass.

"She packs a gun," Henry said.

"What did you say your name was?" said Mr. Glass.

"Barton. Henry Barton."

Mr. Glass put out his hand. "Shake, pal."

They shook hands. Mr. Glass was grinning happily. "You want to do me a favor?"

Henry looked at the puffy mouth. "All right."

"Next time you see the little lady, give her a message, will you? Tell her I was called away. Tell her I hadda go to Chicago to see my draft board."

Mr. Glass slapped Henry's shoulder and walked jauntily out of the bar. Henry started to follow, but the barman called him back. Mr. Glass had departed without paying for his round of drinks. Henry paid, and went on to the street.

HE WALKED slowly back to the Hotel Niagara, and as he crossed the street he found Julia Andrews standing on the hotel steps. When she saw him her eyes blazed.

"Henry," she cried. "Wait a minute." She ran down the steps. "Of all the clumsy morons! What got into you?"

"I'm sorry," Henry said.

"I've spent weeks trying to catch that man. Weeks! Then you walk in and sock him on the chin and all you can say is you're sorry."

"He got me mad," Henry said. "I couldn't help it."

"I've had trouble ever since I saw you," Julia said. "My dog, now this. Please get out of my way. Get out of my life."

Henry was beginning to understand. He gulped and said uneasily, "Who is this Mr. Glass?"

"Percy Glass is a crook," said Julia. "Percy Glass, alias Percy the Wolf, alias Percy Etcetera. His business is preying on women he meets through matrimonial bureaus and my business is to catch him. It was all set. I had my life savings in my pocket-book to hand over to him and a detective was waiting outside to make the arrest. Then you walked in and spoiled it."

"I've got a talent for that sort of thing," Henry said hollowly.

"Now I suppose he's skipped," Julia said. "He excused himself for a minute, to repair the damage, and he didn't come back."

"I saw him," Henry said. "He left a message. He's gone to Chicago."

Julia gasped. "I bet you told him I was a policewoman!"

"Julia," Henry began. "I . . ."

"You did, didn't you?"

"I'm afraid I did," Henry said. "But look, how was I to know? Anyhow, you did have a date with me at the Niagara."

"At half-past nine," Julia said. "Why couldn't you wait until then?" She groaned. "Oh, I suppose it's partly my fault. He asked where we should have a drink and I suggested the Niagara. I thought we would make the pinch and then I'd meet you. Kill two birds with one stone. But I should have known. . . . Why didn't you wait until half-past nine?"

"I came here on other business," Henry said. "Remember, I told you I was looking for a girl named Olive Stone? I found her. She's upstairs, in this hotel."

Julia gave the hotel façade a glance of dis-

belief that must have abashed the bricks. To an animate, sensitive being the glance was a terrible thing.

"Mike Koski got to her first," Henry said. "She's upstairs in his room."

"You know, I'm beginning to wonder," Julia said. "Is all this some elaborate kind of hocus-pocus to make me forget my dog? You have a lot of explaining to do, Mr. Barton."

"Come over to the curb," Henry said. "Let's get out of the traffic. Julia, this is going to take a little time. Just let me talk, will you?"

"I'm listening."

They stood at the curb and Henry put his hand for support on a Bus Stop sign. "You've been a good sport, Julia," he said. "I want to thank you for that. I hope you can keep your sense of humor. You see, I . . ."

A voice was calling, "Henry!" He turned and saw Bess Williams getting out of a cab.

"Mitchell sent me," she called as she paid the fare. Her feet barely touched the pavement as she came across to them. "The story made," she said. "All of it. Gee, I haven't thanked you enough. Mitchell gave me a by-line."

She carried a newspaper under her arm and Henry glimpsed a headline that made him shiver. Bess smiled at Julia. "Hello,"

the street. Julia had moved out of sight. Where? Henry thought. To call a cop? But she was a cop.

Bess withdrew her hands, still smiling. "But, Henry, why the little blue-eyes from the Courier? How does she happen to crowd in?"

"The little blue-eyes isn't from the Courier," Henry said. "The little blue-eyes is a policewoman."

"A cop!"

"A lady cop," Henry said. "Bess, I'd better go. They know me. But you wait here for Olive. Watch the elevators."

"Henry, let me say something," Bess said. "I was kind of silly. I said I didn't care about chasing missing witnesses and that kind of thing. I feel differently now. It's fascinating. It's exciting!"

HENRY'S smile was wan. He went slowly back to the street. Julia was standing against the show window of the corner drug-store, reading the story by the light of a truss display. Her eyes were neon lights indeed. He went up to her. "Don't ask me how all this happened."

She looked up from the paper and his voice stuck in his throat. She stared at him, and glanced again at the headline, and her voice had a low, awed sound. "You do things in



she said. "The blonde from the Courier. Is the Courier in on this, too?"

"Bess, hop into the lobby," Henry said. "Can you imagine?" Bess said to Julia. "This woman-hater actually gave me a break."

"So he's a woman-hater?" Julia said.

"He's a stinker," Bess said. "But he has his soft side." She smiled at Henry. "I'd rather be hated by Henry than adored by some guys."

"Inside, Bess," Henry said. "Watch for Olive, and if you see her coming out, give me a signal."

"How will I know her? What does she look like?"

"She looks scared," Henry said. "She has red hair. A black hat. Gray tailored suit. She . . ."

"Wait a minute," Julia cried. "Let me see that paper!"

"Hurry, Bess," Henry said, and caught her arm.

But Julia had the paper and was staring at the headline: RODNEY RIDES AGAIN. Henry hurried Bess up the steps and through the revolving door. In the lobby he caught both her hands.

"I talked to Mitchell on the phone, Bess," he said. "He told me you wrote a swell story."

"Did he?" Bess smiled happily. "Henry, I do appreciate your throwing it my way. I mean if you're a woman-hater, just keep on hating me, will you?"

"Well, I wanted to make it up to you," Henry said. He glanced fearfully toward

a big way, don't you? Good heavens, you're unique!"

"Wait a minute," Henry said. "I didn't rob the Trocadero. Get that out of your head. It was Mike Koski. He has your dog and he pulled that stick-up."

She shook her head. "You can't talk your way out of this."

"One of Mike's boys did it, that is," Henry went on. "Gus Pincus is his name."

"How did he get the dog?" Julia asked, watching him. "How did he get Rodney? You're slipping."

"It was this way," Henry said. "Gus Pincus was hanging around near Nick's this morning and he told me Mike didn't believe that story. He didn't believe it was possible to hold up a bar with a dog, like you did."

"Like I did!"

"Like the story said you did," Henry said miserably. "Julia, I found Rodney, and I asked Gus to take care of him for me until I got in touch with you. Gus disappeared with the dog. I didn't tell you before because I expected to get Rodney back from Gus. But he took him to Mike and they tried it out. They robbed the Trocadero. They must have. That's the kind of guy Mike Koski is. He's got a scientific mind."

Julia's foot tapped the sidewalk. "I think you'd better make your explanations at the nearest precinct, Mr. Barton. I think I ought to put you under arrest."

"On what charge?"

"Robbery," Julia said. "Robbery with a dog."

"I doubt if you'll find it in the book,"

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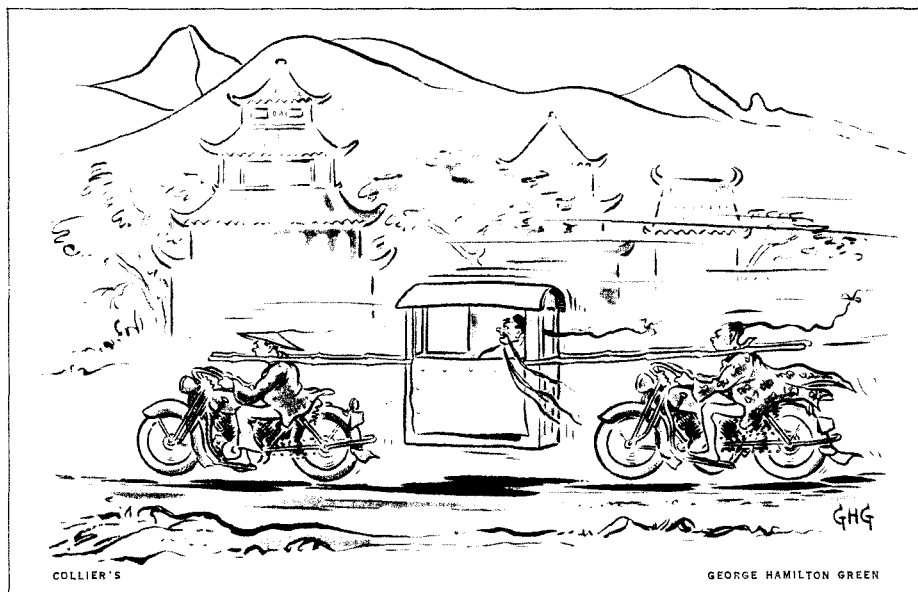
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Henry said. "Anyhow, I've got an alibi for that."

"Stealing a dog, at least. Petit larceny." "Julia, be reasonable. Why should I steal your dog?"

"Anyhow, it's libel. It's slander." "You can't arrest me for that. You can just sue."

"On suspicion then," Julia said.

"Suspicion of what?"

"I'm suspicious of everything you do," Julia said. "I'll bet you have a record as long as my arm."

BESS WILLIAMS came running down the steps. "Olive Stone's in the lobby, Henry. There's a man with her."

"You sure?"

"She fits the description," Bess looked curiously at Julia. "So you're a lady cop?"

"Miss Williams," Henry said. "Patrolman Andrews."

"Bess Williams?" Julia asked.

"Yes. Why?"

"I was just reading your story," Julia said. "All about Rodney. You had one thing wrong."

"Wrong?" said Bess. "What was wrong?"

"You said he had a brown spot on his left hind leg," Julia said. "It's his right hind leg."

"How do you know?" Bess' eyes were big. "She's a cop, isn't she?" Henry said hastily.

"Here they come. Step back." He pulled the girls back from the curb.

Olive Stone came down the steps with Bennie and looked nervously around her. Bennie's hand was closed tight on her arm and he propelled her across the sidewalk to a cab. He pushed her in and got in after her.

"Bess, there's a telephone in that drug-store," Henry said. "Call Mitchell. Tell him I'm following Olive Stone."

"Yes. Then what do I do?"

"Go back to the office," Henry said. "Wait for a call." Before Bess could answer, he raised his hand to an approaching cab and caught Julia's arm. "Come on."

"Where?"

"After Olive. I need you, Julia."

Julia hesitated, then got in the cab. Henry told the driver to follow the cab ahead and as the taxi moved away he saw Bess Williams standing on the sidewalk, looking after them. On the corner a newsboy had begun shouting, "Read all about it. Rodney Rides Again."

"Julia, you've got a heart, haven't you?" Henry said. "You saw that kid, didn't you? She's in deep. She's scared to death, and we've got to do something about it. The man with her is one of Mike Koski's boys. Mike calls him Bennie."

"That would be Bennie Smith," Julia said. "He's done plenty of time."

The cab ahead was moving fast down Eighth Avenue. They passed Forty-second Street, turned east on Thirty-eighth.

"They're heading for the tunnel," Henry said. "Headed for Queens. I'm afraid Olive is leading the way to Abe Arnold and, Julia, we've got to stop it. You know what will happen if Mike Koski gets Arnold first."

"Look here," Julia said. "Why are you doing this? I thought you were fired."

"I got my job back," Henry said. "On a

temporary basis. It's up to you whether I keep it."

"I don't want you to lose your job," Julia said. "That is, I suppose I don't. I don't know."

The cab ahead turned toward the entrance of the tunnel. "It's Queens, all right," Henry said.

"One thing I can say," Julia said. "Plenty goes on when you're around. It's exciting, at least, even if it's all fantastic."

They came out of the tunnel and breathed the night air of Queens. A dimmed street lamp showed him her flushed face and bright eyes. She smiled at him.

"Have you got your gun?" Henry said.

"Yes."

"We've got to get Olive Stone away from Bennie, and then she'll lead us to Abe Arnold. We'll break this case together, you and me. How about it?"

Julia nodded. She leaned forward and said to the driver, "The next time that cab stops for a light, pull alongside."

"Give me the gun," Henry said.

"I'll handle it," she smiled. "I wouldn't trust you with a gun, Henry." Her voice was crisp and sure. "When we pull alongside, Henry, you get out the other door and hop around to the far side of that cab. You got that?"

"Yes, but . . ."

"I'll take care of the rest of it," she said confidently.

A man couldn't feel strong and masculine around a lady cop, Henry thought. He felt somewhat helpless.

"Catching a red light now," the driver said.

"Then pull alongside," Julia ordered, and Henry saw the shine of a street lamp on the barrel of her thirty-two.

THEIR cab rolled silently up beside the other taxi, and Henry saw Julia lean out with the gun in her hand. Her sharp voice snapped, "I'm a police officer. Don't move."

Henry jumped out the other door. He had a glimpse of Bennie's blank face. He ran around behind the two cabs, and when he got to the other side he collided with the open door. He swore, and stepped back, and saw a girl running swiftly along the street ahead of him.

"Catch her, Henry," Julia shouted.

Olive Stone had a good start and the Roosevelt Avenue subway station was less than a hundred feet away. She was out of sight down the steps when Henry reached the top of them.

As he came down on the concrete below he saw her pushing a nickel in the turnstile. He dashed after her, fumbling in his pocket for a coin, a well-regulated habit that slowed his steps. He had no nickel, and vaulted over the turnstile.

An attendant shouted, "Hey, you!" and Henry ran down another flight to the subway platform and saw the doors of a train closing and saw Olive Stone's white face looking at him from the other side of the glass. Then a guard had him by the shoulder and he watched Olive's pale face wafted away as the train started.

"Longest ride in the world for a nickel," the guard said. "You can't even spend a nickel. Upstairs, bum."

"I didn't have a nickel," Henry said.

"We pay taxes to keep the subways running for a nickel," the guard said. "You think we pay taxes to give free rides to bums like you?"

"Look, I only wanted to catch that girl," Henry said.

"What girl?"

"She got on that train."

The guard shoved him through the exit gate. "I'll let you go this time. Put your nickel in and come through the turnstile."

"I'm not going anywhere," Henry said, and walked away.

THERE was a crowd around the two taxicabs at the corner, and in the center of it Julia stood with Bennie Smith. She still held the gun in her hand. Henry pushed his way through to her.

"She got away. Made the train just ahead of me."

"Can we catch her at the next station?"

"She's out and away by now," Henry said. "But at least Mike Koski hasn't got her."

"What's the idea?" Bennie said. "Can't a guy take his girl for a ride?"

"She wasn't your girl," Henry said. "She was Olive Stone."

"Don't make me laugh," Bennie said. "That was Mazie Martin. She's my girl."

Julia looked at Henry.

"I'll sue you for false arrest," Bennie said. "A citizen's still got some rights in this country." His voice was loud. "I was just riding a cab with my girl and this dame comes along and pulls a gun. Somebody call a cop."

"I'm a cop," Julia said, and pulled her shield out of her bag.

"So you're a cop," Bennie said. "What right you got pulling a rod on me? I'm minding my business. I'm a citizen."

"Beat it," Julia said. She looked again at Henry and the expression of her blue eyes worried him. She motioned to their cab and said, "Get in."

Henry got in, and she followed, the gun still in her hand. She called to the driver to drive on.

"Put that gun away," Henry said.

"So," Julia said. "That was Olive Stone."

"Yes, it was."

"Let me see that snapshot again."

"I don't have it with me," Henry said.

"Look, you don't believe that story, do you? Taking his girl for a ride! It was a ride, all right."

"You made a fool of me," Julia said. "I've had enough of this."

The driver turned his head. "Where to?"

Julia called out her address. There was a long pause, then Henry said, "Julia, it was Olive Stone."

"I don't care who it was," she said. "I've had enough."

"It was Olive Stone, and now she's going

to do a disappearing act again," Henry said.

"Wherever she was living, she's moved, and so has Abe Arnold. But Mike Koski hasn't got him yet, and there's still a chance."

"I'm not interested," Julia said.

"I've got an angle," Henry said. "I know where she buys her cigarettes. The way things are now everybody has to establish a source for cigarettes and Olive will hang onto the one she's got. I know where it is, and the chances are she'll show up for a pack. It's a drugstore right around the corner from your place. We might catch her there in the morning."

"What do you mean, we?"

"I mean us," Henry said firmly. "I mean you're going to help me. You saw the look on that kid's face. You're not going to drop it just because of me, are you?"

"I don't know," Julia said. "If all this crazy story is true, what am I going to do about my dog?"

"I'll see Mike Koski about it."

"Henry, this is all so ridiculous," Julia said. "Why should a man like Koski rob a bar with a dog?"

"Somebody did it," Henry said. "Somebody has Rodney."

Her eyes were angled toward him. "Are you sure it isn't you?"

He could not tell whether she meant it or not. He said quickly, "I'll get hold of Bill Madigan. He's the detective handling the Trocadero robbery and he's a friend of mine. I'll tell him the story and he'll find Rodney."

She hesitated, said, "Won't that get you into trouble?"

"It will get Rodney back," he assured her gravely.

"Henry," she said slowly, "I don't like to put you on a spot, but I've got to get my poor dog back."

"Honey, I haven't done anything criminal," Henry said.

"I don't want you to lose your job," Julia said. She seemed sympathetic, and not at all like a lady cop. Her smile was gentle and she said softly, "You have had a terrible day, haven't you?"

"Parts of it have been bright," Henry said, and squeezed her hand. He felt a slight pressure of her fingers in return and looked down into her eyes. They were dark and appealing in the dim light and he followed his impulse once again. He put his arm around her and bent his head and his lips met hers.

THEY were soft lips, warm lips, and they were thoroughly unofficial. There was nothing departmental about that kiss, but Henry was suddenly overcome by the enormity of it and fell back against the cushions.

Neither spoke. His arm was still around her, but he was reluctant to withdraw it and hesitated to do anything else with it. He let it stay there.

There was silence. A nerve began to throb in Henry's arm. The cab turned a corner and



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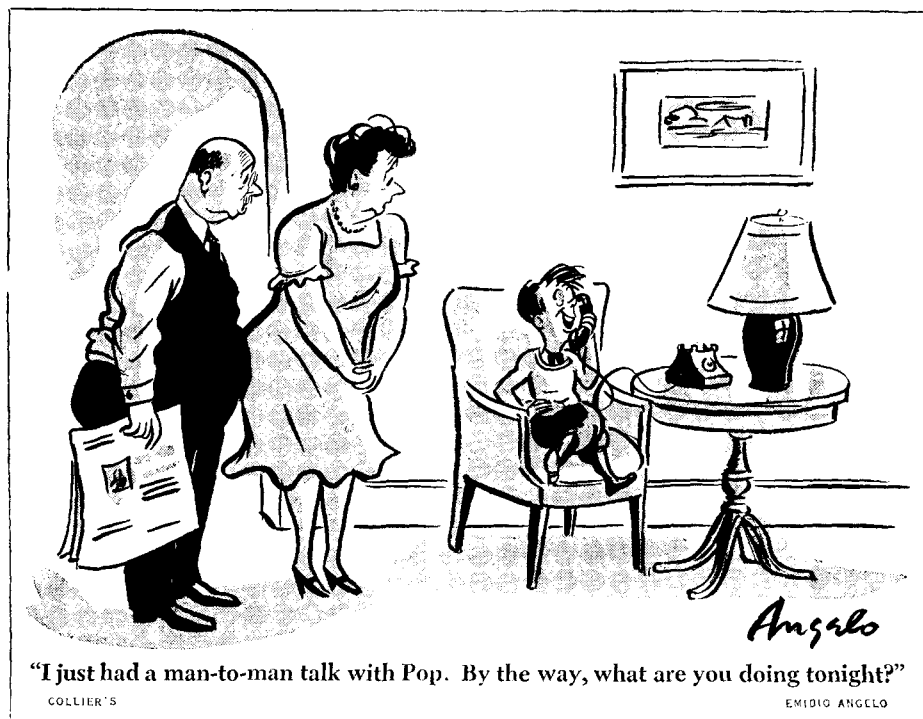
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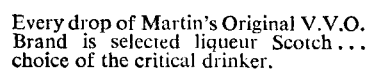
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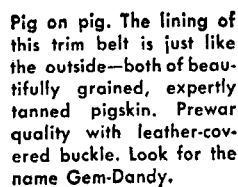
"I just had a man-to-man talk with Pop. By the way, what are you doing tonight?"

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"But you'll stick with me, won't you? You'll go on working with me on this?"

It had worked out fine, Henry thought. It had worked out perfectly. The morning had been one of the blackest in his life and now,

Rodney was back, hotter than ever.
(To be concluded next week)



Continued from page 19

Due to a number of obvious reasons, the new cars—the 1948s—will cost you from 15

Industrial War Ahead?

At the moment the automotive industry is sweating it out. It is waiting for the government to show signs of a definite reconversion policy. This is of more immediate importance to the industry as a whole than what cars will look like and what they'll cost. There are no precedents for such reconversion. While we suddenly chopped off munitions-making at the conclusion of the

The jeep has become an American Pegasus, winged, muse-rousing, the G.I.'s mountain-soaring and river-leaping charger. The automobile industry's jeep-makers are still squabbling about who made the first one, who gave it its deathless name. We didn't listen to them long. We were already a member in bemused standing of the CAIC.

THE END

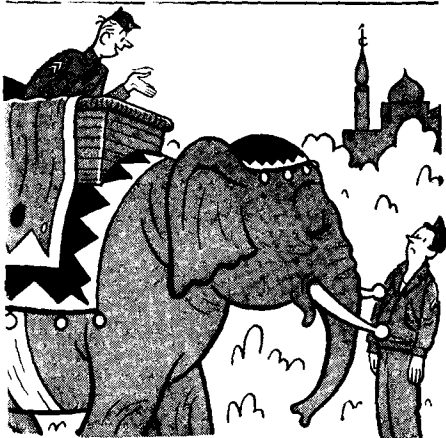
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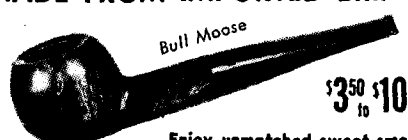
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The Rule of the Order

Continued from page 20

walls. An armored knight, holding his helmet, met the disapproving gaze of a gray-robed monk. The knight's hair fell to his shoulders; the monk was completely bald.

Abbot Charles gathered up the curtain that separated the big room from the cell. "You can wait in here," he said. "You will be able to hear what is said. And when the time comes to hide, leave by the hall door. You know the way to the cellar."

"I know," Schulber said. He put the automatic beside him.

Abbot Charles let the curtain drop into place and sat down at his desk. He said a short prayer, and waited. When Brother Basil knocked he was calm and ready.

Three men came into the room. Brother Basil waited for the Abbot's nod of dismissal, then withdrew.

ABBOT CHARLES gazed at his visitors. Two were American soldiers with the helmets and arm bands of the Military Police. The Abbot recognized the third man, a slight dark youth in the shorts and shirt of the French army.

"Gaston," said Abbot Charles. "Gaston Perrigord, is it not?"

The youth nodded in greeting. He had a strap over one shoulder, and the round barrel of a gun showed beside his head.

One of the Americans wore the twin bars of a captain on the tab of his collar. He was a sturdy man, neither tall nor young, with a heavy chin, and deep-set, tired eyes. He saluted and spoke in slow, careful French: "Monsieur l'Abbé?"

"Yes," said the Abbot in English. He smiled, and went on, "It would be pleasant to converse in your language. I get little chance."

"Thanks," said the captain, relieved. "It does make it easier. We didn't use French much in the Michigan State Police." He smiled. "My name's Richardson, Reverend."

"Father," corrected the other American. Richardson scowled. "Corporal Grogan, Father. And you know Lieutenant Perrigord."

Abbot Charles said: "Lieutenant, Gaston? You have risen in the world since the days when you were our guest."

"Then, I was hunted," said Gaston. "Now, I hunt."

"Here? In the Abbey?"

Captain Richardson swallowed uncomfortably. He glanced first at one portrait, then at the other. He brought his gaze back to the Abbot, wet his lips, and said: "I'm afraid we'll have to ask a few questions. You see—we're looking for a man."

"A Nazi," said Gaston.

Abbot Charles was very still. He had to fight a desire to look toward the curtained doorway. But his voice was unruffled, interested: "A straggler left behind?"

"No," said Richardson. "Not this one. His name's Kurt Schulber. He was Gestapo commander for this district during the occupation. About forty. Average height. Brown hair and eyes."

Gaston said: "You know the man, M'sieur l'Abbé. He came here searching for Maquis."

"Yes," said the Abbot, nodding. "I know the man. I heard he was captured."

"He was. But he got away." Richardson rubbed his chin. "In three days. That was months ago. This Schulber's still around. Close."

The Abbot's throat was very dry. He could imagine Schulber hunched forward, listening, his knuckles white as he gripped his gun. "Close?" asked Abbot Charles.

Richardson nodded. "In this valley. We've a cordon around it. Have had for three weeks. We've been expecting him to try a break-through. But he hasn't. That means he's found a place to hole up in. You follow me, Father?"

"I think so. Yes."

"All right. Figure it. The man's a Nazi, known around here, and hated. Nobody'd hide him except at the point of a gun. And even then they'd talk unless he killed them.

And if he'd killed anyone we'd know by this time. So—we want to know if he's here, Father."

It was well done. The change of voice on the last sentence was as sudden as a slap. But Abbot Charles was trying to hear movement beyond the curtain, and it was a full second before he realized what had been said. That, and the way all three watched him, made the Abbot wary. He said: "You mean here in the Abbey?"

"Yes." If Richardson was disappointed he didn't show it. "Lieutenant Perrigord, here, told me about this place. The Order of Protectors. How you take in anybody. Always have. And I'm asking: Is Schulber here or isn't he?"

The Abbot took his time answering. He had a half hope that Schulber would mistrust the silence, panic, and settle the problem. But there was still no movement behind the curtain. Abbot Charles said, "You would take my word, Captain?"

The deep-set eyes narrowed. Richardson's lips pursed as he considered, relaxed. He said, "Yes, Father."

A hand bell clanged loudly outside the door. A voice boomed:

"Vespers!"

Even Abbot Charles jumped. He hadn't noticed that the bright rectangles of sunlight, on the wall across from his narrow windows, had climbed near the ceiling.

"What in hell?" asked Richardson, startled.

Abbot Charles tossed his head back and laughed. The laughter felt good, relieving. "That," he explained, raising his voice above the clatter, "is Brother Basil. We lost our bell when a shell hit the tower. But Basil tries to make up the loss by sheer energy."

The bell rang again. There was the bustle of people passing in the corridor. Voices murmured. Then, silence. A knock sounded on the Abbot's door.

"Yes."

Brother Basil's broad face peered around the edge of the door. "Vespers, my Lord Abbot."

Abbot Charles nodded. "Father Polycarp will officiate. I'll be along in a minute." He saw the lower hem of the doorway curtain swell with a draft and knew that Schulber had gone out into the hall. The Abbot let his breath out. The German was smart; the corridor would be empty for his escape to the cellar. Abbot Charles motioned with two fingers, and Brother Basil ducked out of sight.

Richardson remembered. He said: "You haven't answered me yet, Father."

"I'm afraid I must refuse to answer."

The Abbot's raised hand indicated the portrait of the bald monk. "That is Abbot Felix. He gave the same reply to a similar question asked by Philip the Fair, Duke of Burgundy. It's historical fact that the duke's enemy was not in the Abbey at the time."

"That's not good enough," said Richardson. "I'm afraid we'll have to search." He thrust his chin forward, waiting for an objection.

THE Abbot rose. "That I cannot prevent." He could hear the hum of the voices in the chapel, rising and falling in cadence. "But you must excuse me until after Vespers." He walked to the door.

"Wait a second," said Richardson. "Are all your monks at this service?"

"In the chapel? Yes."

Richardson said: "Okay. You know the place, Lieutenant. Take Grogan and look around. I'll stick with the Abbot."

Gaston slipped the gun sling from his shoulder. He checked the short submachine gun, then held it in the crook of one arm. He said: "You will hear if we meet anyone."

In the corridor the chant of the litany was louder. The shadows were deeper, too. Abbot Charles watched the two men move away. Gaston Perrigord stayed close to one wall; the corporal followed along the other. They walked with the tense readiness of soldiers advancing on snipers. The Abbot sighed.

"Worried?" said Richardson at his elbow.

This captain is quick, thought Abbot Charles. I must not show my emotions in front of him. He said: "There is really no cause for worry, Captain." And he believed



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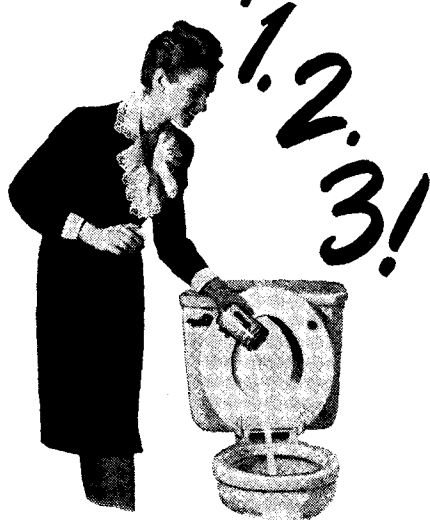
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it. The two soldiers would come to no harm; there had been ample time for Schulber to reach the hinged cask in the wall of the old wine cellar. Abbot Charles opened the chapel door.

It was a huge chapel, larger than many churches, with long rows of now empty stalls stretching down the walls on each side of the nave. The gray robes were all near the altar rail, only a few on each side. Their voices bounced hollowly against the high, vaulted ceiling.

"Sancte Laurenti," sang the monks on one side.

"Ora pro nobis." The response came from those opposite.

Abbot Charles felt his usual sadness. Plain chant, he thought, requires more voices. It is lost in this big, dark room. A glance at the altar cheered him. Candles glowed brightly, massed in even ranks; the cherry red of the sanctuary lamp was like a live coal.

"Sancte Vincenti,"

"Ora pro nobis."

Captain Richardson took off his helmet. He whispered. "Look, Father. I don't mean to butt in. If I shouldn't be here..."

"It's all right," said the Abbot, smiling. "You are welcome. Just wait anywhere." Leaving the officer, he walked down the long center aisle, genuflected and turned toward his own stall, the first on the epistle side. Turning, he caught a glimpse of Father Polycarp in the sacristy.

"Sancti Cosma et Damiane,"

"Ora pro nobis."

Abbot Charles was kneeling in his place, when he suddenly knew that something was wrong.

Four monks faced him. Three more were alongside him. Seven. But there were only seven monks left in the order beside himself. And Father Polycarp was robing in the sacristy.

Something hard pressed the Abbot's spine. Schulber's voice was a whisper: "I'm right here, my Lord Abbot." Then, he chanted in the swing of the response, "Ora pro nobis."

FOR a moment Abbot Charles was bewildered, unthinking. The litany droned on, the Abbot joining the chanted replies automatically. His mind was blank, dulled by the shock of Schulber's presence.

The German's gun poked a warning. He said: "Where are the other two?"

"Searching the Abbey."

"Fine." The Nazi chuckled.

"Ora pro nobis," chanted Abbot Charles.

Then, he whispered. "This is sacrilege."

"Not if you keep still."

The Abbot could see the monks opposite watching. Under his cowl, Brother Leo's face was white. Abbot Charles turned. Richardson, hatless, was sitting halfway down the middle aisle. In the rows of empty pews the captain looked very much alone.

Father Polycarp came out of the sacristy, and knelt before the altar. The candlelight polished the heavy white silk of his cope.

"Now," said Schulber. "You are all covered." He rose from his knees. "Keep singing." He walked quietly to the middle aisle, genuflected and started toward Richardson.

Abbot Charles stared, open-mouthed. He heard the next invocation of the litany start raggedly; only Father Polycarp, his back to the choir, was not distracted. His voice rang out clear and untroubled:

"Ab ira et odio et omni..."

Schulber was walking with head bowed, as if in reverence. The gray cowl hid his face; hands and gun were in the wide sleeves of his robe. He came close to Richardson; bent toward him. The American captain leaned over, listening.

A gray arm flashed up and down. The Abbot saw Richardson's head bob, before the sound of the blow came. Schulber grabbed the man's body as it slumped to the floor.

"No," cried Abbot Charles. He was on his feet. His voice was strained with horror. There was a clatter of wood as the other monks rose. Before the altar Father Polycarp turned, blankly puzzled.

Schulber chopped his automatic at them in a savage gesture. "Go on," he said harshly. "Go on with your singing!"

Abbot Charles stepped in front of the altar rail. His lips were white and set. The long hands twisted together as he jerked at his ring.

"Go on!" said Schulber again.

The Order of Protectors stood silently. They were watching their Abbot. His fingers turned and tugged at the ring.

Schulber ripped off his gray robe, kicked it aside. He squatted beside Richardson, yanking at buttons.

The Abbot's hands fell apart. He held up the ring. It was the seal, and sign of his office, and he had worn it as long as he had ruled the Abbey. He gazed at his followers, then, solemnly spoke the formal words of dismissal that end every Mass: "Ite, Missa est."

LIKE a breeze ruffling trees, a stir passed from monk to monk. Father Polycarp turned, mounted the steps of the altar, and stood before the tabernacle. Along both



LAST PAGE

He patted me upon the head,
"You're much too good for me,"
he said.

How quick was I to recognize
That subtlety of all goodbys.

Anita Lipton

walls the monks were spreading out, moving quietly, unhurried.

Abbot Charles folded his arms, and watched.

Schulber rose; he aimed his gun. "Back!" His head turned from side to side. "Back or I'll shoot the Abbot!"

"That," said the Abbot, "will surely bring the others." He raised his voice. "You have your bell, Brother Porter?"

"Yes, my Lord Abbot," said Brother Basil.

Schulber cursed. He bent, fumbled, and snatched Richardson's Colt from its holster. He straightened, legs spread, a gun in each hand.

"No tricks," said Schulber. "I'm taking this man's uniform and car, and I'm warning—" His voice trailed off into silence.

Except for Abbot Charles, and the priest motionless before the altar, there was not a monk in sight. The brown stalls lined the walls; the long pews yawned empty.

Schulber stood over Richardson like an animal guarding a carcass. The muzzles of the guns vibrated as he gripped hard in rage. In the still chapel, a safety catch clicked in sharp release.

"Get up," said Schulber. "Stand up where I can see you, or I kill the Abbot. And after him the priest in white."

The Abbot could hear cold determination in Schulber's tone. He knew he was very near to death. But he had something to say, both to Schulber, and the hidden monks. He stood very erect.

"The Order will not die with me, Colonel Schulber. It will go on. The Abbey will stand, ready to protect and shelter anyone, in accordance with our rule. That, not your guns, was your weapon, and your strength."

"I'll count three," said Schulber. "One." He was breathing hard; he kept jerking quick glances to one side, the other, back toward the door. He moved his automatic in slow, sweeping arcs. The other gun pointed at the Abbot.

Abbot Charles said: "In the name of God, and to avoid bloodshed, I ask you to throw down your arms."

Schulber wasn't listening. He began to back along the aisle toward the door. He stopped, settled his heels, and said: "Two."

From behind a pew Brother Basil's bell smashed across the silence.

Whirling, Schulber fired at the sound. The bullet thudded into wood.

Far back in the church a gray robe rose and leaped for the doorway. Schulber heard, swung around. Both guns slammed together. The monk checked in mid-stride, pitched forward. But his body crashed against the old panels; the door banged open.

The bell clamored wildly.

The Abbot's hand rose in a blessing; his lips moved in prayer.

A breviary whizzed past Schulber's head as he raced for the door. Even as he ran, he half turned his body, rested the barrel of the automatic in the crook of his elbow, and pumped three bullets at Abbot Charles. The reports ripped, shuddering, through the vaulted chapel.

The volley seemed to lift the Abbot and hurl him against the altar rail. Consciousness blotted out in one smashing pain.

Schulber was running fast. He never saw the rope stretched across the aisle. When his ankles hit it he dove through the air in a slow, looping curve. He hit with a crash, head first. One gun skittered along the stone floor; the other flew up, dropped among the pews, went off as it landed.

The monks were busily tying him when Grogan and the lieutenant clattered, panting, into the chapel.

ABBOT CHARLES opened his eyes to the lamplight whiteness of the infirmary. He was very thirsty, his lips felt dry and swollen. Brother Leo bent over him. The Abbot tried to smile, heard himself mumble for water. Then, he remembered, and only Brother Leo's hand held him down.

"It's all right," said the doctor. "We got him. Brother Paul and I." Brother Leo grinned, and touched the cord at his waist. "We sneaked one of these across the aisle and tripped him. A gray cord doesn't show up much, and Schulber wasn't looking anyway."

"How do you feel, Father?" asked a voice in English.

Abbot Charles turned his head. Captain Richardson, a turban of bandage around his head, was in the next bed.

"Not good," said the Abbot, with an effort. Brother Leo chuckled. "He hit you twice. Shoulder and thigh. We can thank God they didn't touch anything important."

Abbot Charles knew what he had to ask. He tried several times before the words came. "Who went for the door?"

"Basil." Brother Leo glanced away. "He'd passed the bell to the next Brother." He looked at his superior, saw the question, and nodded. "Requiescat."

"What gets me," said Richardson, "is why you jumped him. You seemed so set about keeping your rule protecting him."

Brother Leo made him repeat it in French. Then, he explained, waving his arms to bridge the language gap. "We used to be a militia," order. Way back. And we have many old rules. One says, if any man layeth hand on his weapons for violence before the altar of the Lord, let every Knight of this Order rise against him."

Abbot Charles was drifting toward sleep. He knew Brother Leo was close, but he seemed far away.

"When an abbot removes his ring, the rule of protection is broken. The Order is at war."

The Abbot heard someone enter. He forced his eyes open. Father Polycarp smiled down at him.

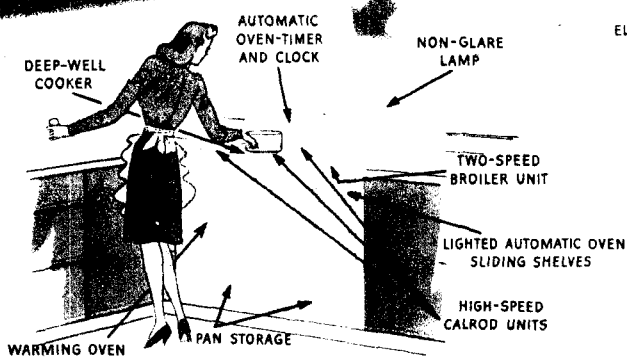
"Your ring, my Lord Abbot."

Abbot Charles was asleep before they managed to slip it into place on his finger.

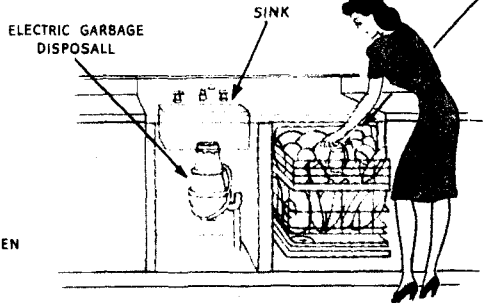
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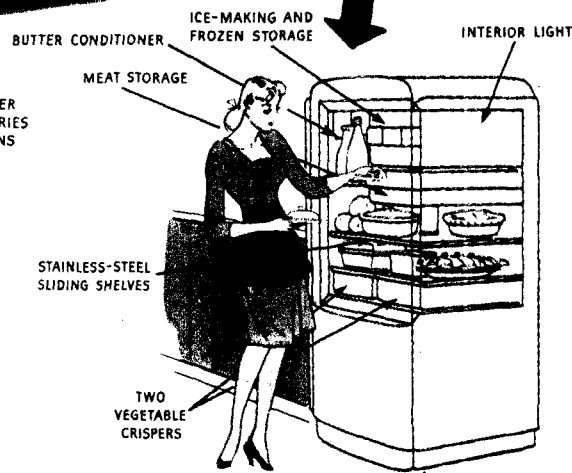
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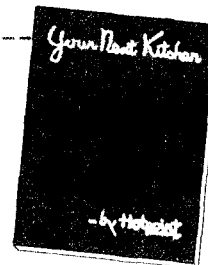
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glass about five inches in diameter. This quaint character has been modified by time, and so has the Watson impersonation. In early days Watson invariably wore formal morning dress and high silk hat, and carried a cane.

The characters and their dress have changed, but their slightly Victorian language marches on in the movies. Epithets like "Good heavens, Watson!" and "By Jove, old fellow!" persist to this day, and slang finds no place in the dialogue. "This diabolical crime!" is about Holmes' stiffest condemnation, and "You scoundrel!" is tops in denunciation of a criminal.

No one knows how many million copies of Holmes stories have been published. New editions come out every few years and find a ready market. "Biographies" of Holmes and Watson, and even of minor characters like their landlady, Mrs. Hudson, have been dreamed up and published. There once was a cartoon character named Holmlock Shears, which had some popularity.

During the recent war in Europe, thousands of American soldiers tried to find the mythical 221-B Baker Street, where Holmes and Watson held forth for so many years. Both American and British devotees of the legend have "discovered" coats of arms of the Holmes family and have even traced the family back to Yorkshire, England. He was born, according to this legend, January 6, 1854, and so, if alive today—as some fanatics maintain—would be over ninety-one years old.

If Holmes proved fascinating to readers, he became at last a complete bore to Doyle, who killed him off by hurling him over a waterfall in Germany, along with his criminal enemy, Professor Moriarty. But there was such a wide demand for more stories that Doyle had to bring him back: It turned out that Holmes caught on a ledge halfway down the fall and managed to save himself.

Altogether there were sixty Holmes stories, but not all of these can be adapted to the screen. None of them, in fact, has more than about two reels of action in it, and so a great deal of revamping and expansion has to be done.

Keeping the Series Traditional

Under an agreement between the family and Universal Pictures, the film concern may make three pictures a year, two of which have to be based on actual stories. The third may be invented out of whole cloth, but Sherlock and Watson must be kept in character and the style of the telling must remain unchanged. Under this arrangement, the series might go on for years, about fifty of the original yarns being usable.

The studio is said to have agreed to pay the Doyle heirs about \$200,000 for the rights to twenty-two stories which, with the one original a year, would give it material for about seven years more. A peculiarity of the contract is that the price for the rights rises each year, contrary to the American custom. The Doyle theory is that the pictures become more valuable the more there are of them. It will be many years yet before the stories get into the public domain and available to anyone without royalty payments.

There have been two attempts to lift the stories out of the English scene—one to Washington, D. C., the other to Canada. Neither was overly successful. Movie audiences will stand for such anachronisms as telephones, modern cars and even radio in Holmes pictures, but the dialogue must be kept Victorian, and Americanisms must be kept out. No one connected with the pictures knows why these things are; what audiences like or dislike is just part of the general screwiness of picture business.

Most of the Holmes epics are written by Bertram Millhauser, who turned out the first about ten years ago for Clive Brook. Now he does three a year which star Basil Rathbone as Holmes and Nigel Bruce as Doctor Watson. Millhauser is the son of a New York detective, but got few ideas from his father.

"Dad was about as unlike Holmes as chalk from cheese. His idea of detective work was that if three people were talking on a corner

Durable Detective

Continued from page 26

they probably were conspiring against the government," says Millhauser.

He is so steeped in the Holmes character that he talks and acts like the Master and scorns cars in favor of a bicycle. He has not yet taken up the dope habit or learned to play the violin—both accomplishments of Holmes—but in most other things he is Doctor Watson's colleague.

Rathbone and Bruce, too, live their characters and often collaborate on the stories. Holmes is hard to put on a screen, because obviously you can't run a scene ten minutes long of a man curled up in a chair, playing a violin very badly—and thinking.

"In the stories Holmes is a thought process posing as a person," says Millhauser. "In pictures he has to be a person posing as a thought process. He has to act rather than ponder."

Ironically, one of the best-remembered catch lines concerning Holmes, and one of the best stories, can't be screened. The phrase is "Quick, Watson, the needle!" The story is The Speckled Band. The phrase can't be used because the narcotic angle is out. The story is unusable because it involves a snake slithering down a bell rope into a bedroom.

As a matter of fact "Quick, Watson, the needle!" does not appear in any Holmes story; it originated in a play in which William Gillette starred years ago.

The first Holmes stage play was thrown together in three weeks and in it, as a page boy, appeared a stripling named Charles Chaplin, complete with cockney accent.

The roll of great actors who have played Holmes includes Raymond Massey, John Barrymore, H. A. Saintsbury, William Gillette, Clive Brooks and Arthur Wontner. Reginald Owen, H. G. Stoker and Lawrence Grossmith have all played Watson.

For some years now the best-known Holmes-Watson combination has been Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce. Both are very British, though neither was born in England.

Rathbone hails from Johannesburg, South Africa, where he was born in 1892. Bruce was born in Ensenada, on the Mexican West Coast in 1895. Rathbone's father was an engineer; Bruce's parents were Sir William Walter and Lady Bruce.

Rathbone got into show business in England in 1912, and Bruce followed two years later. Both served in the first World War, Bruce being badly wounded and invalidated out. They did not meet until 1923, when they were on opposite sides of a cricket match between two show-business teams called the Thespids and the Stage Golfing

Society. From this start they maintained a loose friendship for fifteen years.

Finally, each came to America and appeared in a variety of plays. Bruce was appearing in one in New York in 1938. The show was a failure, and the notice had gone up on the board. Bruce went dejectedly to his hotel and found there a telegram. It read: "Come to Hollywood play Watson opposite my Sherlock." It was signed by Rathbone. Bruce went. The picture was The Hound of the Baskervilles. It was followed by The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

The Holmes unit at Universal has become a fixture. Most of the people engaged in the project are English, as is Director Roy William Neill. The unit probably is the most efficient in the business, and operates smoothly. The players learn their parts thoroughly and it seldom takes more than 21 days to film a story. One was made in 18 days.

The Holmes pictures are reported to cost around half a million apiece and to gross three or four times that. They are not cheaply made, because they need little exploitation or advertising and so most of the budget goes into production. The detective movies seem to appeal equally well in city or country and have audiences both among kids and adults—especially old-timers.

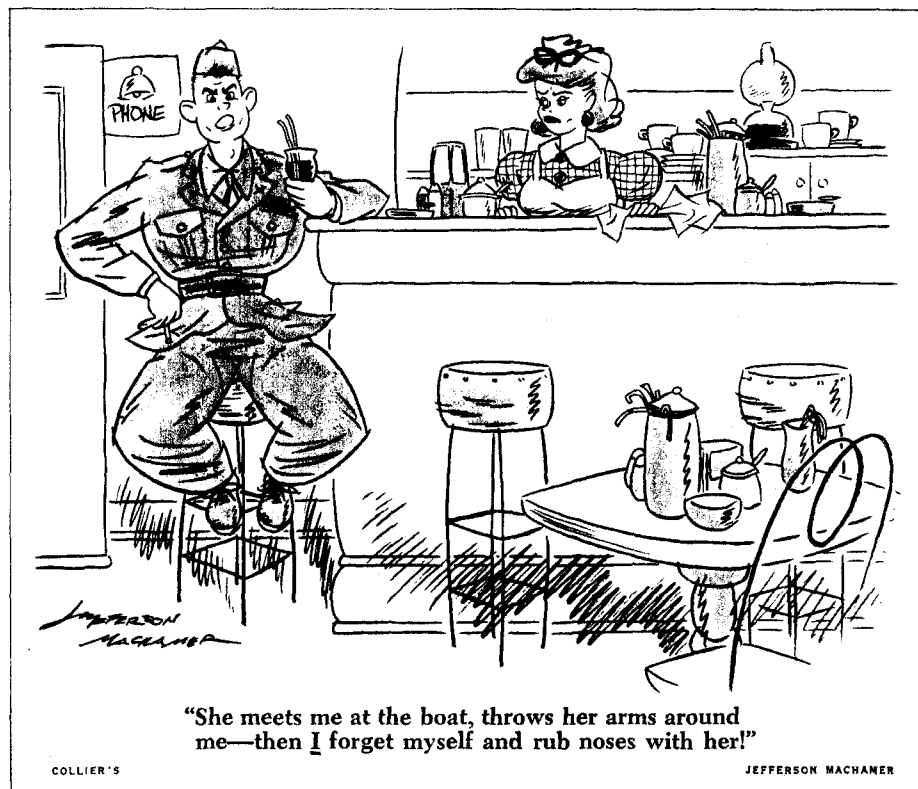
Action—in the King's English

Rathbone and Bruce usually get the script of a new Holmes picture three weeks or so before the cameras start rolling. They go through it carefully, taking out the Americanisms that creep in and being pretty meticulous about the grammar. In situations where Watson seems to be made too foolish, they frequently argue with the director.

To thousands of people, Holmes and Watson were—and still are—real people. Mail comes addressed to them from all over the world, and Holmes is frequently asked to solve mysterious killings, and is offered fat fees into the bargain. If the studio replies that Holmes is merely a cinema character, it gets a dirty letter back accusing it of dodging its civic responsibility. "It will be on your head if this murderer remains at large," wrote one patron.

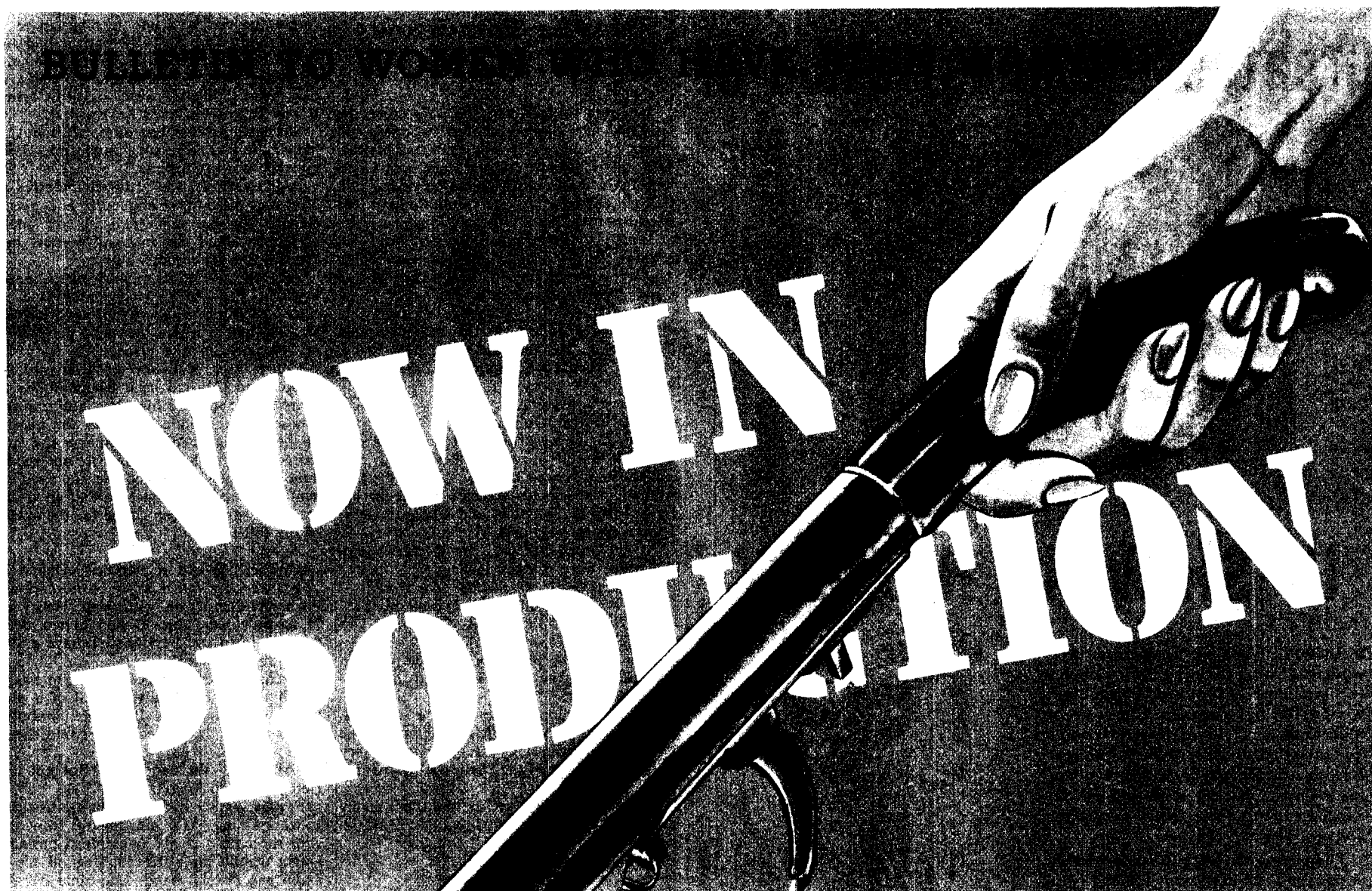
A section of the public, by some strange quirk, believes Watson to be alive, but Holmes to be dead. Bruce, as Watson, gets scores of letters asking advice on medical subjects, and sometimes very stern notes from doctors accusing him of making a wrong diagnosis or giving a wrong treatment in a picture. Rathbone occasionally gets a letter asking him to solve a mystery, but more often Bruce gets the request, asking how Holmes would solve some problem, were he still alive.

THE END



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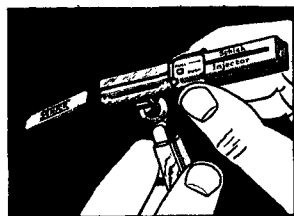
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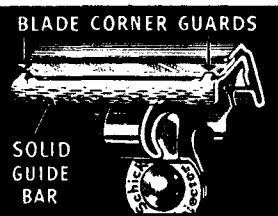


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Maybe Tomorrow

Continued from page 16

The train stopped and she went down the aisle, a neat, inconspicuous woman, not young, not old, pretty in a quiet sort of way. The sound morality of her early years was implicit in the round white collar of her suit. No one else got off. She stood alone on the bare, sunny little platform and glanced up and down. He was not to be here, and yet, getting off, you half expected something. The train moved on. A man leaned out of a parked car and called to her.

"Taxi, lady?"

She looked at him, at the weather-beaten little station. Her face was undecided. "I . . . I ought to make a phone call. Could you wait?"

"Where you going?"

"The Stratford Inn, but I . . ."

"Too far to walk and there ain't but one taxi. I'll wait."

The station was empty. At one end, a woman in spectacles watched her from behind the ticket window, and Carla thought: I have my return ticket.

At the opposite end, on a blackboard, the trains were marked up:

From New York 11:16 On Time

That was the train she had come on.

From Boston 12:19 On Time

From Boston 6:51

There was the phone booth. She went in and drew shut the door and called the number.

It seemed a long while that she sat there, hearing only the crackling of the wires. The phone booth was hot. Her hand grew very wet on the receiver. Then she heard the voice, "H'lo."

She smiled, clearly seeing him there in the corduroy work pants and old tan shirt he wore around the place. "Hello, Henry."

"Carla . . . that you?"

"Yes."

"You all right? You get there?"

"Yes. I just thought . . . I wondered . . ."

"Now look, don't worry about us. We're going to get on."

"Yes, I know. Is Taffy there?"

"Sure. Hold on a minute. Taffy . . . drop that damned cat, your mother's on the phone." Then the screen door slammed, and the new voice, so small: "Hi, Mummy. Mummy, are you having fun?"

"Yes, darling."

"Kim's crying. He's in the bathtub and he wants to talk to you."

"Tell him to hurry; put a towel around him."

"Carla," said Henry, "you'll be back tomorrow?"

"I think so, Henry, or maybe Saturday."

"Well, have a rest. You needed to get away, but we can't run things without you." He laughed, but she knew how true that was. Her place among them could not be erased. Eight years had made it indelible. "Here's Kim, wet as a seal."

"Mummy, Mummy, kiss Kim!"

SHE laughed and made a kiss into the phone which sounded foolish. Only three, her son's voice already was male and urgent, no fly-away thing like Taffy's. She felt a pang of fear for her six-year-old daughter. "Henry, take care of them."

He loved them, but rather Biblically as "the fruit of his loins," and left the more practical part of it to her.

"Don't worry about us now."

"I won't. . . ." A moment's silence seems long over the wire. "Henry?"

"Yes? Carla, what is it?"

"Nothing . . . goodbye."

She sat holding the receiver, the wire like an umbilical cord with her life at one end, their three lives at the other. Then Henry hung up. There was only that awful crackling of space again, and she looked through the dirty glass of the phone booth and knew where she was, and why. . . . Mummy, are you having fun? In that airless cubicle she was hot and a little sick and drew back the door.

From Boston 12:19 On Time

She opened her handbag and fished and

found the return ticket, turning up as she did a recent snap of Taffy that she had stuck in for Forbes. The little pointed face smiled up at her, proud of the just-new pigtailed; that dark head so like her own, so full of dreams. It was Taffy who loved Forbes first.

She snapped the bag shut, went out and hailed the taxi. She got in and said, "Thank you for waiting for me."

As they drove, she watched the trees and houses go by in the strong light. They seemed cleansed by this air which already smelled of the sea, and she thought: I must bring the children here some time.

She had traveled as a child—the Canadian Rockies, the usual places in Europe, but since her marriage, there had not been time, and she had accepted the more personal joy of belonging in one place.

Henry was professor of Romance languages and she had been his pupil for two years before she was his wife. The transition was not easy. There had been the question of her sufficient dignity among the gray-haired wives of bald professors; but she had done well, and Henry's course had been eminently successful, so much so that an associate professor had been called for the opening of the fall term.

A WEEK before registration, Henry had asked her rather shyly if she minded if Forbes Walker stayed with them. Henry said, "I haven't been able to find him a decent room in town and besides we'll have a lot of things to talk over."

She had minded, desperately. Kim was just a baby and their family was all of a piece, it was whole and firm. But if Henry couldn't see what was threatened, how could she tell him?

"All right," she had said. "But not long; Henry, not too long."

Forbes Walker had come on a latish train. It was raining. He came in the front door with the collar of his mackintosh turned up and a dribble of water running off his hat and a bag in each hand. She came from the living room, and when he straightened from setting down the bags, she was there.

The front door stood open with the black, wet night beyond it. She remembered later that the first thing she ever said to him was, "Where's Henry?"

"He went to put up the car."

There had been something swift and natural in it, as if they picked up what only a minute before had been interrupted. They looked at each other in a brief, surprised silence, then they both remembered their manners.

"How do you do," he said and smiled.

And she, "Won't you come in? There's a fire."

"I'm a mess." He took off his hat and she saw the sandy brows, the gray-green eyes that were slow and quiet and thoughtful. Where his hair was wet at the edges, it curled a little.

"It's all right. Would you close the door?"

"I'm sorry."

Just then, Henry came in by the back way, looking drowned and carrying more luggage.

"Well, here we are. Have you two met each other?" Henry never wore a hat and under a fringe of wet hair he looked at Carla. He had the large, bony face that might have belonged to a stupid man, but didn't. In Henry it amounted merely to simplicity, a disarming straightforwardness, while his mind, which was kind and clever, looked out of his eyes.

"Yes, we've met," and she smiled at him. She never had known any such place of safety as was there, in Henry's eyes.

Carla had wakened the next morning to bright sunlight which swung in a big, leafy pattern against the bedroom wall. It filled her at once with a special happiness that was very childish, very complete. It was like having planned a picnic when you were small and the day came fine like this. You wakened and didn't know straight off what was perfect; and then you knew.

She looked at Henry's bed and it was empty. She felt so young! It startled her that those substantial hollows were left by a man, her husband. Then Henry was calling to her, "Oh, Carla. Could you give Walker and me a hand with some breakfast? Nellie's busy with the kids."

"I'm coming, Henry."

She was up, brushed out her hair, slipped on a pale pink wrapper. But her eyes were not yet awake, and the print of her fingers lay across one cheek. As she ran downstairs, the light stuff and her hair blew out behind her. She felt full of joy like a child running; then she saw him standing in the dining-room door, smiling a little, a patch of morning sun on his sandy hair. . . .

That year Taffy got ice skates for Christmas, the double-runner variety, but Carla had protested. "Henry, it's too soon. She's still too little."

But he laughed with the gentle assurance he had about his family. "They're sleds! She couldn't fall down on them. Let Forbes teach her to skate. He's good at that sort of thing."

"Would you, Mr. Walker?" But she knew that her eyes had said to him: Please don't. "Only if you want me to," he said.

She was never quite sure why—perhaps it was the way he smiled—she should have said and meant it, "Yes, I do."

So on a bright December Sunday morning they went off together to the pond at the foot of the Davidsons' hill. From the first, Taffy, and not Henry, had been the link which joined Forbes to the family. She tagged him, adored him, crumbled his reticence. That morning Carla watched the small, red-bundled figure trotting beside the thin, tall man, the mittened paw set trustfully in his, the new skates glinting, and wondered what made the tightness come in her throat, the sudden mist to her eyes. She had turned away quickly.

IT WAS toward noon when she glanced from an upstairs window and saw them coming back. Forbes was carrying Taffy. For one cold moment she stood there and could not move; then she turned and flew down the stairs and out the door. On the steps she waited for them, not asking herself why she had not called Henry, why she had to do this alone. She watched, with the sense of unreality which one brings to disaster. Forbes Walker carrying Taffy up the yard. His head was bare and a lock of the sandy hair fell on his forehead. He walked with great care and his face was set and strained.

At the foot of the steps he stopped and looked up at her. She had never forgotten the way his eyes were then.

"She's hurt," he said. "It's her arm. I think it's broken."

That night Henry had some papers to correct and went off to the study directly after supper. The children were asleep, Taffy with the odd lump of a cast tucked in beside her.

While Carla was getting her settled for the night Forbes had come to the nursery door and stood there. When she turned and saw him she gave a little cry because he had carefully kept himself so separate from their life. Only the night lamp was on, and his glance

searched into the room in a curious way.

"I'd like . . . If you don't mind, could I say good night to Taffy?"

"Yes," she said, "of course."

He came in rather shyly and stood looking down at the small face, the dark strewn hair on the pillow and asked, "How's my girl?"

Carla had turned away then, fluffed the comfort on Kim's bed and heard the small voice answer, "Fine, Forbes. Forbes, can we skate some more?"

"Yes," he said, "we'll do lots of things some more."

Taffy laughed. There was something in her daughter's laugh that Carla recognized, a special kind of happiness that, even at four, is rare. Then he said, "Good night. *Fais des beaux rêves.*"

"Sweet dreams?"

"Beautiful dreams." And he was gone.

And then, in the pleasant living room, Carla took her book and sat down on the rug by the fire. Across the room, Forbes Walker sat on the couch filling his pipe. She heard him strike the match and smelled the first clean puffs. On the back of her neck she felt him looking at her, and the words ran all together on the page.

She shifted, looked into the fire and finally said, "Mr. Walker, you mustn't feel bad about this morning."

"I do." He said it quietly, but as one will pick up a red-hot coal and set it from him. Then she heard him get up and cross the room behind her, saw the coarse brown tweed of his trousers by the hearth. "I wish I could tell you. You trusted her with me and I let that happen."

Her hands closed hard on the edges of the book. "No, please . . . you mustn't!"

"She's your child." There was a little pause, and the fire crackled. "Besides, I love her. Isn't that enough?"

"Carla," Henry called from the study, "I wonder if you could find me an ash tray somewhere."

"Here's one." She got up, took a pewter leaf from the coffee table and went with it to the study.

"Nellie eats them," he said. "Thanks. Taffy get to sleep?"

"Yes, she's fine."

She came back, smiling a little that she had used Taffy's word, and Forbes Walker still stood by the fire nursing his pipe. He watched her come, and she knew he had watched her go as well; saw for the first time that slow light rising in his eyes unguarded.

She stood with him by the mantel, heard Henry's short, dry cough which meant he'd smoked too much that day, and knew suddenly how the firelight flowed over her, touching her breast, her cheek turned slightly from this man. She said, "Henry works too hard, even on Sunday."

"Please, Carla, don't talk for just a minute."

She looked up, startled that he should have

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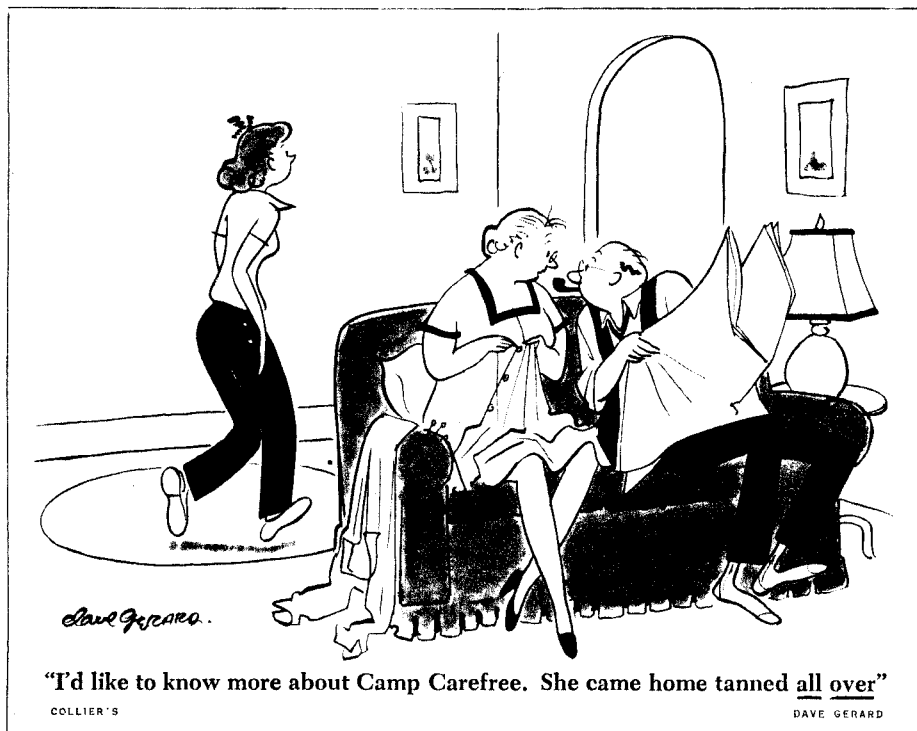
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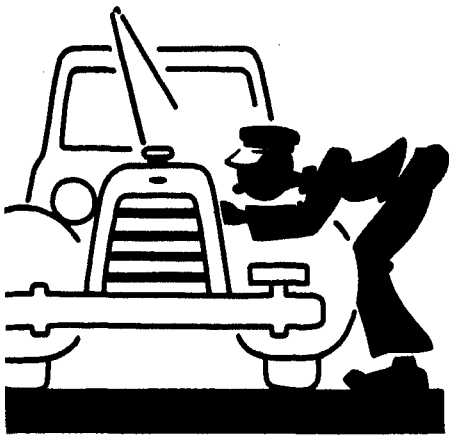


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used her given name, unsure in the tentative sweetness of this moment. "Why not?"

"Because standing here, like this, is more than talking." . . .

The taxi took the street of the village, past wharves and little shops and picket fences. Beyond it, the land rose clean and bare to a lighthouse and a big brown shingle building. Its sign swung in an offshore breeze, THE STRATFORD. Carla sat forward and locked her hands in her lap. She felt suddenly hollow, felt all scooped out inside. In five minutes—in less—she would see him!

It had been two years and a half, for Forbes had left at mid-term, had gone as soon as Taffy's arm was mended. He went straight into the service and, because of his languages, had been shipped promptly overseas. His letters had been to all four of them, or to Taffy, the quietly humorous letters that a lonely man will write to a family not his own. She got out of the taxi a little stiffly and paid. A boy came out of the Stratford and languidly took her bag.

"Got a room reserved?" Her bag was very small.

"Yes," she said, and followed him inside.

It was one of those large, barnish places with impermanent-looking furniture scattered about, a few people with magazines, a fireplace with no fire and a stuffed fish on the mantel, a typical seashore place where no one comes inside unless they have to. She did not look at the people. As she registered, her hand shook, and the boy hung at her elbow. She wished him in Hades. He took the big, old-fashioned key that the clerk passed over to him. Carefully she put down the pen and turned.

Forbes was standing near the fireplace watching her. Her first thought was to wonder if they would ever reach each other across that big, bare room. Then he smiled and began to come toward her, and she knew that she, too, must move, smile, do something to bring life out of this frozen moment.

The boy said, "Going up now?"

"Just a minute," she said, relieved that she had a voice.

He came to her, it seemed, quite slowly, and the people were looking up to see them meet. Of all places! She thought that it had always been like this, and held out her hand.

He took it with that same half-wondering slowness, closed it between his own and looked at her. "It's good that you could come."

IN THE big, airy dining room with the smell of broiled fish and the clatter of dishes they talked of her family. Then Carla asked about his work and he told her. He'd been happier in France than in Italy; yes, he'd worked with the underground.

She asked suddenly, "Forbes, you won't go back?"

"Yes," he said, "you can't leave a job half finished."

"But now . . . when it's over?"

"They've been badly hurt, and I can help a little. You know, Carla, I'd almost forgotten how you looked."

She looked down at her plate and said, "Taffy broke her arm again last winter."

After lunch they went out to the rocks and there, in the open sunlight it was better. At some distance from the inn they sat down and she took off the jacket of her suit. Her blouse was white and sheer, showing the warm brown of her back and shoulders.

"You've been swimming a lot," he said.

"No, gardening."

Between them, she traced a fissure in the rock with one finger.

"I remember the garden."

"It's awfully full of weeds."

He said, "It's strange to think I've never kissed you."

"No," she said, "it's not strange."

"How long can you stay?"

"Tomorrow, maybe." She drew in a queer little breath. "Forbes, could we swim? Is it safe there?"

They leaned perilously forward over their knees and looked down into the pool. It shone deep and beautiful between the rocks.

"I should think so. Did you bring a suit?"

"Yes."

"Let's go, then."

Her room was small and bright with a view of the water. She was into her bathing

suit and tying on her red *espadrilles* when the knock came at the door.

"Yes?" she said. She hadn't locked the door; she hadn't been away in so long, and at home one didn't. She turned and saw him standing there in his white terry robe.

"Oh," she said.

"Ready?"

"Almost."

"Here, I'll do that for you."

He came and knelt down in front of her and began to wind the red laces about her ankle. The room was bare, only her few small things about, and very bright with sun. From his bent head the lock of hair fell forward as it had the morning he carried Taffy home. Having tied them up, he carefully set her feet down side by side, and, glancing round, she saw he had closed the door.

AT THE window a clean, salt-smelling breeze was moving the cheap voile curtains through the sun. It would be after three o'clock now, three-thirty maybe. Far out a sail blew by like a scrap of paper. . . . The last train to New York was something after six.

He said, "You've got legs like Alice in Wonderland. How was it that you came?"

"You asked me to."

"That isn't a woman's reason."

She colored slightly. "No."

"The reasons of women are things men never understand. They're frail as fog and firm as rock, is that right?"

She nodded.

"Carla, when I called you the other day . . . After two years, I had to know, that's all."

"You know." Toward his face, a little below her, she put out a tentative hand and drew it back.

He shook back the lock of hair, stood up, gave a tug at the belt of his robe. "Shall we swim?" he said.

They went along the rocks in the sun carrying their big white flapping towels. There was no one else about. They climbed over blazing boulders, then down into cool crevasses which the tide would fill. In one of these they came suddenly upon a little girl in a striped cotton dress with her hair pulled up into a knot at the top of her head. She had a tin pail and was rooting with her toes between the rocks. Carla remembered seeing her in the dining room at lunch.

"What is it you've got there?" Forbes asked.

"Crabs," said the child, watching them with her grave eyes.

Carla looked into the pail which was very new. "You've only six."

"I'll get more," the child said unconcernedly, and added, to strengthen her statement, "today or tomorrow."

They smiled and went on. When they got to the water's edge she was lost from sight, and Carla asked suddenly, "Is she safe there, Forbes?"

"Yes, quite." And then he said gently, "Your two will be all right."

She looked at him, flushed and plunged into the water.

It was very cold and they swam fast and a little desperately for some time. When they pulled out, laughing and short of breath, the rock where they had left their things was still sunny, although the light had lengthened. They stood and wiped their faces and looked up, suddenly, rather blindly, at each other.

In the wet suit, a shiver passed over her and he said, "You are cold, my darling."

"Yes."

He took the towel from her hands and began slowly to wrap it about her, tucking it close at her neck under the little draggles of dark hair.

"There," he said; and he smiled with the brooding sadness of a love that can give so little of protection. "We'd better go in now."

When they turned, the late sun was against them, and their dazed eyes did not see at first the little girl above them. She had come prowling to another of the rock pools and stood with her bare feet in it, looking down. The pail with its scabbling freight hung on her arm forgotten, and her grave eyes held the first uncomprehending wing-beat of joy, that flyaway thing, that younger sister of love.



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Carla smiled and would have spoken, but the child spun round, spraying water from her heels, and ran off down the cliff, her pail batting her legs in wild abandon.

"Oh, Forbes, she'll spill her crabs! She only had six."

"Never mind," he said. "We'll help her find a lot more in the morning."

THAT evening after dinner they took the path to the lighthouse. It wound hard and narrow through the stubby growth and when they came to the lighthouse, they seemed to have left all land behind them; the cliff dropped sharp away. Forbes smoked his pipe, and the smell was light and vagrant in all that space. Carla looked round and smiled and looked again at the sky where color faded rapidly as if smudged by some great hand.

She said, "They say that no two sunsets are the same."

"That's right."

"And yet . . ." Below them, a sailboat rounded the point, came about and made for its anchor in the cove. ". . . as long as I live, there will never be a sunset that isn't this one."

There was something beautifully silent in the boat's progress, and they watched it with the concentration of those who do not see the thing they look at. Not until the man had furled his sail did Forbes speak. And then he said, "I know."

Back at the inn, they took two rockers and drew them to the edge of the wide veranda. It was now quite dark and behind them they half-heard the intricate pleadings of the young being packed off to bed; later the yawning departure of their parents. As thus, singly and by little groups, the two of them were left alone, they grew more quiet side by side in the two old-fashioned rockers. Lights went off and a feel of lateness washed in with the coming tide. At last Forbes rose, looked down at her and held out his hand. She did not take it.

They went as quietly as they might across the barnish room where they had met that morning. No one else was up; two lights had been left burning for the night. By these they mounted the wide, shallow stairs and the upper hall was dim with a lone bulb in the center. Her door came first. They stopped. Forbes took the two absurd big keys from his pocket, juggled them, then fitted one at random. His hand shook slightly. The key was right. It worked.

Behind them in the dark room the cheap white curtains wavered at the windows. She stood just within the door, and Forbes, with a brief step toward her, took her head almost roughly between his hands, straining the soft hair back to either side. Through the window the smell and the sound of the sea came in . . . the sweep, the break and the long sigh—that saddest and oldest rhythm in the world.

"Hear it?" he said.

"Yes . . . yes."

In the half-light from the hall, their faces were just seen, and in that turning moment their eyes searched some older thing than they were themselves, some continuing thing

not to be contained either by joy or sorrow.

He said, "You look like Taffy between her pigtailed." And let go her hair so that it fell with a strewn and tender look about her face.

"I am like Taffy."

"Yes." He smiled and it was already a part of memory. "Good night . . . *Fais des beaux rêves.*" . . .

Next morning she wakened early because at home they all got up at seven, and this room was bright from facing the sea. She rose and dressed. That done, she began to make up the bed, absently, since there was nothing else just then to do and she needed to do something. She smoothed up the two well-washed blankets, then stopped and stared down at where she had smoothed.

It was as if she never had lain there; flat and horrible as if she had covered something irrevocably lost. And she must go away and leave it in the strange house of a strange town, in this strange bed where she never would sleep again. She turned away, feeling loss pitch in her like a doomed ship, crossed blindly to the window and caught hold of the curtains at either side.

The morning sun fell on her. Then she saw him. He was walking below her on the rocks, taking long, deliberate steps with no hurry to them, as if in some undiscovered part of him, he were waiting and could go on waiting forever. And she could not wait! That was what it was to be a woman. Everything in her shouted: *Now . . . now . . . now!*

The tears rushed, and she swung away from the window, but, turning, she caught a glint in the sun and saw the little girl with her pail catch up to Forbes and trot along beside him. She remembered the glint of ice skates; she thought of Taffy; and she knew, without need of any words between them, that he thought of Taffy, too. Having washed her face, she ran down, and the three of them went hunting crabs until breakfast.

ON THE station platform they seemed grown up again after that careless, bare-foot morning. He glanced at her bag and said, "I hope that wet suit won't spoil your things."

"It won't," she said. "I put it in my cap."

The blackboard again said the 12:19 was on time and yet in this bare noon brilliance, the appearance of a train seemed highly improbable. There was only sand and the jack pines. The little gray box of a station didn't count, and they stood with their backs to the way the train would come.

But they heard it. At first it was just a singing in the rails and then the true sound cut the hot, sweet stillness. As if by a spring they turned. There it came, not at all a big train, taking the curve with some show of importance.

Carla shivered lightly. Her little bag sat at their feet, and he kicked against it, taking her in his arms. The train came on, but now they did not hear it. The smell of the sea and jack pines was in the air and her hat slipped back while he kissed her, which gave her a little-girl look when the train pulled in and stopped.

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

low, whereupon he became convinced that his altitude was 3,000 feet.

"Actually, he had fallen unconscious, with the airplane diving out of control at terrifically high speeds for more than 30,000 feet. He thought he saw buildings underneath and decided to try to fly straight until he was sure that he was well away from them so he could bail out. But, remembering that it would be impossible to replace the supercharger and its accessories for many months, he determined to land the airplane. He lost altitude gradually with reduced power and effected a successful landing at McCook Field, holding an eye partly open during the actual close approach and landing.

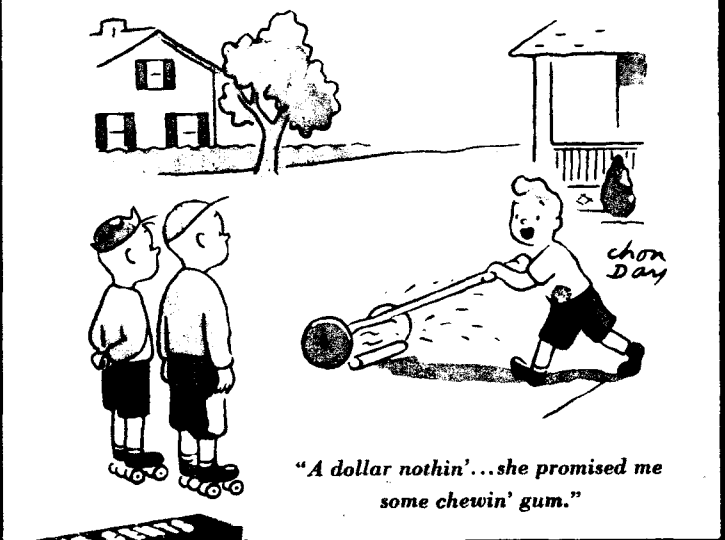
"As he cut the switches, he again lost consciousness and was carried from the cockpit to the post hospital."

The law governing the award of the Distinguished Flying Cross limits it to extraordinary achievement while "participating in an aerial flight," and there is no doubt about Shorty having qualified for the Army Air Forces' highest honor. But that night in Chicago, the aviation industry (and the Army, too) took formal notice of the many other contributions to present-day military and commercial aviation which stem from Shorty.

Since 1910, when he became an airplane mechanic and shortly after a self-taught pilot, Shorty Schroeder has initiated or has had first-hand knowledge of just about every worth-while development in aviation today.

"There is much hard work ahead," he said, in acknowledging the tributes. Shorty is still a quarter of a century in advance of the field.

THE END



chom Day

"A dollar nothin'... she promised me some chewin' gum."

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Always demand genuine ZIPPO Hard Flints and clean burning Fluid.

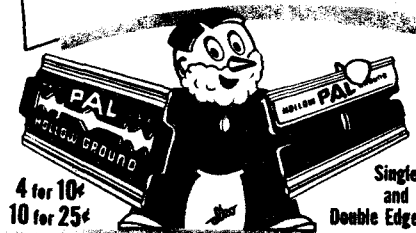
ZIPPO MFG. CO.
Dept. C, Bradford, Pa.



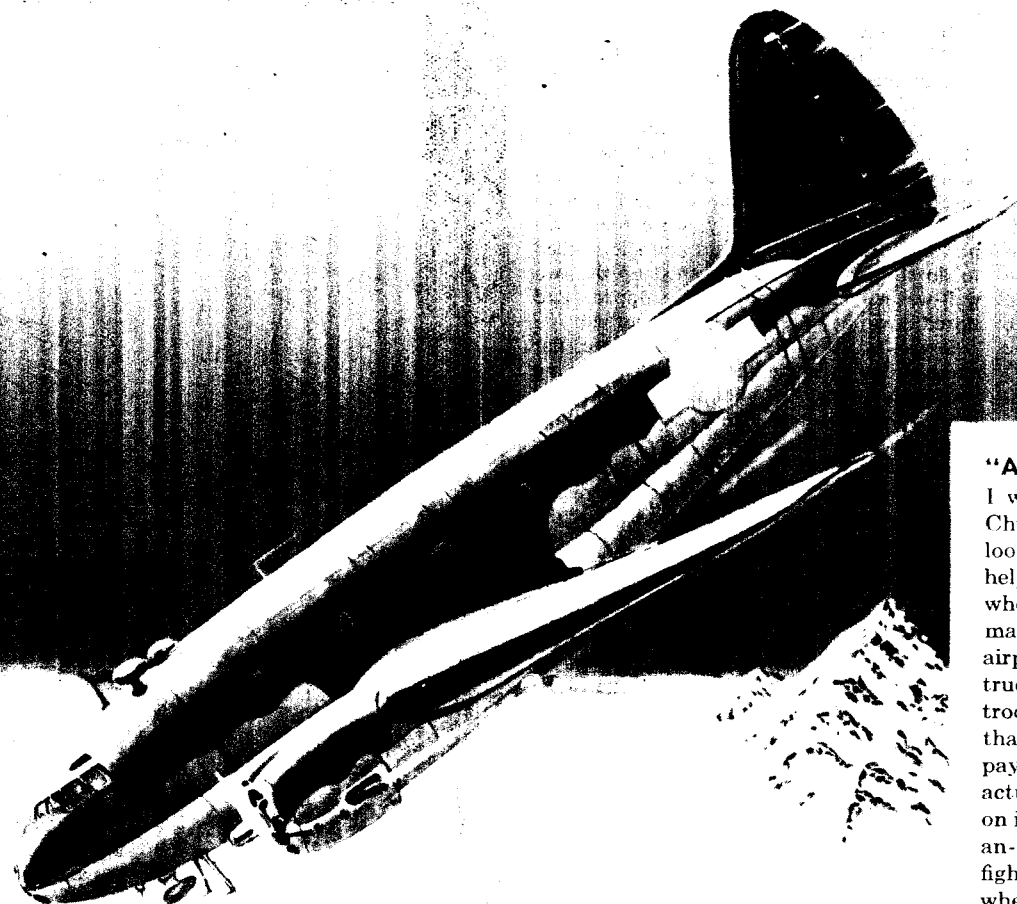
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Pal Pioneered, Perfected and Patented the Hollow Ground blade — a different, modern blade. Shaves with just a "Feather Touch" because Pal is flexible in the razor — follows facial contours. No need to "bear down". Blades last longer, too. Try them.



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RAZOR BLADES



Based on a true story taken from the war record of the Curtiss Commando.

"Armed only with my trusty typewriter, I was headed over the Hump from India to China to get on-the-spot news. Every time I looked at that 19,000-foot rockpile, I couldn't help thinking, 'Is this trip necessary?' But when they loaded us into a Curtiss Commando, I felt better. That really is a great airplane. I've seen Commandos carry 6 x 6 trucks, bomber engines, and hordes of Chinese troops. And they made it, through weather that even grounded the birds. But here's the pay-off. One of those unarmed Commandos actually *outdove a Jap Zero!* With the Nip on its tail, that big ship went into a 405-mile-an-hour power dive, and beat that fast fighter to a cloud bank below. Believe me, when a giant transport plane can take a high-speed dive like that . . . *that's news!*"

THAT'S WHY
I WANT TO RIDE
THE AIRLINES THAT

Fly Commando!

MOSCRIP MILLER
War Correspondent in the
China-Burma-India theater



Corsages From the Sky. The corsages and bouquets that you buy stay lovely much longer, when they are shipped by air. And the Curtiss Commando offers 526 cubic feet of cargo space, where temperatures are constantly controlled to prevent freezing. For the florist, that means less spoilage and more profit. And for you, there's a fresher, better buy



There's Lots of M-m-m in meals aboard a Commando . . . world's largest, fastest, twin-engine transport. More delicious menus are served from the big sky kitchen up front by two hostesses, or a steward and a hostess. And the tray-top Dutch door makes a perfect snack bar!



Check and Double-check. It's so much easier to check the Commando's twin engines at flight stops that over-all trip speed is greater. The cowl opens in 8 panels . . . and one man can handle any section without the use of tools. Such unusual accessibility is a Commando "exclusive."

THE CURTISS

Commando

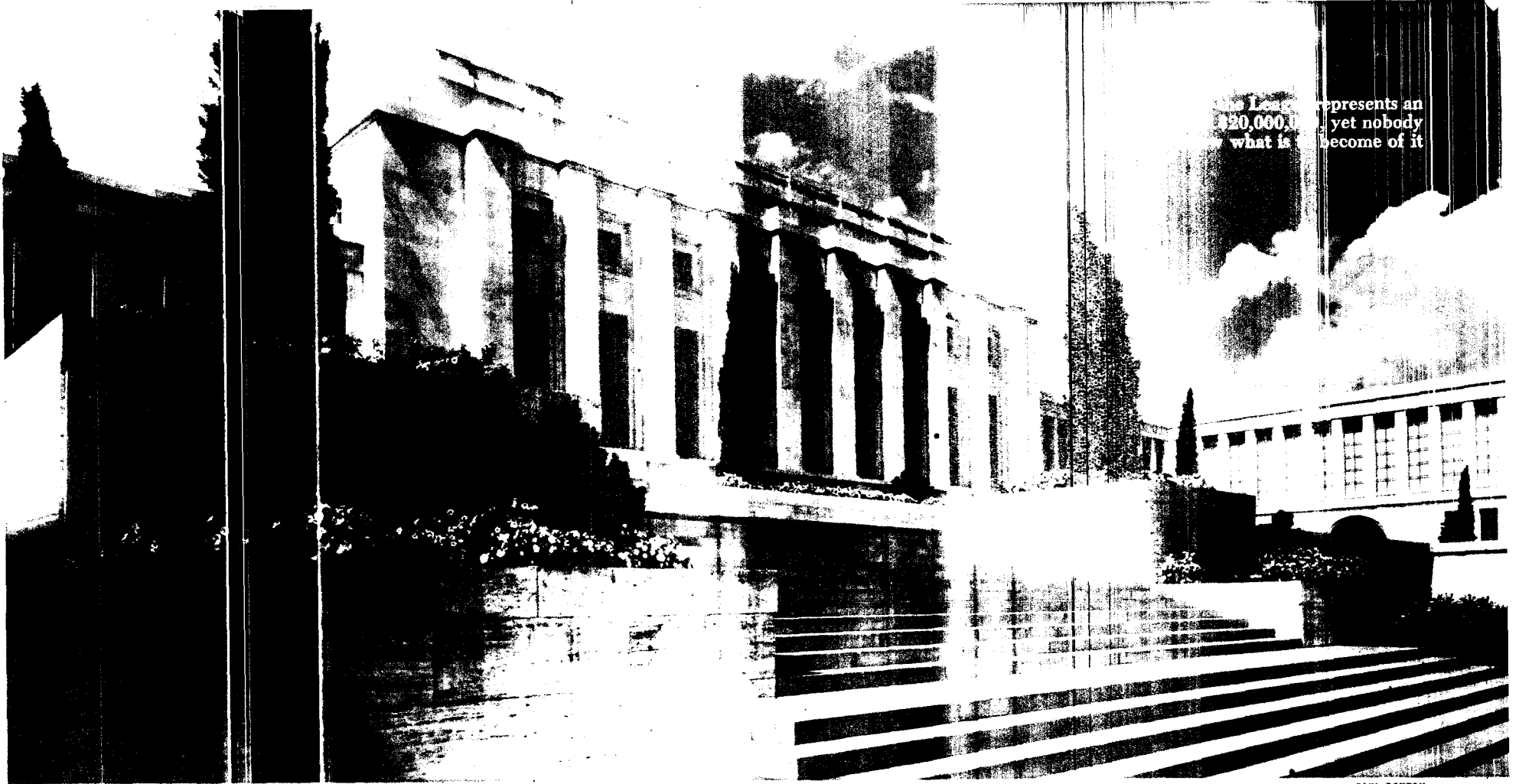
Today's Great Lifeline
Tomorrow's Great Airliner

Curtiss



Wright

FIRST IN FLIGHT



The League represents an investment of \$20,000,000, yet nobody knows what is to become of it

PAUL BONZON

WHAT ABOUT THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS?

BY GEORGE CREEL

Far from being a corpse, the League is a lively, solvent, going concern, and how to get it out from underfoot is Problem Number One for the United Nations

WHEN Sean Lester reached San Francisco in May, he came prepared to cut his own throat. As Secretary General of the League of Nations, the soft-spoken Irishman stood ready to discuss its death and burial with UNCIO (United Nations Conference on International Organization) leaders, and devise ways and means of handing over all possessions of the old organization to the new; even physical properties worth many millions.

Despite the fact that Mr. Lester and his associates had come from Europe as invited guests, they found themselves treated as gate crashers. After an embarrassing delay, they were allocated quarters in a side-street hotel, two to a room, and their location for the Conference was the last row in the top gallery. After a month, during which they were practically ignored, they packed their bags and left.

Not very courteous and far from intelligent. The League may have dropped from its peak—fifty-eight nations in 1938—but forty-four countries still belong and are interested enough to put up between six and seven million dollars for the 1945 budget. Moreover, a full score of nonmember nations, by solemn treaties, have conferred powers and duties on the League in connection with broad programs of international co-operation.

Sixty-four states are signatories to conventions for controlling the traffic in opium and other dangerous drugs. Only Ethiopia and the Argentine stand aloof. Through a Permanent Central Board and a Supervisory Body, the League rides herd on the licensed manufacture of narcotics and sees to it that production and sales are kept down to correspond closely to the world's medical and scientific needs.

Many nonmember countries contribute annually to the support of the International Labor Organization, the League agency created to raise living and working standards, and promote social justice throughout the world. The 1943 meeting of the ILO took place in New York, and the closing session was held at the White House. Nonmembers have also brought complaints before the Permanent Court of International Justice and join in maintaining the Health Section that develops plans for the control and prevention of disease.

The United States is the one nation that has never be-

longed to the League, and yet it is neck-deep in various League activities. The ILO and the Central Opium Board both have offices in Washington. As late as 1939, Secretary of State Cordell Hull declared that "the League has been responsible for the development of mutual exchange and discussion of ideas and methods to a greater extent, and in more fields of humanitarian and scientific endeavor, than any other organization in history."

He might have said more: that the League, for example, exercises full supervision over all mandates granted after the last war. As the first instrument of international trusteeship for politically undeveloped populations and regions, its operation brought Iraq to the stage of emancipation as a fully developed state. It is the League that still stands guard over the ten-power treaty that provided for the nonfortification and neutralization of the Aaland Islands; and it is to the League that Turkey makes regular report on the administration of the Dardanelles.

In addition to these high responsibilities that cannot be taken away by the scratch of a pen, there are the League's physical properties.

The plant itself represents an international investment of \$20,000,000, but it is not possible to estimate the value of donations of art and furnishings or of the 24,000 volumes that fill the shelves of the library wing, dealing with every aspect of international life and co-operation. Logically the United Nations should fall heir to this great establishment, but Russia has already declared a deep distaste for Switzerland as the seat of the new world order. So what if the offer of the Geneva plant is rejected? Who inherits the buildings, the priceless furnishings and decorations, and the library?

Block on the Road to World Order

Considering everything, liquidating the League is not the simple business that San Francisco's optimists imagined. Although Mr. Lester still accepts the fact that his organization has been junked, what will happen when he calls its forty-four members together in September or October? The first difficulty to be faced is that there is no provision whatsoever for the dissolution of the League. On the contrary, at the time of joining, each state gave solemn pledge that it "would not hereafter enter into any engagement inconsistent with the terms of the Covenant." Forty states, by signing up with the United Nations, have violated that pledge.

These, naturally enough, will be eager to vote the League out of existence. But how about Sweden, Ireland, Switzerland and Portugal? What if these countries, not parties to the San Francisco agreement, decide that they do not want to dissolve the League? If some states stay in and others move out, who gets the assets?

The disposition of the Secretariat also presents a tricky problem. By common consent, here is the most competent



League of Nations old-timers in San Francisco: Sean Lester; Arthur Sweetser, now Deputy of OWI; and J. G. Guerrero, League President

and highly trained group of international experts ever gathered together. Picked from every quarter of the globe after careful investigation and rigorous examinations, all have ceased to be servants of their respective countries and have taken oath that they will act only in the interests of the League. To assure continuity of service, a pension plan was inaugurated, officials contributing five per cent annually, and the League a like amount. What about the contracts with these people, and their pension fund?

The Permanent Court of International Justice is still considering cases brought before it by nations of the world. What will the new court do with the old court and with these cases? Even greater complications are presented by the two or three hundred treaties that confer specific powers and duties on the League of Nations. Will the United Nations agree to assume them, and can a quick way be found for their transfer? If not, it means the convening of parliaments and congresses for the negotiation of new treaties.

There is, of course, little question that some method of amalgamation will be worked out, for two international organizations are unthinkable. Before a final decision is reached, however, UNCIO leaders are going to know many regrets for their shabby treatment of Sean Lester when he landed in San Francisco for frank and friendly discussion of the problem.

★★★

Will America remember this war lesson?

Cheese is a great protein food, is rich in the precious minerals of milk that fighters need and workers need and children need most of all.

German submarines, you will recall, lurked in the seas, threatened to cut our Allies' lines of food supply.



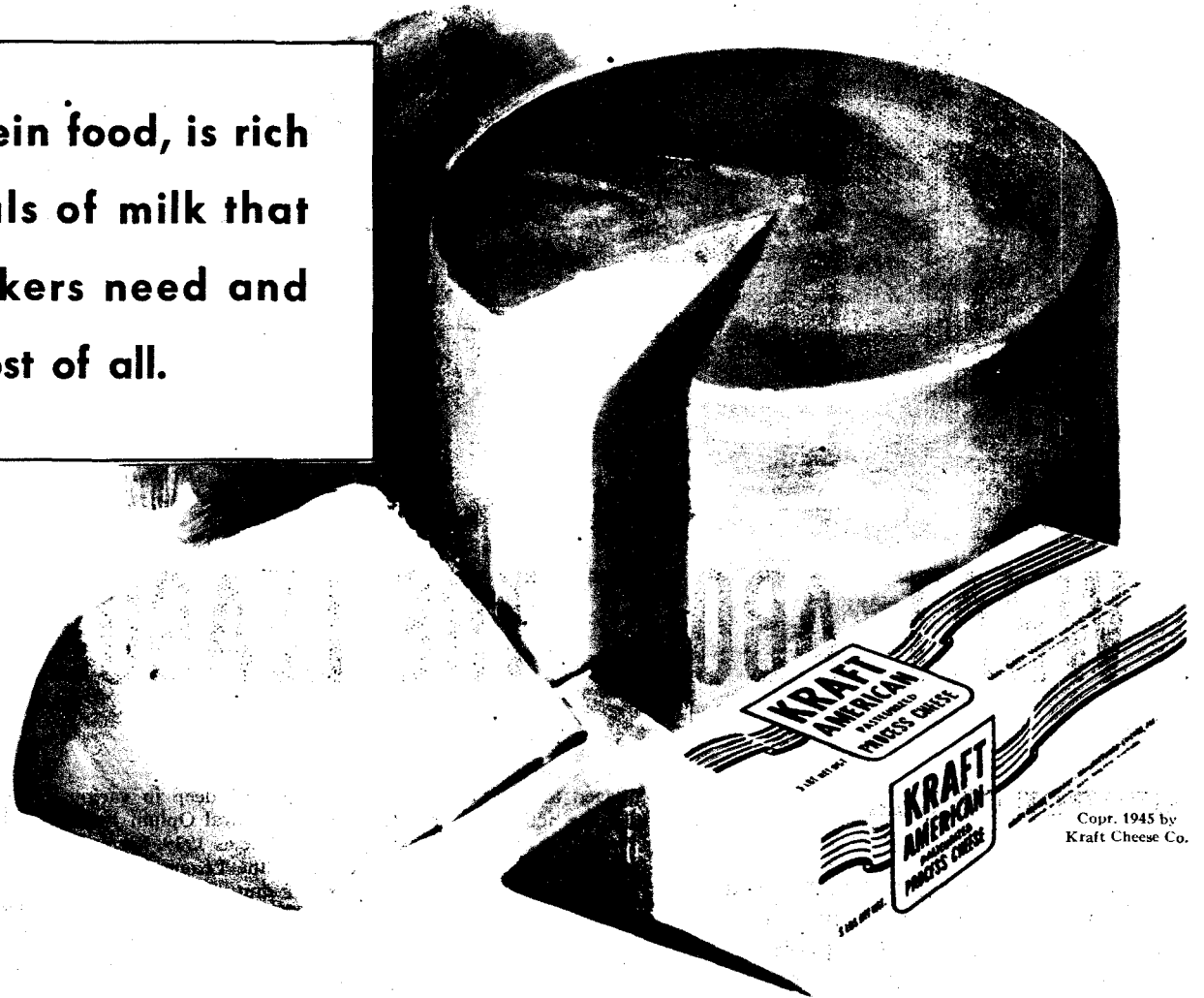
Extremely urgent was the call for cheese — shippable, storable American cheddar cheese . . . with its complete, high-quality protein . . . with its concentration of the minerals of milk.



America's dairy and cheese industry sprang into action. Shiploads of good American cheddar went abroad.



Then our Government asked for *more* milk, *more* cheese . . . for our own men in training . . . for our civilians who pitched into the



Copy. 1945 by Kraft Cheese Co.

jobs of war production, needed more food.

In the last three years America has been producing cheese in tremendous quantities.

Nearly a billion pounds of *all* varieties . . . almost 800 million pounds of cheddar cheese alone . . . in a single year!



But, with over half that billion pounds allotted to civilians, you have still found your dealer short of the cheeses you like best. None of those great golden wheels of aged cheddar. No "Old English", the sharp cheddar Kraft pasteurized and sold in packages. Practically no medium-mild Kraft American. Only at

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The world has learned a great nutritional lesson in this war. *Ounce for ounce there is no basic food that matches cheese as a source of complete high-quality protein and other nutrients from milk.*

Don't forget that fact. You can use it with increasing benefit to your family when the military needs are met and cheese comes back to the stores in sufficient quantity, in tempting variety:

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Russians—and there's a new postage stamp showing the ruins of Berlin, but with a green tree growing from the rubble. There are concerts by leading German musicians, attended mostly by Germans, there are theaters, a few night clubs such as the Femina and a number of restaurants and cafés. There is even one black-market restaurant which Russian officers and some Germans patronize, where you get good orchestra music, vodka cocktails, wine and real coffee with your mixed grill and salad, for only a hundred and twenty dollars for four persons.

But more interesting perhaps is the realization that Berlin already has a song. You go to Willi Schaeffer's Kabarett der Komiker on fashionable Kurfurstendamm where vaudeville audiences were delighted with clever gibes at Nazis until as late as 1938, and there is a new nonpolitical show with good costumes, pretty chorus girls, excellent musicians, singers and mimics.

And there is Willi himself with his long white hair and an easy, often humorous and always correct stage manner, which is best when he introduces Brigitte Mira. Brigitte is redheaded and vivacious in the French manner, and with Heino Gaze at the piano she sings Gaze's song, Berlin Kommtwieder, and you almost believe that truly "Berlin will live again." That's the way it goes:

Berlin will live again.

This is the song we all sing—

The song that rings strongly through all Berlin.

Yes, my pet at Alexanderplatz,

At Stern, at the zoo, at Knie,

This melody rings out again,

And he who hears it once will not forget.

Who would have believed it?

Just as the sun follows the night,

So the linden will blossom again on Unter den Linden.

And Berlin will live again.

A Standard to Rally Round

It's corny but the tune has a good marching swing and the almost all-German audience loves it. For just a moment it is something to grab on to that will give a passing feeling of hope, and a temporary release from despair.

But actually these things are only symbols of hope and faint reflections of the once great energies and abilities of the German people. The end of Nazism's rigid controls left a horrible vacuum in the German mentality. It can be filled only slowly and with painstaking effort on our part, and the lessons of democracy will impress the Germans only if they learn the hard way.

How hard it will be for both them and us is illustrated by the second tendency obvious among the Germans: There is a common feeling that, having conquered them, we will take care of them. Almost nothing that can be said convinces them that Germany is going to have to shift for herself—or that we should expect them to do so. There was, for instance, a woman and her young son living in a pleasant wooded suburb of Berlin. Some windows in the handsome villa had been broken, some plaster had been jarred loose, and the roof leaked in several places, not because of bomb hits but because—like almost every unscarred house in Berlin—the huge block-busters had the effect of an earth tremor even if they landed far away.

The woman explained the general attitude clearly: "We are not responsible for the present position and the ruin caused by the war. After all, you brought about the war and you cannot let all Germany starve this winter."

An American protested that Hitler declared war on the United States.

"Oh, no," she replied. "Did Germany bomb or invade America? Yet your airplanes bombed us, and your armies are right here today. That proves it."

And there was the watchmaker who now trudges four miles to his shop every morning and four miles home every evening, who explained that America has to help because "after the first war, there were a lot of clever fellows, including Jews, who knew how to get things running again, but now there are not many, because the Nazis eliminated them."

Germany Waits to Be Saved

Continued from page 12

At Heidelberg, which suffered no war damage except blown-up bridges, the unsightly old university buildings and the lovely hotels are now swarming with American soldiers and a sprinkling of discouraged German professors. One scientist, who obviously was accustomed principally to abstract sciences, had never bothered much about the cause of the war, but was ready to argue that anyway the "good" Germans like himself should not be made to suffer because only the Nazis were guilty.

"But," he was reminded, "you worked with and for the Nazis and contributed your talents to their war-making."

The professor protested. "Not at all," he said. "As soon as the war started, I retired from my university post and took no active part in the war-making."

He was asked what he had been doing since the war started.

"I have spent all my time working on the principles of rocket propulsion," replied the professor, who apparently had never heard of V-2.

There are many others with variations of the same theme, including the propagandists who print how happy they are that the Amer-

eighty-six, with thin white hair and a prominent nose, and he fits loosely into his severe black suit, stiff white collar with black tie, and high-topped black shoes. His handshake has a Rotary Club firmness, but his stiff bow from the hips dates back to the court of the Kaisers. He leads you into a paneled office with good paintings on the walls and broken glass in the leaded windows, and he introduces you to a tall, handsome Russian colonel who sits beside the mayoral desk.

The colonel is gracious, smiling and quick on the uptake, and you get the idea he is going to be sitting there a long, long time and missing nothing. He greets you in Russian and only after a half hour's talk with the mayor in German and side conversations with your colleagues in English do you suddenly discover that the colonel speaks English fluently. You feel that the Oberburgemeister talks easily and sometimes in a circle, but that the Russian comes directly to the point.

Doctor Werner, however, is at no loss for words when he discusses the problem of feeding Berlin. He remembers what America did for Germany after the first World War and he undoubtedly remembers what he had for

desire to carry on trade with Germany."

We paused to give him a few discouraging facts about food rationing in the United States, the difficulties of transport in the war with Japan, our intention of feeding the victims of Nazi aggression instead of its instigators.

His confidence was unshaken. "Yes," he conceded, "we heard about rationing in America, but thought it only Nazi propaganda."

We asked what the Germans had to offer in the way of trade. There was a long pause which finally ended with the suggestion that German machinery and industrial products could be used in the United States. We shrugged it off. There was no point in recalling for him the endless blocks of industrial ruins across Germany and the fact that Allied military forces control whatever is left undestroyed. He had only to glance at the Russian colonel at his elbow or look out of the window at the wetly gray rubble of Berlin.

But food is a subject close to Doctor Werner's heart and he didn't give up easily. He came to the point he had been trying to make all the time—his best argument.

"After all," he said, "the Russians have been very good to us in Berlin where we produce no food. They have given us strong aid although the Red Army has little to spare. We have bread, potatoes, noodles and a little meat. What we need most of all are fats, but the Russians have little because the Nazis killed or stole their cattle. But they are doing the best possible."

Werner was asked where the Russians got the food for Berlin.

"All of it is brought from Russia," he replied quickly.

We turned to the Russian colonel for confirmation, and he nodded. We remembered that en route to the city hall we had seen Russian soldiers driving small herds of cows through the streets, but both the colonel and the Oberburgemeister were certain the food distributed through the regular stores in Berlin comes from Russia.

Food—The Great Convincer

The Germans publicize the idea that the Russians are feeding Berlin, and nothing is more important than food in the minds of the Germans. The Russians know it, and the Russians move with speed and decision. Thus the first pulse beats in Berlin, which included the starting of Communist and Socialist newspapers as well as providing food, were stimulated quickly by the Russians, and nobody is allowed to forget it. On second thought, perhaps Doctor Werner was not so naïve when expressing confidence that the Americans would not let the Germans go hungry in Berlin. Corned beef will be a great convincer next winter.

This, then, is a small facet of the German mentality today—the mentality that was methodically warped for twelve years and cannot quickly or easily make the readjustment to reality. It accounts for the gushing friendliness of most Germans and for the German journalist who complained that, "we thought you were coming to liberate us from the Russians." It accounts for the *hausfrau* who complained that three officers moved from billets in her requisitioned house without "saying goodbye or leaving gifts, as guests should do."

"Lady," replied the captain to whom she complained, "please try to get it through your head that we are not your guests. We took over this house and we are merely tolerating you here to keep the place clean."

"Yah, yah!" She nodded in surprise, but it was obvious she didn't understand.

A German newspaperman, with a cottage in the suburbs, had come through the battle of Berlin better than most people, but told in shocked tones how the Russians had trampled through the houses taking blankets, furniture and clothes. "It is incredible," he exclaimed; "they even took our electric toasters and telephones."

Had he heard what the Germans did to Russia—of the huge offices and apartments in Paris that had been stripped bare of every stick of furniture, of carpets and pictures? Had he heard of the vast plunder organiza-



"Now that the thrill of the chase is over, don't you feel kind of let down?"

icans have arrived, and now maybe something can be done to get rid of the Russians entirely. On second thought, maybe there is some way to get rid of the British, too.

You might dismiss such talk as ignorant or merely stupid, but for the fact that the most responsible circles are obsessed with the idea that rich America will come through in the pinch.

Visiting the Lord Mayor

You drive from Unter den Linden through the Russian zone to the eastern section of Berlin. You drive through the wreckage of the workers' quarter and find a blackened building which is still habitable. At the cracked entrance arch, a young Russian guard with a rifle squats nonchalantly on the steps. Beside him a smart young German policeman in a neat uniform and leather helmet stands at attention. Inside the dark halls, other police stiffen and salute, and upstairs three girls pound furiously on typewriters in the outer office of the Oberburgemeister, or the Lord Mayor of Berlin.

The Oberburgemeister is Doctor Arthur Werner, once a city engineer and later founder of the engineering school. He is

lunch today when Berlin is hardly above the starvation point. Especially he remembers American corned beef and how good it felt in empty German stomachs a quarter of a century ago. He brings his hands together with the fingers firmly pressing as he talks about the corned beef and its rich fat. You can fairly taste it.

"We have been waiting expectantly for you Americans," he said. "America has so much. Ah, your corned beef! We would love to have corned beef. And you have so many good things we have been missing: Chocolate. Coffee." He paused, glanced at the Russian colonel. "Of course, the Russians are doing everything possible to feed Berlin but the Red Army has so little fats. You have so much." He looked at us expectantly, but no response. "I'm convinced," he continued, "that America will help us and will send us food."

"But why?" he was asked.

"Because you have plenty," he replied, with a pained expression but blandly confident that he had made his point. "Your soldiers have been here only a few days, not many of them, but already they are giving chocolate to the children. That shows you've plenty. Also you will send food because you

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DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., MYSTIC, CONN.

tion that spread out behind the German armies?

"No," he exclaimed, "we know nothing of such things."

"Nein," echoed his wife, in unbelieving tones.

You know they heard of it; that they profited by it, and that this whole twisted mentality poses one of the most difficult problems in Germany. It is not easy to remain objective when you must live day after day with people who close their minds against whatever they choose not to believe, as they once closed their minds against the sickening horrors of Buchenwald and Dachau.

This is the terrible danger of Germany—this mental vacuum which must be laboriously filled in order to create a responsible German public opinion. But it is more than a mere task of rehabilitation of the German nation. It is a danger, too, that will be easier for us to forget—a danger that the task will be shirked in practical day-to-day administration where it is easier to forget how the victims hung head down from the walls of Buchenwald torture chambers or were dumped from vans into Dachau gas chambers. Especially it is easier to forget when you are a well-fed soldier in a city of misery and hungry children.

It is unlikely that there is any organized or conscious campaign on the part of the Germans to undermine our objective long-range policies of nonfraternization, of a hard peace and of leaving the Germans to shift for themselves under strict military control. But the program that may seem enforceable from a distance calls for masterly skill, judgment and patience in its practical application. And in Germany, circumstances add to our difficulties.

One of these circumstances—the one that strikes you hardest—is the children who obviously are the most vital factor in our problem of the future. If all Nazi enterprises had succeeded as did the breeding program, the Germans would now rule the world. The number of children on city streets, in the villages and fields, is incredible. And of course they excite the sympathies of the average American soldier, who may be tough enough in making an adult pedestrian jump from the path of a speeding jeep, but who lacks resistance when confronted by a grinning, tow-headed kid.

Encouraged by their parents, who know the Americans have food, the young children take full advantage of this lack of resistance. They crowd around the door of the Post Exchange, hoping for and often begging for chocolate as the soldiers emerge with their weekly rations. They stand with sober, watchful faces outside the door of the mess hall

from which the soldiers walk to clean and wash their mess kits after a meal, and if their eager eyes see a morsel of uneaten food, there is a quick silent scramble to get there first. Spoons dart out to scrape the last bean or piece of meat from the mess kit and plop it into a hungry mouth. It is difficult to have a hard peace with children, especially hungry children.

Yet the real test of our determination to make Germany shift for itself will come next winter when it is obvious that Germany will be at starvation level in many places unless there is outside assistance, and when the question of food and fuel carries important political implications for the future of Europe. As long as the United Nations avoid engaging in political or ideological maneuvering, such problems presumably can be solved by joint action without weakening the policy of a hard peace.

These, of course, are only a few sidelights on the vast and tricky difficulties which we must overcome if Germany is going to be forced to learn how to become a decent part of the civilized world.

Fortune Takes a Drastic Turn

Typical of how they are learning was an incident at a lavish villa in the Berlin suburbs off the Goethestrasse, which had been requisitioned by American officers and correspondents. There was no electricity or gas, but outside the kitchen door a little wood stove was set up with a pot of soup simmering over the coals.

On the second floor a middle-aged scrub-woman was cleaning the floors slowly and methodically. When she came to a particularly luxurious bedroom she interrupted the correspondent, who was busy at a typewriter. Annoyed, he moved over to the French windows and draped himself on the chaise longue while she finished.

"Who do you suppose owns this place, anyway?" he asked the woman, by way of making conversation.

She didn't look up, but replied, "I do."

The correspondent, embarrassed, turned away and looked out of the windows to the street. Then he shrugged. There on the street walked a thin line of men and women with light packs on their backs moving toward a marshaling point to board trains for the long trip home. They were Poles, and some of them still wore parts of the shapeless blue and white striped uniforms of Buchenwald. They wore them proudly now, and with an air of sober dignity—so that nobody would make the mistake of thinking they belonged to the German race.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

of Germany and Japan, the Bretton Woods proposal, international co-operation for peace and peacetime conscription. Thus far he had had thirteen hundred replies—almost all of them saying that what they really wanted him to do was to get them more meat.

WHILE all this was going on, scientists in the General Electric laboratories were completing a series of intricate tests which produced the answer, after all these years, to "How slow is molasses in January?" They have discovered that a small cupful will travel one foot in three minutes and forty-one seconds.

AND a gentleman who calls himself the Honorable Shake Jones of St. Petersburg, Florida, invites anybody feeling so inclined to rally to a new political party he's organizing. Somehow Mr. Jones has learned that since food rationing began in the United States, there has been a decrease of 68 per cent in "old-fashioned stomach trouble due to solid eating and in particular dyspepsia." Mr. Jones says his investigations prove that the after-dinner burpings which once rang through the American home are almost never heard any more and that his brother-in-law tells him that sales of digestive aids "are

way off." Mr. Jones says frankly that the new party's first and principal objective will be to "upset the great American stomach again."

AS FAR as we can see, nothing has come of that project of Mrs. Ernestine Molefill of Topeka, Kansas. We told you about it a year or so ago. She wanted prohibition re-adopted so that "when the boys come home they will take pride in us for having made America clean in their absence."

AND just before leaving Washington for an eleven-weeks holiday, a congressman telephoned us to say that he didn't expect to enjoy his furlough. "I've got to go back home to explain to my folks how this Bretton Woods bank I voted for is going to work. Some of my folks are already trying to borrow a few bucks from it." Trying to be helpful we asked our own authority on it, Mr. Frank Gervasi. He thought hard for a moment and then said: "Tell him it's going to work fine."

THEY'RE going to tear down a popular saloon across the street from these offices. Bet they find four or five war correspondents we haven't seen anything of lately. . . . W. D.

The Week's Work

Collier's M. E. Alex Morris glad to be at N. Y. desk



FOR THOMAS

FOE ALEX MORRIS, Collier's managing editor, has just returned from a six-weeks trip through Europe, where he made arrangements for future Collier's articles. Among the fruits of his stay in Berlin is his own article, Germany Waits to Be Tamed, p. 11.

He talked with writers in major European cities, sometimes suggesting article ideas such as False Dawn in Holland, by W. W. Caplin, in Collier's August 25th issue) to individual reporters, sometimes asking two or three writers to collaborate on subjects requiring many-angled coverage (as in The Last Days of Berlin, p. 14).

Europe is familiar territory to him, for before he came to Collier's, Morris was there as correspondent and foreign editor for the United Press. His experience in a number of other posts contributes to his sure perspective on European events. In 1943, Byron Rice, head of the Office of Censorship, called him to Washington from the UP to help administer the wartime code. Earlier, in the 30s, he served as news editor of the UP's Washington bureau. Just before he came to Collier's, in 1944, he was foreign editor of the New York Herald Tribune.

On this trip, Morris was with the first official party of newspapermen admitted to Berlin. To get there, he and several other eager correspondents hopped aboard one of those refree courier planes maintained by Army Press Relations. These planes, C-47s, go anywhere, any time, not bothering (Heaven help them!) with the weather, on which reports are plenty. Their pilots are always eager to get for somewhere, anywhere—because if they fly one day, they get the next two days off. So Morris and his colleagues said okay. "Let's go to Frankfurt. It was cloudy to start with and by the time the plane got up above Frankfurt you couldn't see the wing tips. The pilot spiraled down until out of the soup there appeared a mountain, smack in front of him. He headed straight up very fast. Fast enough. He repeated this thriller stunt several times, until one of his passengers murmured, "Couldn't we go somewhere else to land?"

"You nervous?" the pilot asked in astonishment. "Why, the war's over. Nobody's shooting at us. What is there to be nervous about?"

From Frankfurt the correspondents went to Halle, and from there, where they joined an official party, they went on to Berlin. At 11 a.m. some 70 jeeps and a bunch of trucks and other vehicles set out in strict convoy, through a cold rain. All bridges were out and the cross-country detours were rough and hilly. Now and then the cavalcade would stop and the drivers would pour a half can of gasoline onto the grass and start a little campfire so the travelers could warm up. Morris at this time had wrapped a blanket over his head and around his shoulders and the rest of the group looked equally unmilitary.

Now, just to shame them, a detachment of Russians passed by going the other way, looking smart, military, and not with blankets wrapped around their heads. Three Russian tanks even had vases of flowers sitting up on top of them. So help him, Morris says, they did.

In his article, Morris tells you much that's surprising about Germany, but he doesn't tell you of the strange concert which three German artists staged for him and a dozen correspondents and officers who shared a Berlin villa. These three were headliners among German artists—Gerda Lammers, coloratura soprano; Ulrich Grehling, violinist and concertmaster of the Berlin Philharmonic; and Gerhard Puchelt, pianist. Arrangements were made with an American officer, and the artists simply appeared at the door and announced, in English, that they had come to give a little concert. After drinks and cigarettes were passed, they did give a magnificent concert for perhaps the smallest audience of their careers.

The high point occurred when Grehling said, "We will now play for you a song which perhaps you think we have forgotten. We want you to know that some of us here kept this music alive, through everything."

They played the Spring Song, by Mendelssohn, one of the Jewish composers whose work was *verboten* under the Nazis.

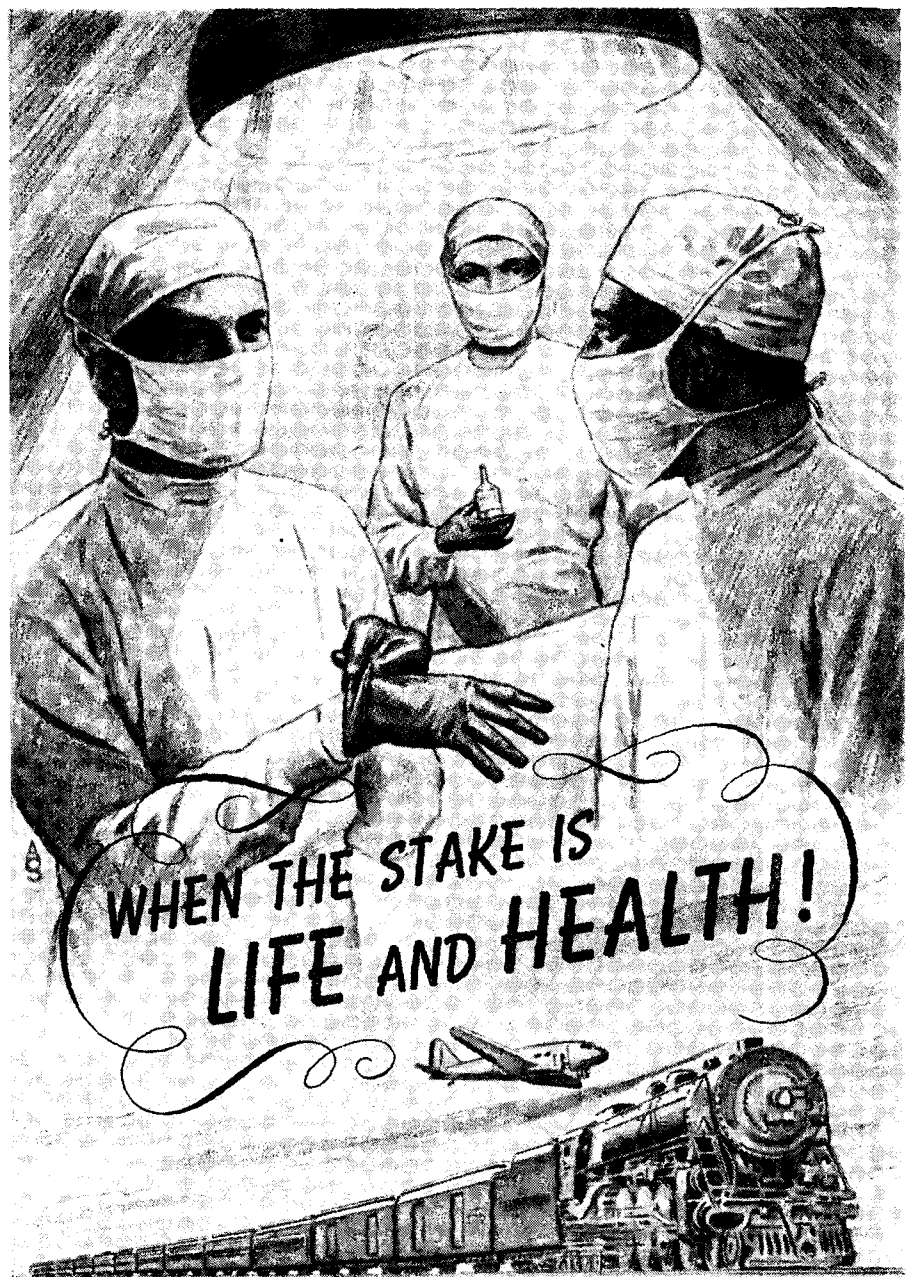
Morris, like all wise Americans, left this country loaded with cigarettes, soap, chocolate bars and other prized items. He got rid of everything except three lipsticks. These he found were still in his pocket when he got home. Never mind, the lipsticks will go back with the next Collier's correspondent to cross the Atlantic.

ARTIST HUGH LAIDMAN has a happy thought on this week's cover, don't you think so? Suggesting the proper postwar use for military equipment, he shows a bunch of picnickers—vintage 1950—storming a holiday beach from an LST.

Laidman, a lieutenant and combat artist in the Marines, says that when he was a sergeant on Guadalcanal, he had one of the few foxholes with a view. But nothing in his range of vision stayed put long enough for him to make comprehensive sketches.

There are only six official Marine Corps combat artists, but Laidman pays tribute to the hundred or so more unofficial ones who are doing a good spare-time job of painting and sketching the war. "They fight first and draw later," he says. "They've been in about every engagement in the Pacific. Because they are a part of what they draw, they draw truthfully. They know that G.I. dungarees rip at the top of the sleeve, wear out just above the knees and get mud-caked frays where civilian cuffs used to be. They know, incidentally, that to flatter a cook with a portrait is to eat well. We could run an entire exhibit of cook-portraits. . . ."

A. P.



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NOTHING WILL BE TOO GOOD FOR THEM

DURING every U.S. war that we've ever heard of or lived through, the prevailing sentiment on the home front was that nothing would be too good for the fighting men when they should come home. Let's pass politely over what happened when they did come home from some previous wars, and congratulate ourselves on the fact that this time there are widespread, sincere and intelligent efforts to keep that promise in so far as feasible after the present war.

How big an undertaking it is can be gauged from the following figures: We have nearly 12,000,000 men and women in the armed forces, most of whom will be coming home eventually and wanting jobs. About 1,500,000 already have been discharged, and about 60,000 are coming out of the services every month. Altogether, the problem of jobs for veterans may in the end be a 15,000,000-job problem.

So it isn't something that can be done by government agencies alone—by the U.S. Employment Service, the Office of Vocational Rehabilitation, the Veterans Administration, the Retraining and Re-employment Administration, the Civil Service Commission, and so on.

It is a local community problem even more than it is a government problem, and the focal point for the

problem's solution in each community is the local veterans' program.

These vary in character all over the country. In Birmingham, Alabama, for example, a lot of top executives have volunteered to act as a species of job broker, passing veterans in search of jobs around to other executives. In Altoona, Pennsylvania, citizens have made up a panel of experienced job counselors, devoted to finding the right job if possible for every Altoona veteran who comes home wanting a job. In Lexington, Kentucky, more than 50 businessmen have promised to take one veteran apiece and follow through with him till he is satisfactorily placed. And so it goes, with honorable mention deserved by a lot of smaller cities and towns, among these being Hickory, North Carolina, and Brainerd, Minnesota.

If your community, no matter how large or small, hasn't already a veterans' program, it should organize one via the most public-spirited and forward-looking citizens it has.

If it has such a center, the general public should see to it that the center is run by the most efficient yet sympathetic and informal person available in the community. (For additional information on this subject, see page 17 of this issue of Collier's.)

P.S. — HE GOT BACK THE AGENCY

SOME issues ago, we noted a lawsuit brought in a Western federal court by a veteran who had been a big motor company's dealer-agent in his home town before Pearl Harbor, had had his agency revoked while in service, and wanted it back under the Selective Service Act's provisions ordering restoration of veterans to their old jobs under prescribed conditions.

The P.S. to that editorial is that the veteran won the suit in the court where he first brought it, although

there is a possibility that the ruling may be appealed.

The judge was convinced that the man had acted in good faith throughout. Under these circumstances, the court held him entitled to have his agency back, under the Soldiers and Sailors Civil Relief Act of 1940 and its 1942 amendment, providing for suspension of "enforcement of civil liabilities, in certain cases, of persons in the military service of the United States in order to enable such persons to devote their entire energy to the

defense needs of the nation." To us, the decision seems to be in the proper spirit.

We cheer these men and women off to the wars and, as noted elsewhere on this page, we assure them that nothing will be too good for those of them who come back.

We should keep those promises to the best of our ability. In this, there is no suggestion of giving them the world with a fence around it. But it does seem fair to resolve reasonable doubts in the veterans' favor, when essential justice will clearly be attained by so doing.

DIVIDING UP THE TAXPAYERS

Anyone who is familiar with the American picture knows that a menace is involved in our present system of governmental financing. This menace arises from the fact that our system permits each of the 48 states to levy taxes with no regard whatever to federal taxes, and permits the federal government to levy almost any variety of taxes, except general property taxes, with no regard to the tax programs of any of the 48 states.

THE above is what we'd call the key passage in a big, 202-page report on conflicting taxation gotten out 10 years ago by the Council of State Governments and still sound. It is still true that our manifold taxing agencies have the power, in theory at any rate, to tax all U.S. industry, business and wage earners to economic death.

They haven't done so as yet, and the revolution would probably come if they should ever seriously threaten to do so. But the tax situation has been chaotic for a long time, and is not getting better, though plenty of federal and state officials know reforms are needed.

The best opinion is that complete separation of federal, state and city areas of taxation is not feasible. But regarding some specific items, separation appears both possible and desirable.

As to incomes, it looks as if the federal government should tax them exclusively, the states leaving them alone. Conversely, gasoline taxes look like logical state business, since in theory these taxes on motorists are for maintenance and improvement of the highways the motorists use, and the average motorist travels more inside his own state than outside. Tobacco and liquor taxes would seem properly federal government concerns; and of course tariffs on imported goods are strictly federal levies.

The main thing, what with years of heavy taxation in prospect, is to get started on measures to cut out as much as possible of the tax overlapping and duplication, and inject some science, mathematics and common sense into our various tax systems.

How about some concerted action toward this end in Congress, legislatures and even city councils?

ASIDE TO MISSISSIPPIANS

LADIES and gentlemen: Almost every time Senator Theodore G. (The Man) Bilbo, from your great state, opens his mouth on the floor of the United States Senate, he gives Mississippi and Mississippians a black eye. You don't have to stand for that forever, you know.

It's all in a day's work!

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"Just let me adjust that seat!" It's the little things that count. Making just that extra effort to make passengers a bit more comfortable—that spirit everyone appreciates.



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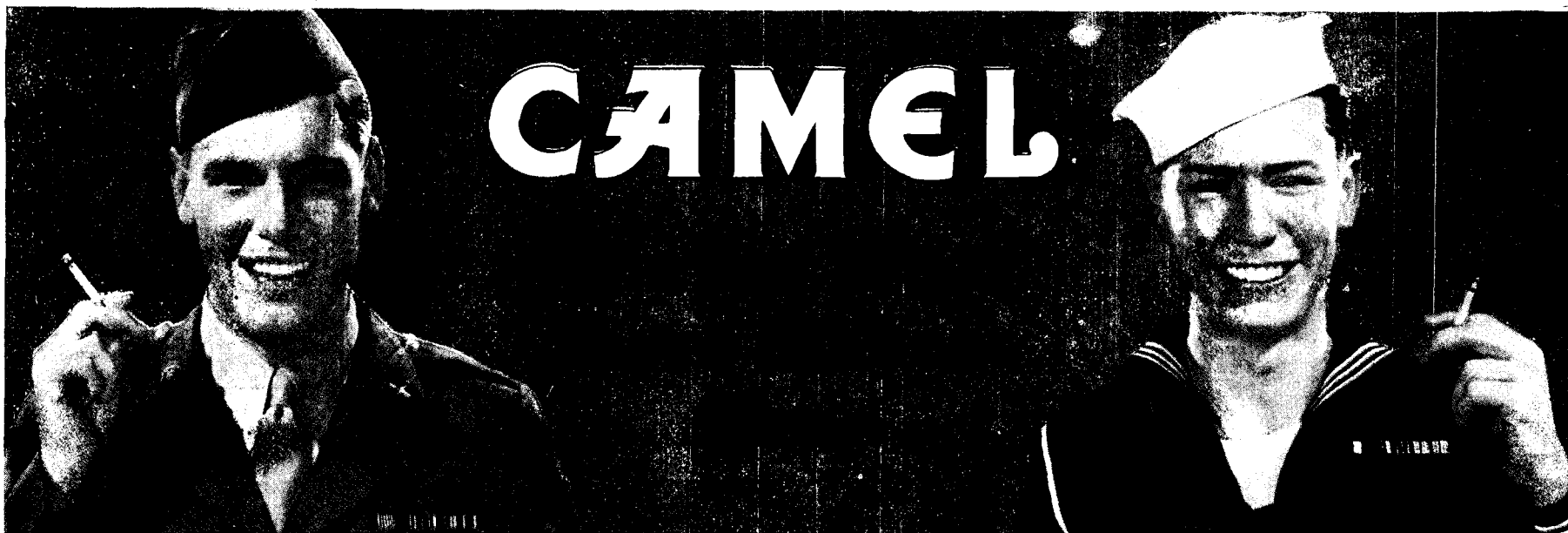
More than 4 times as many people are traveling by train as in 1939. So a trainman has his hands full! Nonetheless every Pennsylvania Railroad employee—in whatever job—is trying to do his or her best to serve both travelers and shippers—with that spirit of "tireless friendliness" which we seek to encourage among all employees at all times.

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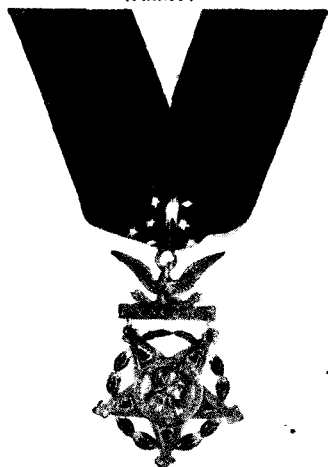
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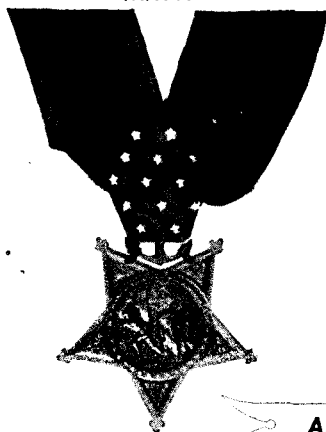
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MEDAL OF HONOR
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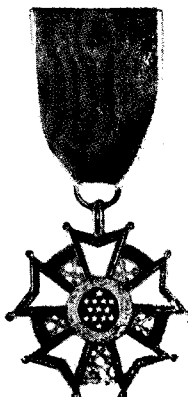
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